Vachel Lindsay's "Congo"

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In Mrs. Edwin Booth's Album

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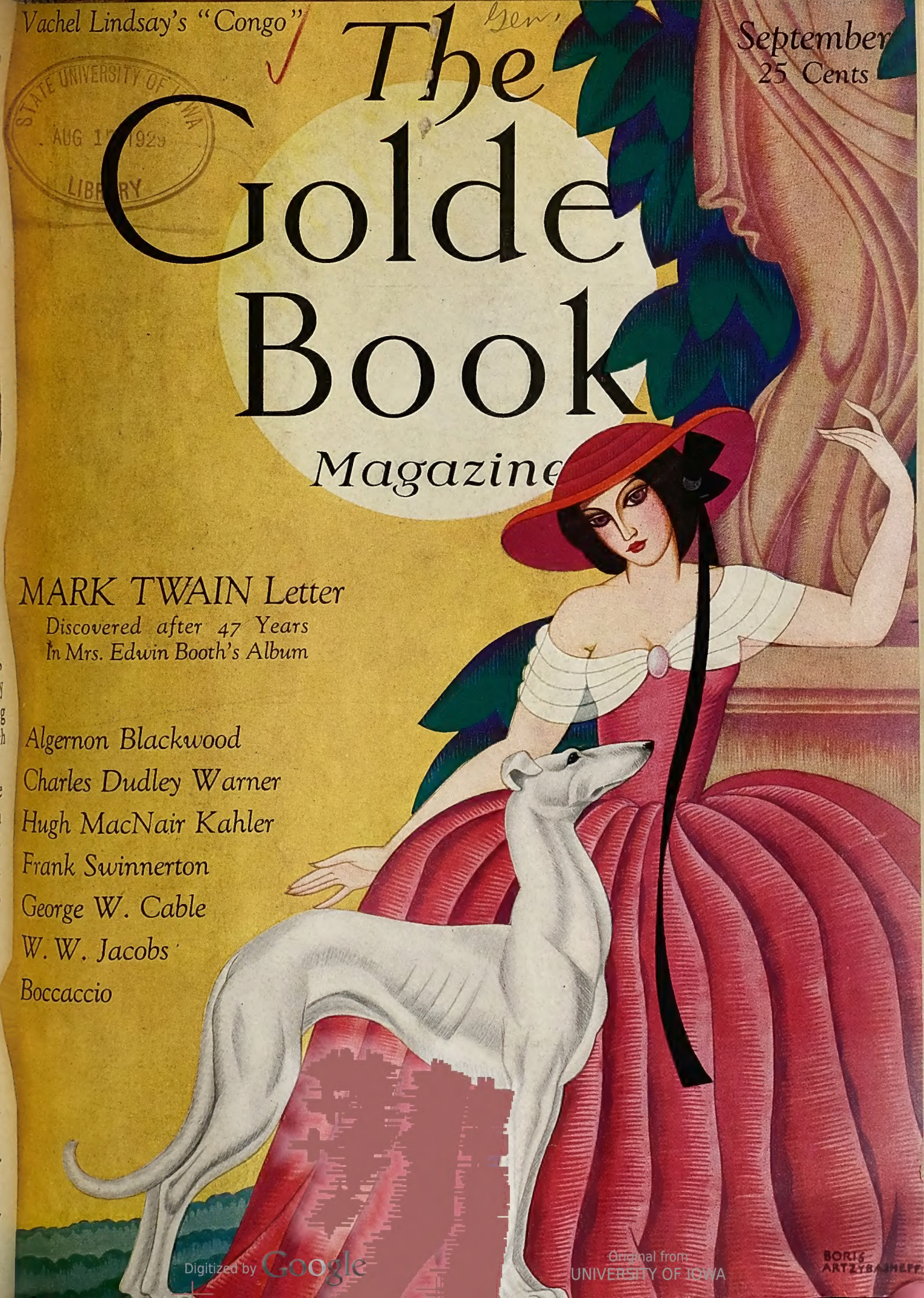
Boccaccio



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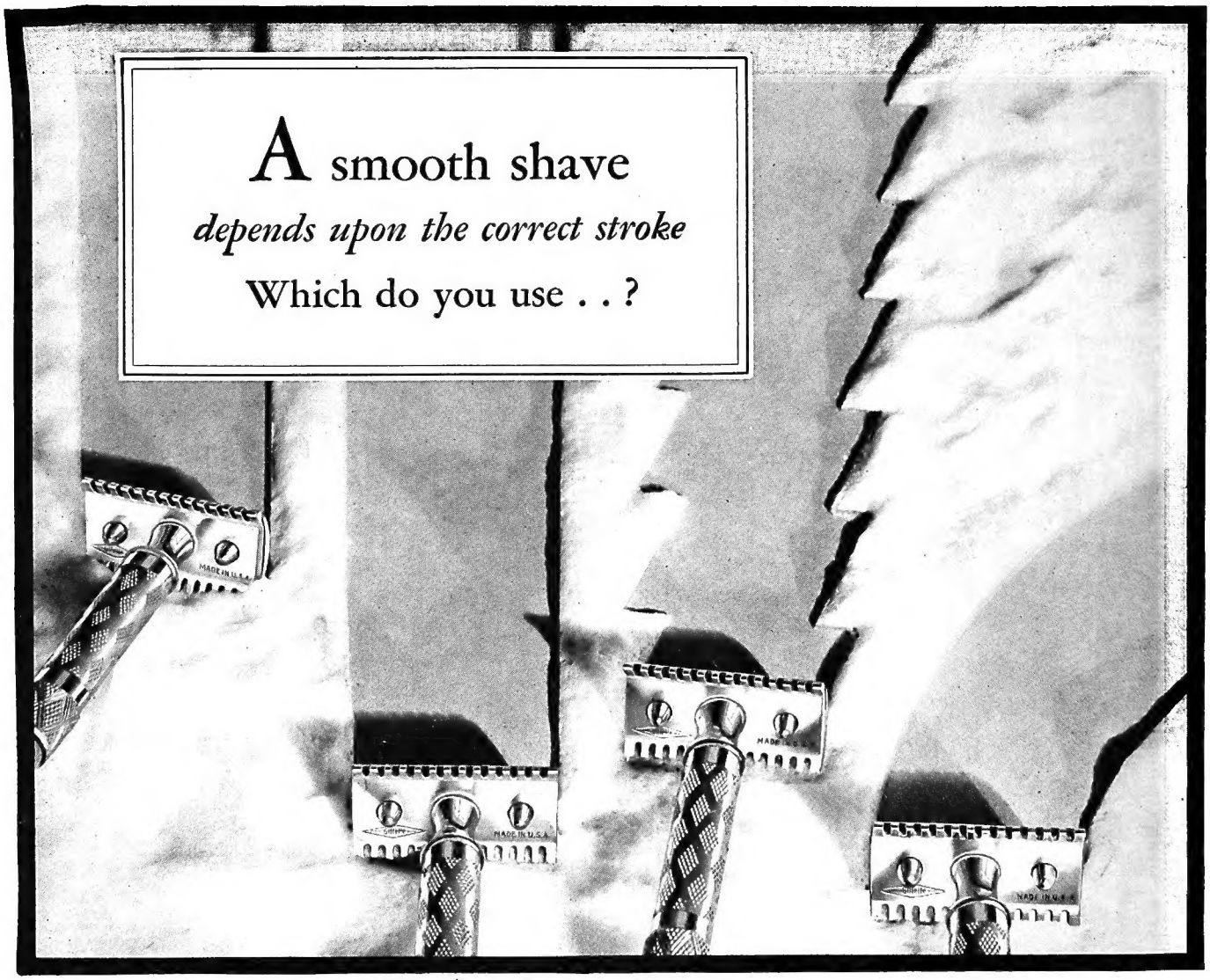

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THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

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Who's Who *in the* Golden Book

With this issue of the Golden Book begins the publication of what we believe is the autograph album of all autograph albums—one which must have been ideal even in its day, and is now a unique literary treasure. Mark Twain, Longfellow, Browning, Bret Harte, Lowell, Tennyson, Howells, Julia Ward Howe, and Oliver Wendell Holmes were among those who contributed to its pages, writing personal letters or transcribing favourite bits of their own poetry for the collector—the wife of America's best-loved actor, Edwin Booth. For forty-seven years after the death of Mrs. Booth the album lay hidden in a safety-deposit vault, only to be discovered by accident a short time ago, and immediately secured by us for publication.

It is extraordinarily interesting to read these tributes to a warm friendship with the great actor from nearly all of the outstanding literary figures of his day. For Booth knew most of these men and women well, and it was he who asked them to contribute for his invalid wife's pleasure. Both for the literary interest of these specimens of handwriting, and as a human document, we are justly proud to present Mrs. Booth's album to our readers.

Mr. Otis Skinner, himself a famous actor and a player in Booth's company as a young man, looked on Booth both as idol and friend. In the introduction which he has consented to write, and in the running comment with which he will accompany each of the facsimiles, he has painted in an illuminating background of Booth's life and of the part played in it by each of these writers.

> Bronx Park, Shelley, the violin, the free library, organ recitals in churches, my Eastern books, and meetings of the Theosophical Society, provided meanwhile the few beauty hours to which I turned by way of relief and relaxation. One and all fed my inner dreams, gave me intense happiness, offered a way of escape from a daily atmosphere I loathed like poison. Sometimes, sitting in court reporting a trial of absorbing interest, my eye would catch through the dirty window a patch of blue between the clouds . . . and instantly would sweep up the power of the woods, the strange joy of clean solitary places in the wilderness, the glamour of a secret little lake where loons were calling and waves splashing on deserted, lonely shores. I heard the pines, saw the silvery moonlight, felt the keen wind of open and untainted spaces, I smelled the very earth and the perfume of the forests. . . .
>
> Algernon Blackwood.

Algernon Blackwood, born in 1869, the second son of Sir Algernon Blackwood and the former Duchess of Manchester, licked stamps in an insurance office, worked on a Methodist weekly, failed disastrously as a dairy farmer and hotel proprietor in Toronto; lived in the northwoods; slept on park benches, and was a reporter on newspapers in New York City; hunted for gold in Alaska; sold dried milk in London—all between 1887, when he arrived in Canada at the age of eighteen to make his fortune, and 1906, when he accidentally sold his first story. It had never occurred to this dreamy young Englishman that he could write, even though he hated every other enterprise in which he engaged, and turned to writing stories in the evening for pleasure. He records the awakening of his creative talent in the New York boarding house where three young men starved in an $8-a-week room:

> When the Black Mass failed to attract, when Louis was uninspired by absinthe, or when no argument was afoot, such as whether poet or scientist was the highest type of human being, I discovered this taste for spinning yarns, usually of a ghostly character, and found to my surprise that my listeners were enthralled. At a moment's notice, I could invent a tale with beginning, middle, and climax. Something in me, doubtless, sought a natural outlet, and the stories . . . poured forth endlessly.

But it was ten years later, after he had returned to England, that he began to write them down. "For years . . . it had been my habit and delight to spend my evenings composing yarns on my typewriter, finding more pleasure in this than in any dinner engagement, theatre, or concert," he confides. One day a friend borrowed a dozen of these manuscripts, discarded as soon as finished, and sent them to a publisher, who in 1906 published Blackwood's first book, *The Empty House*.

The unusual power and imagination of Blackwood's stories were not long unrecognized by the discriminating, and his name today stands at the top of all writers in his *genre*—ghost stories in which human nature is as important as the ghost, adventure stories in which the rich experiences of his life give reality and insight to wild, improbable and thrilling plots. A rare combination of all these things is "Running Wolf."

Some of Blackwood's best books are *The Listener* (1907), *John Silence* (1908), *Lost Valley* (1910), *Ten-Minute Stories* (1913), *Day and Night Stories* (1917), and *The Wolves of God* (1921).

Although there were no fiction magazines in the days when they were written, the two most famous short-story collections in the world are both more than six hundred years old—the *Arabian Nights* and the *Decameron*. Dozens of these stories can still

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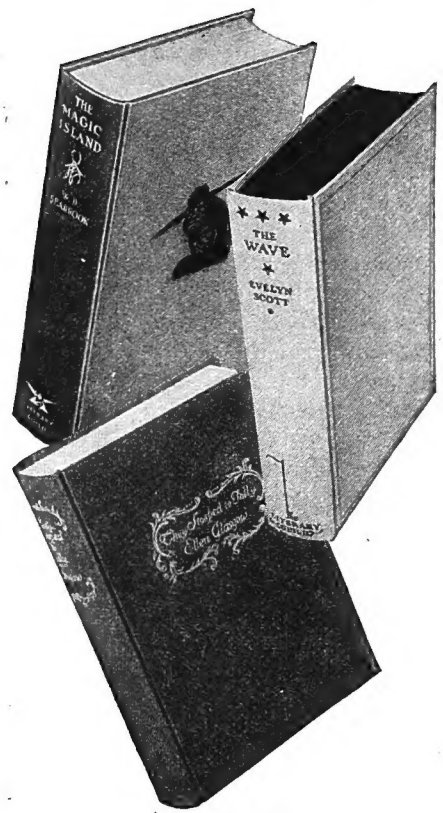

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compete with modern ones for sheer speed of action, plot, and knowledge of human nature. They will probably always be new, and, as is the way with good literature, they bear re-reading as well as reading. The influence of the *Decameron* on the literature which came after it has been immense, and some of the stories, such as "The Falcon," published here, have taken their place among the fables of our race.

Giovanni Boccaccio was born, probably in Paris, in 1313. His father was a prosperous merchant of Certaldo, near Florence; his mother was a Frenchwoman. Young Giovanni studied with a Florentine grammarian until he reached the age of ten, when his father apprenticed him to a Paris merchant. The boy returned to Italy six years later, resolved to have no more to do with commerce. Nor did the Church, also his father's choice—appeal to him. Truth was, he had already developed a taste for letters, some say as the result of a reverence for Dante which began early and lasted all his life. His first love affair, every stage of which was celebrated assiduously in prose and verse, resulted in a half-dozen volumes, in all of which his lady (under the name of Fiammetta) played some part. They include the *Filocopo, Ameto, Amorosa visione, Teseide, Filostrato,* and *L'Amorosa Fiammetta.* The *Decameron* recorded the afterglow of love, and because of this reached greater heights of pure literary achievement than the others.

Boccaccio spent much of his time at court and in travel. He studied under and befriended Leontius and Petrarch, served on several missions of conciliation for the Republic of Florence to the Pope, lectured on Dante at the University, and in all ways lived the life of the well-to-do scholar, gallant, and litterateur of his day. As he grew older, he became more and more religious, and died, a collector of relics, in 1375.

Little that Boccaccio wrote, besides the *Decameron,* is read today. For the most part, his prose romances and elaborate verse pastorals are so bound by literary conventions that they now prove utterly dull. The *Decameron* is surprisingly free of these frills, however, and J. M. Rigg, a translator of Boccaccio, has said of it with considerable justice:

> It is impossible to imagine an age in which the *Decameron* will fail of general recognition, in point alike of invention as of style, as one of the most notable creations of human genius. . . . Few have exercised so wide and mighty an influence. The profound, many-sided and intimate knowledge of human nature which it evinces, its vast variety of incident, its wealth of tears and laughter, its copious and felicitous diction . . . notwithstanding frequent harshness and occasional obscurity . . . its sustained energy and animation of style, must ever ensure for this human comedy unchallenged rank. . . .

MANY CARGOES, *The Skipper's Wooing, Sea Urchins, Light Freights, The Lady of the Barge, Short Cruises, Sailors' Knots, Ship's Company, Night Watches,* and *Deep Waters* are a fair sample of the titles of William Wymark Jacobs's books—and an equally fair indication of the kind of books they are. Not a writer we know has produced such consistently rollicking yarns of the sea and the dock-side, with a sprinkling of land adventure and love thrown in just to show that he can do it almost equally well.

Nothing which we can ferret out about Mr. Jacobs tells us how he caught the salty atmosphere which he transfers so intact to the printed page. Being born in London sixty-six years ago, and going to work in the Savings Bank Department of the British Civil Service at the age of twenty shouldn't have done it—although you never can tell what will suffice a man with such heaven-sent gifts of fun-making and imagination.

VACHEL LINDSAY is a purely American phenomenon. The qualities which make his poetry important and unescapable are purely American qualities. His message—the glory of America, the love of all beauty—is preached with the fervour of the evangelist; to make himself heard he has adopted the contagious, boisterous rhythms of syncopated Negro music, camp-meeting hymns, and rag-time; to his exuberant fancy he has himself given the name of a "Higher Vaudeville" imagination.

Setting out from his home town of Springfield, Illinois, on foot, about 1906, Lindsay, then a young man in his twenties, tramped through Florida, Georgia, and the Carolinas, preaching the gospel of communal Art and winning attention to it by methods that smacked of P. T. Barnum, Billy Sunday, and modern publicity agents. Everywhere he went he intoned his poems, and distributed his *Rhymes to be Traded for Bread.* For a while he was not successful. Loud though his methods were, they needed to be louder. It was not until *The Congo and Other Poems* appeared in 1914 that he reached the popular heart—and his own creative heights. In "The Congo," for example, he has made vital use of folk rhythms, and has interpreted primitive emotions with insight, sympathy, and power. *The Chinese Nightingale* appeared in 1917, *The Golden Whales of California* in 1920, and his collected poems in 1923. Louis Untermeyer, characterizing Lindsay as the American Poet who has most closely approximated the spirit of folk-poetry, goes on to say:

> Lindsay is essentially a people's poet. He does not hesitate to express himself in terms of the lowest common denominator; his fingers are alternately on his pen and the public pulse. Living near enough to the South to appreciate the Negroes' qualities without wishing to theatricalize them, Lindsay has been tremendously influenced by the colourful suggestions, the fantastic superstitions, the revivalistic gusto, the half-savage Christianity, and, above all, by the curiously syncopated music that once characterized the black man in America. In "The Congo," "John Brown," and the less extended but equally remarkable "Simon Legree," the words roll with the solemnity of an exhortation, dance with a grotesque fervour, or snap, crackle, and leap with all the humorous rhythms of a piece of ragtime. Lindsay catches the burly colour and boisterous music of camp-meetings, minstrel shows, revival jubilees. He seems to be an itinerant evangelist preaching the Gospel through a saxophone.

HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER describes himself as an amateur tobacco planter of Southern Pines, North Carolina, where he originally settled in order to

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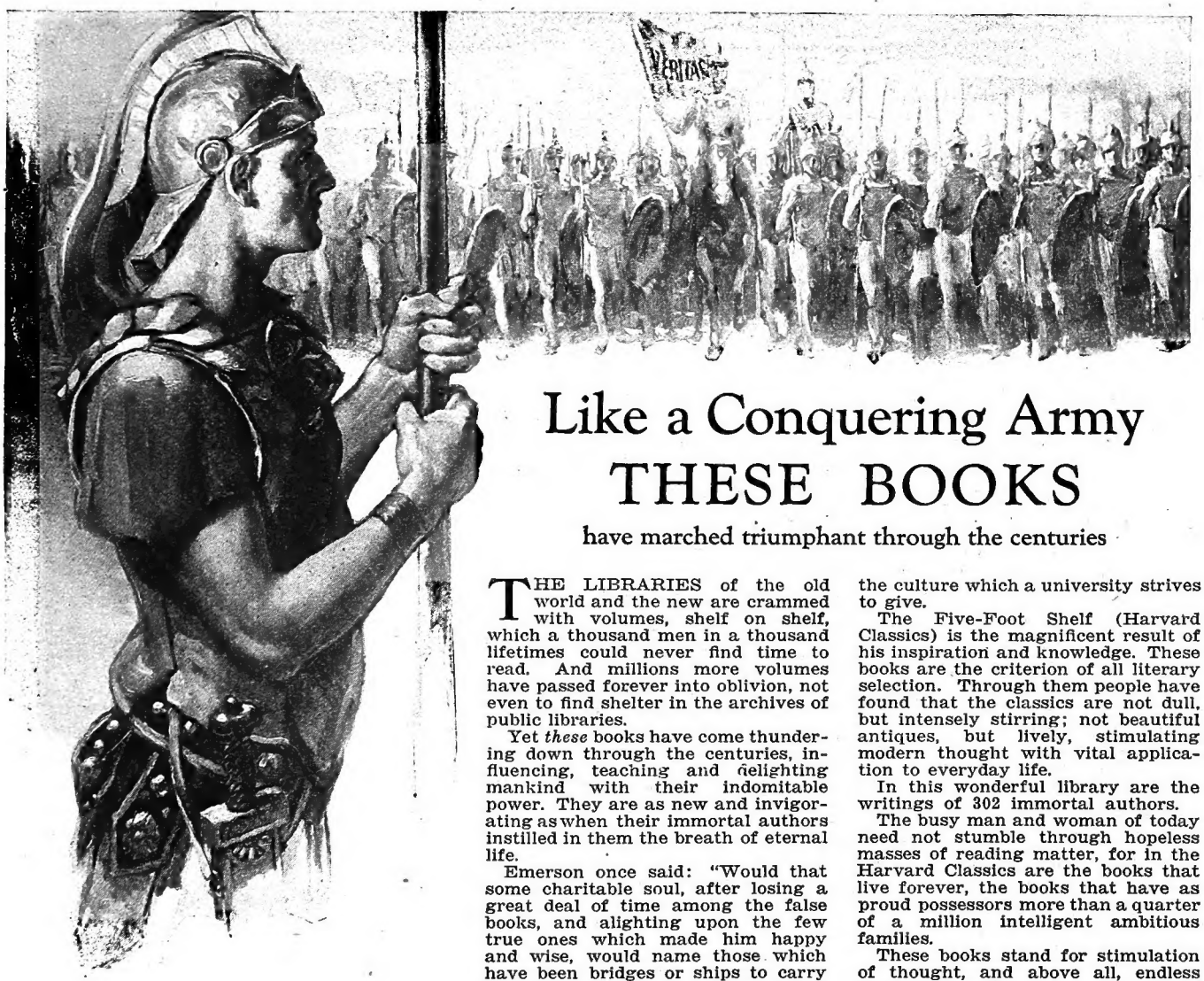

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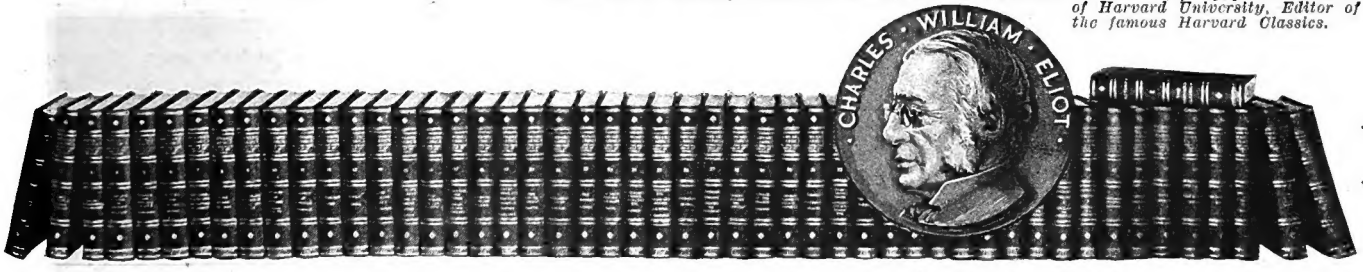

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play golf all year round. He goes on to say that he is a Princeton graduate, incurably married, and the owner of almost enough dogs. Mr. Kahler's very American ancestors hail from the Genesee Valley in western New York, although he himself was born—in 1883—in Philadelphia. For a dozen years following his graduation from college Mr. Kahler was engaged in learning the tricks and manners of several businesses, and did not settle down exclusively to using the material of these experiences in short stories until 1916. Since his retirement to the Carolina mountains, he has added this scene as a frequent locale for his crisp, human yarns. Mr. Kahler has written innumerable short stories, and three books: *Babel, The East Wind,* and *MacIvor's Folly.* With Holworthy Hall he wrote a Prohibition extravaganza called *The Six Best Cellars.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE'S name calls up visions of crooked streets; old houses with shining marble doorsteps and fretwork balconies; the fragrance of magnolias; dark-eyed Creole beauties, and dapper gentlemen. For Cable was the first to picture the New Orleans of the romantic days before the Civil War, nor are there today any stories which can call back, as can his, its rich beauty.

Cable himself was a perfect example of the fine old Southern world about which he wrote. He was charming, tender, fanciful, upright to the point of delicate rigidity, and utterly withdrawn from reality. Born in New Orleans in 1844, he spent a happy boyhood there, enlisting in the Confederate army at eighteen. After his discharge three years later he tried surveying, clerking, accounting, and journalism. His first book, *Old Creole Days,* appeared in 1879, and he soon realized he had at last found his calling. *The Grandissimes, Madame Delphine,* and *Dr. Sevier* followed, and by 1885, when he moved North, his fame was already established. In 1886 he settled in the New England town of Northampton. Here he lived in scholarly seclusion, surrounded by his loving family, writing in small quantity but with infinite care, declining alike in health and creative power. He died in 1925, at the age of eighty-five, his position in the front rank of Southern writers secure, although the poetry and fire of the early days was gone.

"Madame Délicieuse" is a story the simplicity, clarity, and gentle humour of which hold for us a great charm in these days of frenzied blatancy.

In the introduction to George W. Cable's *Life and Letters* which has recently appeared, his daughter, Lucy Cable Bikle, describes her father thus:

> He was a small man, in height barely five feet six; in weight, at best one hundred and ten pounds; wearing, oftenest, a gray suit, with crimson necktie and soft hat of gray felt. Slight of build; wiry; nervous of movement; agile; taking the steps of a stairway preferably two at a time or walking as briskly as any boy of ten, even when he was five or six times that age. His eyes alert to catch any outward aspect of the scene about him, yet his thoughts so incessantly busy that his absent-mindedness was almost a by-word among those who knew him best, and often a matter of concern to himself. The oval of his face was emphasized by an unusual width and height of brow, and by a trim, pointed beard—during the 'eighties his beard and mustache had been full and long—and from beneath the wide brow his gray eyes looked out, keen, thoughtful, quizzical.

FRANK ARTHUR SWINNERTON is one of the most distinguished of younger English novelists. His *Nocturne,* for example, keeps turning up on lists of great English novels which include books by such men as Dickens and Thackeray, Hardy and Conrad. And everything he does glows with a fine and delicate perfection. His short stories are excellent, if few. This is not surprising when you consider that in his forty-four years he has written seventeen novels (twenty, if you include three he tore up), two works of criticism which put him in the first rank of living critics, has been for nineteen years one of the principal personages of the English publishing firm of Chatto and Windus, and has written regularly for a literary review—all this in spite of the fact that he has been ill a great

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In this connection, here is a pertinent fact that may be important to you. Of the 100,000 people who now belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club, *not a single one was induced to join by a salesman or by personal solicitation of any kind.* They were simply given the facts as to what it does for book-readers. After reading these facts, they subscribed.

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This being the case—if you have ever thought of joining this organization—it does seem sensible to get the facts as to how it operates *as quickly as possible*, and then (if you want to) join before this special "first-book-free" offer expires. So, if you are interested *mail the coupon now*, before you forget to do so.

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part of his life, and considers himself abominably lazy.

Swinnerton personally is slender, brown-bearded, gentle, with a twinkle in his eye which is also in his writing. He is a sought-after raconteur, a charming host, an earnest gardener. In his early years he had much experience of the squalid London life which he portrays so admirably in his novels. And yet, perhaps because he is himself, he can infuse this squalor with a passionate beauty, with humour and pathos.

"Mr. Swinnerton sees life and renders it with a steadiness and detachment and patience quite foreign to my disposition," says H. G. Wells, a Swinnerton enthusiast. "He has no underlying motive. He sees and tells. His aim is the attainment of that beauty which comes with exquisite presentation. Seen through his art, life is seen as one sees things through a crystal lens, more intensively, more completely, and with less turpidity. There the business begins and ends for him."

Swinnerton's *Nocturne* was published in 1917. Several novels had preceded it, the best known being *The Happy Family, On the Staircase,* and *The Chaste Wife.* Critical studies of George Gissing (from whom Mr. Swinnerton derived much of his early manner) and of Robert Louis Stevenson also antedated *Nocturne,* appearing in 1912 and 1914 respectively. Among his later novels are *The Three Lovers, Young Felix,* and *The Elder Sister.*

Why not write something which I myself, as well as my readers, shall enjoy? The market gives them facts enough; politics, lies enough; art, affectations enough; criminal news, horrors enough; fashion, more than enough of vanity, and vexation of purse. Why should they not have some of those wandering and joyous fancies which solace my hours?

MUSING somewhat after this wise, we are told, Charles Dudley Warner one day sat down at his editorial desk in the Hartford *Courant* office, and wrote the first of the leisurely and humorous essays with which his name is now associated. By the time of his death thirty years later, in 1900, he was distinguished and beloved as one of the group of cultured, graceful writers and critics who helped to set the literary standard of the "Mauve Decade." His writing was gentle, graceful, and refined—although not as ultra-elegant as that of others of the group whose prose is now almost unread.

Warner was a New Englander, for fourteen years a lawyer in Chicago, for forty an editor in Hartford, Conn., and an intimate of Mark Twain's—and always and above everything, the genial and charming person who is reflected in his prose. He traveled extensively in the South, and did much to bring about a better understanding of the North in the uneasy years following the Civil War. Among other of his philanthropic interests were prison reform and young authors. *My Summer in a Garden,* which has appeared in the GOLDEN BOOK, was his first and instantly popular book (1870). *Saunterings, Backlog Studies, Mummies and Moslems, Being a Boy, The Roundabout Journey,* and a dozen other volumes—essays, nature studies, travel books, novels, and criticism—appeared between 1870 and 1899. He edited the *American Men of Letters* series, and the *Library of the World's Best Literature.* In collaboration with Mark Twain he wrote *The Gilded Age.*

Several things in my life have been really worth while. A period of actual starvation was one. Seven months' drifting in a houseboat (with no power in her) down the Mississippi River was another. Illness, of which I have had rather more than a share, was a third. These three gave me knowledge of humans and a taste for humanity, the low-down on economics, and the high-up on economy. Finally, with five hundred dollars' total capital in the world and no justifiable expectation of more unless my labour procured it, I spent it all on the gamble of going to South America to get the material for *Treasure.* That five hundred dollars' capital I recouped within six weeks of my return to New York, and within a year multiplied it by the sale of travel articles several times. My dark secret is that the conjunction of circumstances and serious interests has compelled me to devote most of my time to writing on economic topics. Two other books and fifty or sixty articles to my credit or discredit deal as humanly as possible with different phases of land policies, coöperation, banking, international affairs, etc.

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Alphonse Daudet needs no introduction to Golden Book readers. The brief "Death of the Dauphin" with which he is represented in this issue is one of the most perfect little prose bits of its kind. Recently we ran across this admirable summing up by Brander Matthews of Daudet's place among outstanding French writers:

> Daudet may lack the poignant intensity of Balzac, the lyric sweep of Hugo, the immense architectural strength of M. Zola, the implacable disinterestedness of Flaubert, the marvelous concentration of Maupassant, but he has more humour than any of them and more charm—more sympathy than any but Hugo, and more sincerity than any but Flaubert. His is perhaps a rarer combination than any of theirs—the gift of story-telling, the power of character-drawing, the grasp of emotional situation, the faculty of analysis, the feeling for form, the sense of style, an unfailing and humane interest in his fellow-men and an irresistible desire to tell the truth about life as he saw it with his own eyes.

"Aftermath" draws to its gentle, moving close appropriately, we think, while summer still lingers in the air. There is something so leisurely and mellow—and so beautiful—about the story that it seems to belong peculiarly to this season. For the first crisp days of fall we plan a two-part story by Richard Washburn Child which is one of the most exciting we have read in a long time. The scene is China, and the power of fear over civilized man has rarely been more strikingly demonstrated than in this dramatic story of a very uncomfortable "test."

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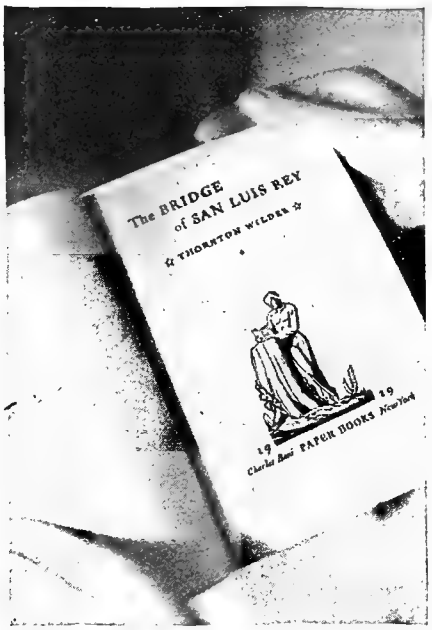

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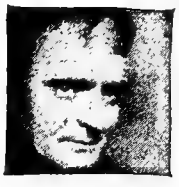

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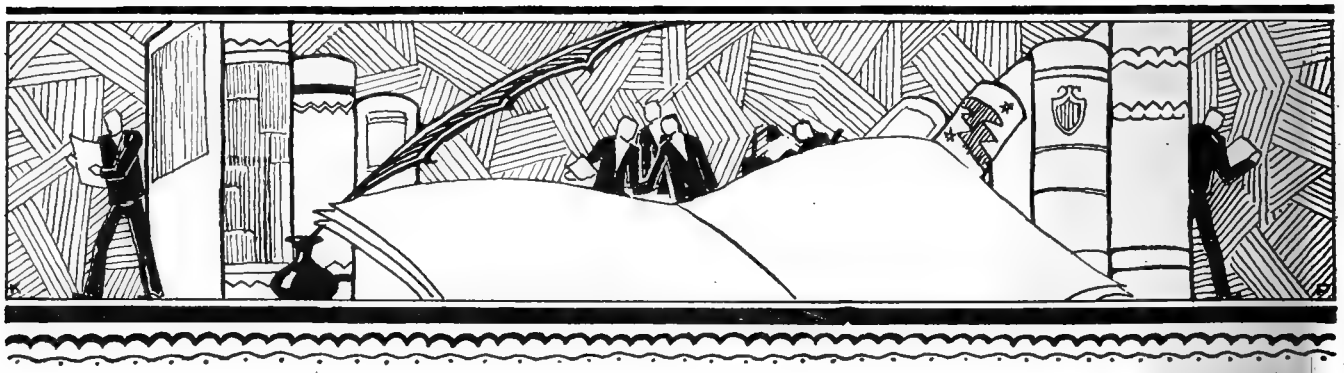

Authors and Books

THE LULL BEFORE the pleasant storm of fall publications finds us doing nicely, thank you, among late summer fiction and the few more serious volumes which have survived the heat. . . .

THE FICTION STARTS out urban and rural, middlewest by west, with *Hunky, A Humble Lear,* and *A Man Scans His Past,* trembles for a few lurid moments in New York with *See How They Run,* moves over to Europe with *Vivandière!* and *Fish Preferred,* and then settles down to a few good old detective stories. . . .

ALTHOUGH *A Humble Lear* (Dutton) is primarily the story of old Adam Webb, Minnesota farmer from New England, it is for its gallery of rural womenfolk that this book tucks itself into a permanent place in our mind. . . . Gentle Martha, Adam's schoolmarm wife, tragic in her alien atmosphere; Alphy with her slovenliness, her cupidity; Myra the gossip; Cordelia of unappealing austerity and inward fineness; Norma, Ma Blister, and two or three others make a cross-section of the rural kitchens of America. . . . Beside them the sons, who cause Adam's grief, are dim ghosts. . . . This is straight American novel-stuff, honestly and even brilliantly handled. . . .

From the jacket design for *A Humble Lear.*

PEASANT IMMIGRANTS to American farmlands have found their spokesmen in such persons as O. E. Rölvaag. . . . Now Thames Williamson in *Hunky* (Coward, McCann) has done much the same thing for typical, patient, childlike Jencic, worker in an energetic American city. . . . There are a hundred thousand Jencics in America—strong, simple, not-very-bright, utterly defenseless at the hands of a bewildering new world, and Thames Williamson has sung their rudimentary saga well. . . . It is a book written as though in words of one syllable, a book which records the simple emotions, the puzzled turnings and gropings and the dawn of awakening in the big, slow man whose life was bounded by the methodical stacking of sacks at the bakery, the walk home with an occasional stop at the speakeasy, his boarding-house, Krusack his friend, Teena the hard-boiled girl, and Louie who had to be beaten up. . . . There is no epic sweep about this book—it is purposively confined to the breadth of Jencic's own understanding, but it portrays deep, deep within that understanding with a rich fidelity. . . .

PAGES 84 TO 135 of M. Constantin-Weyer's scanning of the past are utterly absorbing. . . . Here is Jack London material presented with modern literary method . . . melodrama plus psychology in the Great North. . . . The two men have battled for several hundred miles with their furs through arctic cold; they have faced snow blindness and hunger and wolves—and always the cold. . . . The hero's companion finally dies of frozen lungs: "Towards morning, at the hour when shadows are darkest, I heard the death rattle in his throat. I cast some wood on the fire that the flames might disperse the gloom around us. I leaned over him, but he could not have seen me. I heard the rattle in his chest. He must have already exhaled the odour of a corpse, for slowly, brutally, one of my dogs began howling. It was plaintive, solemn, menacing, and the other dogs took up the cry. . . . At two miles to the north a wolf took up the call of the huskies, and another took up the call in the south. . . . The circle of their hungry jaws closed in about us." . . . Unfortunately for our high opinion of the committee which awarded the cherished Goncourt Prize to this book, there are pages 1 to 83 and 136 to 250, which are devoted to a somewhat sketchy and unsatisfactory picture of the Canadian prairies twenty years ago. . . . *A Man Scans His Past* gains force by being a true account of this French journalist's sojourn in Canada as cowboy, trapper, farmer, and lumberman. . . . But truth is not always enough to make a plot move, nor characters live. . . . Those two magnificent chapters of adventure excuse much, however. . . . Macaulay publishes the book in an adequate translation by Slater Brown. . . .

Will Rogers

See How They Run recounts the decline and fall of three pure little country mice in New York City. . . . Helen Grace Carlisle has devised a prose style to serve as X-ray of the thought-processes of Olivia, Rose, and Mary Elizabeth, which makes their minds transparent enough, but a little dim. . . . We got used to the total absence of commas, question marks, and quotation marks, and the furious outgrowth of periods . . . but we could not get used to the sameness of the minds of everyone in the book. Jack the taxi-driver, Rolland the Frenchman, Martin the lawyer, Maybelle the battered chorus-girl, and a dozen others all obligingly think alike and in exactly the same way. . . . Now and then the soul-probings of one of the three super-sex-conscious girls are sincerely moving . . . and there are spoken conversations that are excellent. . . . We should like to see Miss Carlisle try her hand at honest-to-goodness prose and characters whose struggles would be more worth caring about. . . . It is a stunt novel, and it will probably be banned in Boston. . . .

WILL ROGERS does his funny best in *Ether and Me or "Just Relax,"* published by Putnams. . . . He doesn't do his funny best quite as easily on paper as in person, but that doesn't mean he isn't funny. . . . The book is uproarious in spots, and those who like their humour lathered on thickly will probably find it a shout all the way

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through. . . . Anyway, it is the best since Benchley's *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea, or David Copperfield* brightened the Christmas season—unless you let in Corey Ford's clever satire on Joan Lowell's *Cradle of the Deep*. . . . *Salt Water Taffy* is, like all parodies, too much of a good thing, but it has its moments, indeed yes. . . . And the illustrations posed by the beautiful June Triplett, Frank Sullivan, Heywood Broun, and others, are an immense success. . . .

WE TAKE IT ALL back about Will Rogers' being the funniest book since Benchley's. . . . For a minute (ungrateful wretch that we are, for we laughed and laughed) we forgot P. G. Wodehouse's *Fish Preferred* (Doubleday, Doran). . . . If you like Wodehouse, well, this is another, and just as funny, as his other outrageous yarns. . . . Only this time it's a mystery drama. . . . Gone are the secret memoirs and the prize pig of Much Matchingham—but Percy Pillbeam, Hugo Carmody, and Ronny Fish, by Machiavellian cleverness, soon know all. . . .

From the jacket design for *Hunky*.

THE ATTITUDE of the men who followed Napoleon to Moscow in 1812 was utterly different from that of the soldiers in the World War; the conditions were in no way similar . . . but it was the same death, the same suffering, the same humour and love and horror. . . .To see the disastrous attack on Moscow from the eyes of stalwart little Julie, the winevender, who went with the army, is a thrilling and a touching experience. . . . For Phœbe Fenwick Gaye has managed to recreate in *Vivandière!* (Horace Liveright) a whole psychology . . . the psychology of the French soldier in Napoleon's army, stolidly earning his living, of the young officer shaping his career, of Napoleon himself (though this mistily). . . . On the long tramp to Moscow through the Polish mud, Julie vends her wine from the tail of an army wagon; with the soldiers she plods about the battlefield of Borodina, looting the dead and dying; she shares in the mad rioting of the days in Moscow when discipline is no more; she suffers on that long winter trip back with an army of bare-footed men, laden with golden loot, almost crazy with hunger and exhaustion and cold, dying by thousands. . . . And through it all Julie is always cheery and steady and nonchalant in the best French tradition. . . .

THERE ARE 2392 historical romances chronologically listed and described in the latest edition of Jonathan Nield's *Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales*, published by Macmillan. . . . Reading a page a minute, it will take you approximately 11,960 hours, or 498 days and 8 hours, or one year, four months, and thirteen and a third days, without sleeping or eating, to read them all. . . . But it will no doubt be worth it. . . .

BY THE TIME we had read three chapters of Ethel Mannin's *Crescendo*, published by Doubleday, Doran, we were on our feet cheering. . . . Here, said we, is a book full of vitality, speed, and that modern fearlessness you hear so much about . . . but alas for our childhood dreams! Soon we were somnolent, spurring ourselves on to the somewhat hysterical end with its overacted emotion, a murder, and a suicide or two. . . . Gilbert Stroud as a child, Gilbert struggling with his mingled attraction to and for women (was he not a Stroud?) and his hatred of them as the result of a boyhood experience, is described breathlessly, and with understanding. . . . Came the war, and Gilbert grown-up and Gilbert odysseying about Europe with his charm and his neurosis—and his increasing unreality, for Miss Mannin seems less and less able to cope with him as a masculine human being. . . . Pathetically the book dwindles into exaggeration and decadence. . . .

HONORÉ-GABRIEL MIRABEAU was born tongue-tied and with a twisted foot—and is described, at the age of five, as a "little stocky monster . . . with a puffed and pock-marked face." . . . And he is shown in the frontispiece of *The Stormy Life of Mirabeau* (Houghton Mifflin) as only slightly more prepossessing. . . . Yet he was known as the "French Demosthenes," and is credited by historians with direct responsibility for the French Revolution. . . . *The Stormy Life of Mirabeau,* by Henry de Jouvenel, is not a great biography, but it is a good one, and even though it lapses occasionally into romanticism in the telling of a colourful incident, the facts are there, and it is always interesting. . . . We read of Mirabeau's freakish conduct and love affairs, resulting in his imprisonment in 1768; a later imprisonment and escape in 1774; his recapture in Holland, where he had fled with his wife; the following imprisonment at Vincennes. . . . It was not until the last five or six years of his short life (he was only forty-two when he died) that he emerged into world prominence. . . . The volume ends with a brief mention of the three hundred thousand men who followed in the wake of the hearse that bore the orator, statesman, and idol of the people to his grave—a grave which was violated three years later that the body of Marat might repose in Mirabeau's place. . . .

The sleuth in *The King Murder*.

"THIS BOOK IS WHAT memoirs should be," says Louis Bromfield in his introduction to E. de Gramont, ex-Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre's *Pomp and Circumstance* (Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith). . . . Related to half the famous and amusing persons of France, she knew the other half, with Russians, English, and Italians thrown in. . . . She tells charming and racy anecdotes about all the persons that you have ever heard of, and even more entertaining ones about persons you have never heard of. . . . The book is full of penetrating little portraits and crisp, illuminating comments on the customs of a generation ago—particularly the institution of marriage and the quite different one of love. . . . The ex-Duchesse herself stands out clearly—vivid, witty, and frank, a talented observer of life in the social and intellectual circles of which she was an honoured—and perhaps now a heartily disliked—member. . . . This book is one of the more serious volumes we promised to talk about. . . .

BEFORE IT HAD ever occurred to him to become an author, Henri Beyle, better known as Stendahl, picked up Lanzi's *History of Painting in Six Volumes*. . . . He immediately wrote to the Paris newspapers telling them that he had just completed a history of painting in two volumes, and requesting them to announce its publication. . . . Then he sat down and wrote it. . . . Soon "the fat little man with black side-burns and a head like an Italian butcher" was writing novels which Balzac said were great. . . . Now, a hundred years after Stendahl's death, they are still being discovered, and *Le Rouge et le Noir* is only now taking its place as one of the most important books of the nineteenth century in France. . . . We have finally got around—as you may guess—to reading Paul Hazard's excellent biography, *Stendahl,* translated from the French by Eleanor Hard and published in this country by Coward-McCann. . . . In France this book has already gone through innumerable printings. . . . It is written with fine French clarity, and scholarliness concealed behind Mauroiseque interpretation. . . .

WE CAN'T get through a month without our detekatiff stories. . . . One of them was *The King Murder* (Dutton). In spite of smooth writing and a neat situation, the book can't be very good, because we guessed it on Page 105 or thereabouts, and we are not uncommon bright. . . . But then, there was a delightful cartoon of Leighton Swift, the sleuth who was present when the murderer confessed.

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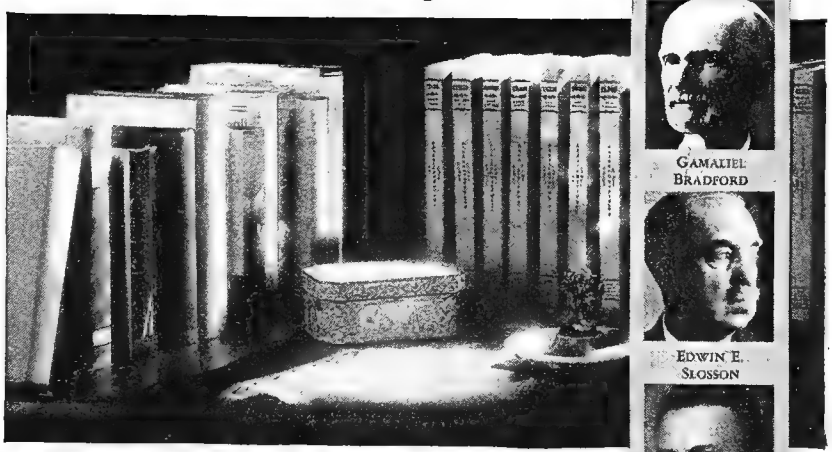

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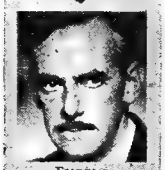
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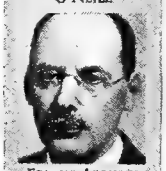
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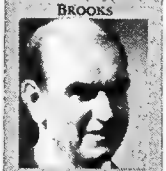
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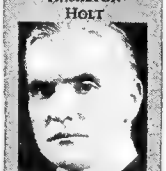
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ANOTHER WAS Milton Propper's *The Strange Disappearance of Mary Young* (Harper). We opened it casually and found that the murder was committed on a scenic railway. After that we couldn't put it down. . . . We did not guess who killed Mary, but neither, she admits, did Carolyn Wells, and who are we, etc., etc. . . . Mr. Propper, the author, read six hundred and fifty mystery stories before he wrote this one, embodying the theories and rules he had learned in this hard school of experience. . . . Was it worth it, we wonder? . . .

"WE LIVE IN an ocean of fear," declares Dr. Edward Lazell in *The Anatomy of Emotion* (Century). It seems that fear is as strong a force today as it was when ichthyosauri chased our ancestors up trees. . . . But this is not what Dr. Lazell cares about. His real subject is the interplay of man's physical and emotional natures, a subject which is being more and more seriously considered, and which is to be the main preoccupation of a new seven-million-dollar foundation at Yale University. . . .

AS IF ONE did not get enough crime in the papers, W. K. Smith has presented the plot of his *Bowery Murder* as a series of newspaper accounts, dignified and sensational, true and untrue, leading by devious paths to a satisfying solution. . . . As a matter of fact, this manner of telling, though novel, is exasperating . . . it is annoyingly slow, and 325 pages of newspaper English is more than even a city editor could bear. . . . The plot deserved to have better done by it, for it is a good plot, so interesting that one wades on and on after it, through headline after headline. . . . This was the Crime Club's choice for June, and we apologize for being so behind the times in tellling you about it. . . .

From the jacket design for *Pomp and Circumstance.*

JUST TO MAKE UP for our negligence, *Barron Ixell: Crime Breaker,* by Oscar Schisgall, does not appear until August twenty-first, or just about the time you are reading this. . . . Barron Ixell is a pretty devastating fellow. . . . With superb calm he goes about his deducting way, and at last brings an end to "The Circle of Terror," a group of skilled criminals who apply modern business methods to the production of crime. . . . The scene is Brussels, Paris, Berlin, and Geneva; the excitement is intense. . . . This is a Longmans, Green book. . . .

THE MAN IN THE QUEUE was murdered mysteriously while waiting in line for a ticket to "Didn't You Know?" . . . Gordon Daviot, the author, tells you that the murderer was left-handed, and then leads you a merry chase until, with a good fat surprise at the end, the mystery is solved. . . . Dutton publishes this shocker. . . .

The Murder in the Laboratory is worth reading if only to perk up your chemistry and Russian. . . . Other things which distinguish it from the thundering herd of murder mysteries are its good writing and its comic relief that is comic. . . . There is, for example, an utterly delightful description of the Russian professor's room, with its scrap-baskets full of new cigarettes and its bedroom slippers nailed up over the fireplace, where the professor could slip his feet into them conveniently when he sat down. . . . This is one of those super-scientific murders, and its principal weakness in our eyes was the brother who looked just like the deceased, and confused things dreadfully thereby. . . . We are a little tired of these twin-brother motifs. . . . But on the whole the book is an enthralling yarn. . . . It is second-prize winner in the Dutton-Methuen detective story contest, and is published in this country by Dutton. . . .

BUT BEST OF ALL was our old friend Charlie Chan, whom we caught unraveling handfuls of clues in Earl Derr Biggers' latest, *The Black Camel* (Bobbs, Merrill). . . . The action takes place in Honolulu, with a beautiful moving-picture star murdered. . . . A mysterious beachcomber and a dozen others are all reasonably drawn into the puzzle. . . . Mr. Biggers writes well, too, which it seems almost superfluous to say. . . .

THERE WILL BE TWO prize-winning novels about the War in the fall. . . . And all because the judges in the Houghton Mifflin Company-*American Legion Monthly* contest could not decide between "It's a Great War," by Mary Lee, a panorama of the War from behind the lines, and William T. Scanlon's "God Have Mercy on Us," an account of war at the front. . . . Miss Lee and Mr. Scanlon will receive $12,500 apiece. . . .

SPEAKING OF PRIZE contests, The Longmans, Green juvenile fiction contest has just ended. . . . Charles J. Finger won the first prize of $2000 for his *Courageous Companions,* the story of an English lad who sailed with Magellan. . . . A runner-up, Marion Hurd McNeely's *The Jumping-Off Place,* is also to be published along with Mary Willard Keyes' *Juniper Green, You Makes Your Own Luck,* by Elsie Singmaster, and *Red Prior's Legacy,* by Alfred H. Bill. . . . It's a great day for the kiddies. . . .

Here's another contest: Fifty dollars for the ten best quotations from Mark Twain's books. . . . That should be easy—except for the judges, who would have a hard time deciding between about thirty

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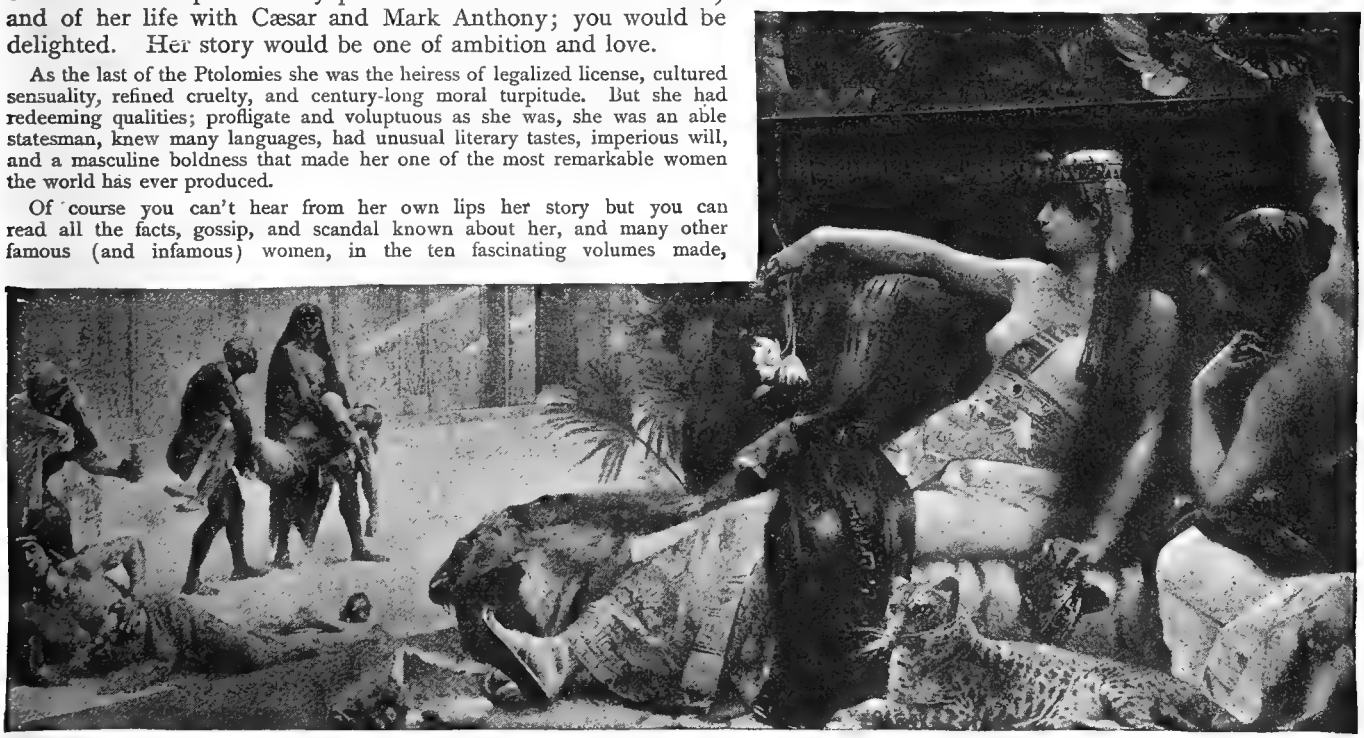

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we could send in under assumed names. . . . The contest closes October, 1929, which gives you the rest of vacation to work on it. . . . Mrs. Ida B. Judd, president of the Mark Twain Association, 415 Central Park West, N. Y. C., will tell you all you want to know about it. . . . Last year the judges were William Lyon Phelps, Albert Bigelow Paine, and P. G. Wodehouse. . . . If this year's judges are appointed, we don't know who they are . . . but we wish them well in their pleasant task. . . .

WE ARE NOT so sure that children will like the new edition of Hans Andersen's fairy-tales as much as we do—but *The Snow Queen,* illustrated by Katharine Beverly and Elizabeth Ellender (Dutton), is one of the loveliest books we've seen in a long while. . . .

ROBERT NATHAN WRITES such peculiarly poetic prose that we eagerly opened this second (but our first) book of his poems, *A Cedar Box* (Bobbs-Merrill), to see if he wrote prosy poetry. . . . He doesn't. . . . Here is purest poetry: simple, filled with quiet, with resigned yet backward-looking sadness, with sudden touches of humour. . . . Some of these verses are so slight and delicate that you might pass them by unless others of them had warned you that here was a person more sensitive than most. . . . "Rainy Weather," "In the Woods," several of the sonnets, "Parting at Home" are some we liked. . .

A BOOK OF POEMS by Gertrude Huntington McGiffert found its way to our desk. . . . We had never heard of the lady, although since—life is like that—we have run across her name in several magazines as a contributor of verse. . . . Mrs. McGiffert can translate Latin poetry with the best, and in an occasional sonnet or lyric of her own she can put a haunting sense of beauty, a delicacy of workmanship which more than make up for her almost too-classical bent. . . . *Cast in Bronze* was a pleasant discovery. . . .

IRWIN EDMAN'S latest book of essays discusses again, among other things, the American inability to enjoy leisure. "The most serious criticism leveled against American civilization," he says, "is not that its work is standardized and its business engulfing, but that its pleasures are mechanical and its leisure slavish." . . . But the nicest thing about Mr. Edman's book is the title: *Adam, the Baby, and the Man from Mars.* . . . Mr. Edman makes the nice point that they are the only three unprejudiced observers of the human scene. . . . Houghton Mifflin publish the book. . . .

RADCLYFFE HALL'S *The Unlit Lamp* (Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith) is a novel not to be missed. . . . It presents with dreadful finality the insoluble problem of the older generation demanding the lives of the younger—and getting what they claim—of the tragedy of youthful promise unfulfilled, of sacrifice rewarded by eventual emptiness. . . . It tells the story, in much more forceful, simple prose than that of either *Adam Breed* or *The Well of Loneliness,* of a girl whose mother binds her with a selfish, destroying love—of her growth to young womanhood, and her great plans, all thwarted by her mother. . . . Joan is a living person, and one in whom many might see themselves. . . .

DONALD B. MACMILLAN, we hear, waits until the first hot spell sets in, and then ships for northern Labrador, with a hold full of fur-coats. . . . We don't insist on going along, but we would like to look spitefully at those coats, just once. . . . Mr. MacMillan is soon to finish his book on the Peary expedition. . . .

MAJOR GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM, the oldest active head of an American publishing house, recently celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday. Major Putnam is president of G. P. Putnam's Sons, founded in 1837 by his father. . . . Perhaps the greatest thing he has done to earn authors' blessings is his championship of the cause of international copyright. . . . The present understandings between the United States and Europe, in force since 1891, are largely the result of his efforts. . . .

AN IMPORTANT TRANSLATION strikes our eye. . . . The first volume of Heinrich Mann's much-praised trilogy *The Goddesses* has appeared under the sponsorship of those enterprising young publishers, Coward-McCann. It is called *Diana*—and *Minerva* and *Venus* are to follow, all three rendered into English by Erich Posselt and Emmet Gore. . . . Heinrich Mann is the brother of Thomas Mann, and both of them are best-selling and important authors in Germany. . . . We have not read *Diana* in the German, for our German stops with such useful phrases as "Is that an apple tree I see burning on the bank?", nor have we yet sat down to it in the English. But we are told it is the first phase of the story of the Duchesse Violante d'Assy in which she pursues freedom; in the second volume she devotes herself to the arts; in the third she surrenders to love. . . .

MARIE BONIFAS, by Jacques de Lacratelle, is the extraordinary story—also a translation—of a young French girl whose capacity for affection is great, yet who shrinks from men with horror. It is a passionately written book, but also a sane one. . . . We liked best the early pages describing Marie's life with her father in the Picardy countryside.

IT HAS TAKEN Joseph McCabe thirty years to write *The Story of Religious Controversy,* which does not seem a long time at all when you consider his subject.

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THE OWNER of fifty silk shirts, ten business suits, five sports suits, thirty pairs of shoes, one hundred ties, etc., etc., wraps up black pearls, when he has any, in his typewriter paper, and travels around Europe in a dilapidated Lancia. . . . This is Franz Harper, whose first novel has just been translated into English, and is published by Covici-Friede. . . . The author of *Plus and Minus* writes: "I wear no beard. Occasionally I wear a tiny, elegant mustache. . . . I can run a hundred metres in 10 3/5 seconds. My favourite automobile is a Stutz; I do not own a Stutz. . . . My father was born in the wilds of Kentucky. . . . At the age of twenty I managed my own theatre in Berlin. . . . At the age of twenty-one I was no longer the manager of my own theatre. . . . I am interested in astronomy, boxing, and beautiful women. I am mad about the planets. Especially Saturn. . . ." Now read *Plus and Minus* if you dare. . . .

SISLEY HUDDLESTON, whose *Louis XIV. in Love and War* (Harper) has annoyed some readers as much as it has charmed others, writes as follows about what he was trying to do: "Modern psychology has as yet been imperfectly applied to the writing of biography and of history. Why did men who controlled the levers of power behave as they did? Hitherto it has been held sufficient to give conventional and superficial explanations. But the mainsprings of action have been little understood.

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think biography is important insofar as it reveals the psychological reasons of action".

HARPER'S IS particularly proud of Lorna Rea's *Six Mrs. Greenes,* and well they may be—if they don't take it too seriously. It's a spry and witty book, engagingly daring and pleasantly life-like. . . . The five ex-Mrs. Greenes meet at lunch at the sixth Mrs. Greene's. . . .

SOME OF THE NOVELS we are looking forward to especially, and which should be out by next month, include Galsworthy's *A Modern Comedy* (Scribner), all the stories about the younger Forsytes collected into one volume; Ellen Glasgow's *They Stooped to Folly* (Doubleday, Doran), more of her penetrating feminine portraiture; Ernest Hemingway's *Farewell to Arms* (Scribner), his first book since *The Sun Also Rises; Whiteoaks of Jalna,* by Mazo de la Roche (Little, Brown); *Borgia,* by Zona Gale (Knopf); *The Field of Honour,* Donn Byrne's last novel (Century); Susan Ertz's *Galaxy* (Appleton); Warwick Deeping's *Roper's Row* (Knopf); and Phyllis Bottome's *Windlestraws* (Houghton Mifflin); *The Romantics,* by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Farrar and Rinehart); and *The Sun Cure,* by Alfred Noyes (Cosmopolitan), a "funny novel" by the famous poet. . . .

MORE SERIOUS-MINDEDLY we await Hilaire Belloc's *Richelieu* (Lippincott); Raymond Escholier's *Victor Hugo* (Payson and Clarke); *Up to Now,* by Alfred E. Smith (Viking Press); *Ends of the Earth,* by Roy Chapman Andrews (Putnam); *Lafayette,* by Brand Whitlock (Appleton); *Man and Woman,* by Havelock Ellis (Houghton Mifflin); *A Room of One's Own,* by Virginia Woolf (Harcourt, Brace); and D. B. Wyndham Lewis's biography of Louis XI., *King Spider* (Coward-McCann). . . .

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F. F.

Recommended Books

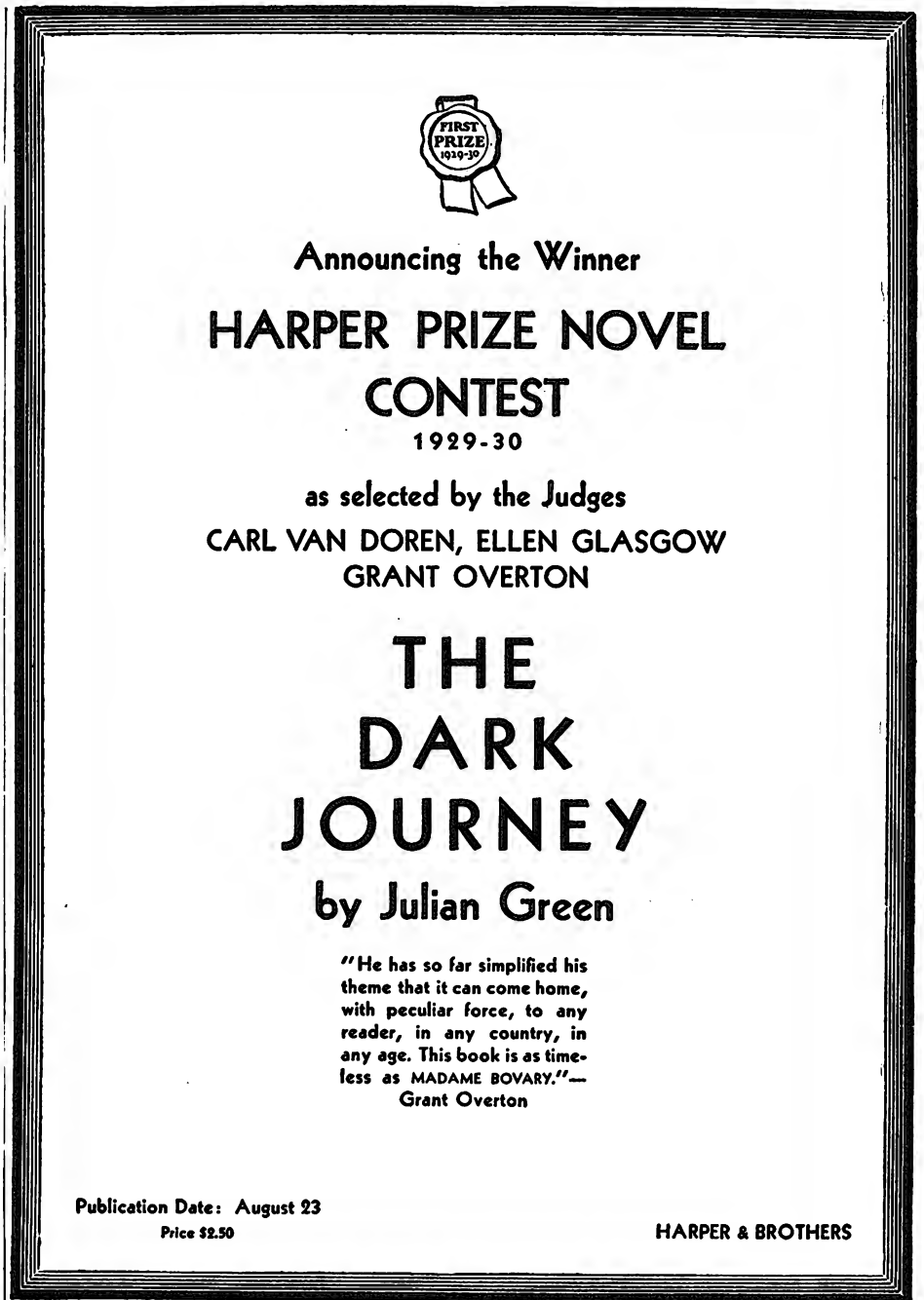
Fiction

THE UNLIT LAMP, by Radclyffe Hall. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3. A promising girl, struggling to work out her own career against the all-demanding love of a neurotic mother, fails grimly.

THE SPLENDOUR OF GOD, by Honoré Willsie Morrow. William Morrow. $2.50. Through an Arabian-Nights career, with Burma for a background, moves Adoniram Judson, New Englander, the first Baptist missionary.

CLASS REUNION, by Franz Werfel. Simon & Schuster. $2. The ghost of an old crime—his adolescent cruelty to a schoolfellow—raises itself before a celebrated Magistrate when the wreck of the man whose life he ruined is brought before him on a charge of murder.

MOLINOFF, OR THE COUNT IN THE KITCHEN, by Maurice Bedel. Viking. $2.50. A refugee Russian nobleman leads for a while the double life of menial and aristocrat, with both painful and amusing entanglements.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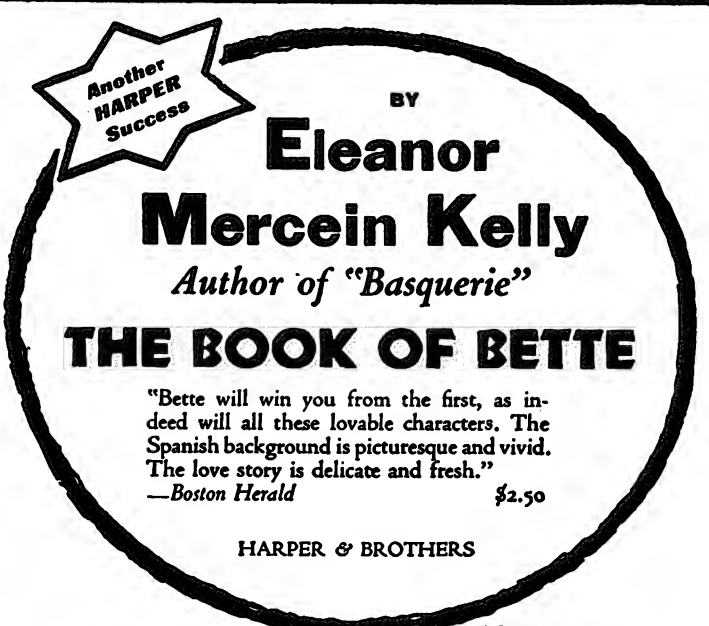
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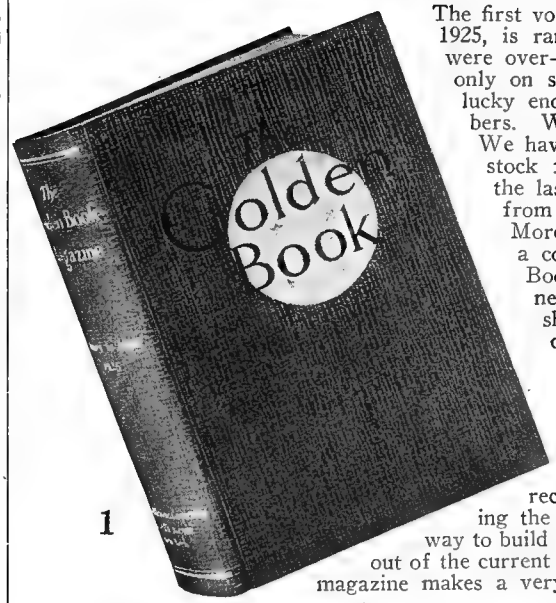

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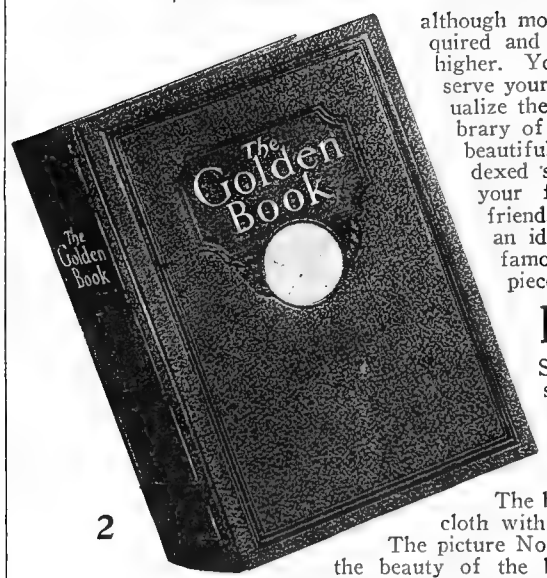

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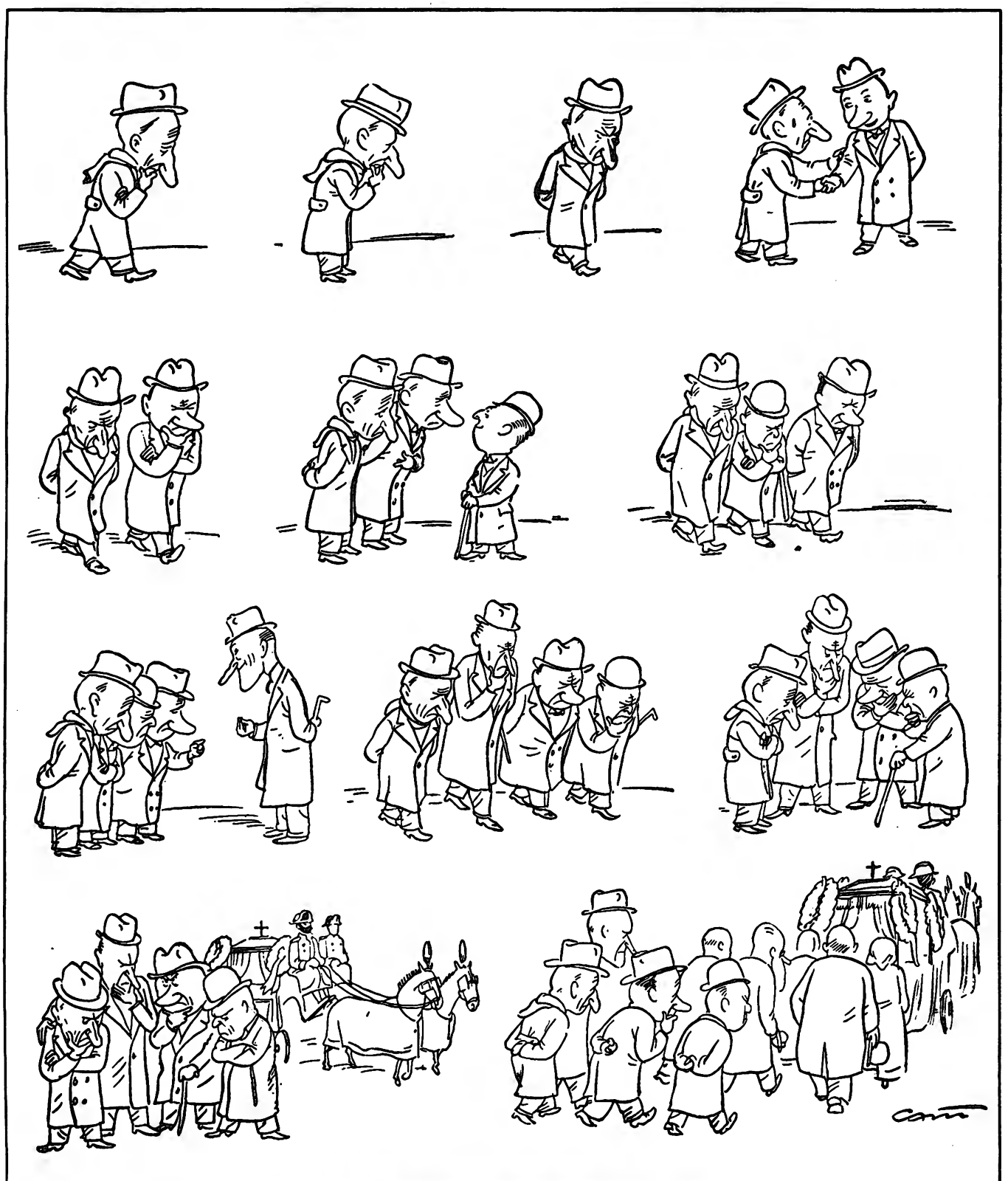
The Search *for a* Funny Story

By CAMERINI



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September

Drawing by Charles B. Falls

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun:
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too—
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn,
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

John Keats.

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The Golden Book Magazine

VOLUME X SEPTEMBER, 1929 NUMBER 57

Running Wolf

Woodcuts by M. J. Gallegher

By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

Algernon Blackwood

THE MAN WHO ENJOYS an adventure outside the general experience of the race, and imparts it to others, must not be surprised if he is taken for either a liar or a fool, as Malcolm Hyde, hotel clerk on a holiday, discovered in due course. Nor is "enjoy" the right word to use in describing his emotions; the word he chose was probably "survive."

When he first set eyes on Medicine Lake he was struck by its still, sparkling beauty, lying there in the vast Canadian backwoods; next, by its extreme loneliness; and lastly—a good deal later, this—by its combination of beauty, loneliness, and singular atmosphere, due to the fact that it was the scene of his adventure.

"It's fairly stiff with big fish," said Morton of the Montreal Sporting Club. "Spend your holiday there—up Mattawa way, some fifteen miles west of Stony Creek. You'll have it all to yourself except for an old Indian who's got a shack there. Camp on the east side—if you'll take a tip from me." He then talked for half an hour about the wonderful sport; yet he was not otherwise very communicative, and did not suffer questions gladly, Hyde noticed. If it was such a paradise as Morton, its discoverer and the most experienced rod in the province, claimed, why had he himself spent only three days there?

"Ran short of grub," was the explanation offered; but to another friend he had mentioned briefly, "flies," and to a third, so Hyde learned later, he gave the excuse that his half-breed "took sick," necessitating a quick return to civilization.

Hyde, however, cared little for the explanations; his interest in these came later. "Stiff with fish" was the phrase he liked. He took the Canadian Pacific train to Mattawa, laid in his outfit at Stony Creek, and set off thence for the fifteen-mile canoe-trip without a care in the world.

Traveling light, the portages did not trouble him; the water was swift and easy, the rapids negotiable; everything came his way, as the saying is. Occasionally he saw big fish making for the deeper pools, and was sorely tempted to stop; but he resisted. He pushed on between the immense world of forests that stretched for hundreds of miles, known to deer, bear, moose, and wolf, but strange to any echo of human tread, a deserted and primeval wilderness. The autumn day was calm, the water sang and sparkled, the blue sky hung cloudless over all, ablaze with light. Toward evening he passed an old beaver-dam, rounded a little point, and had his first sight of Medicine Lake. He lifted his dripping paddle; the canoe shot with silent glide into calm water. He gave an exclamation of delight, for the loveliness caught his breath away.

Though primarily a sportsman, he was not insensible to beauty. The lake formed a crescent, perhaps four miles long, its width between half a mile and a mile. The slanting gold of sunset flooded it. No wind stirred its crystal surface. Here it had lain since the redskin's god first made it; here it would lie until he dried it up again. Towering spruce and hemlock trooped to its very edge, majestic cedars leaned down as if to drink, crimson sumachs shone in fiery patches, and maples gleamed orange and red beyond belief.

It was here the red men formerly "made medicine," with all the wild ritual and tribal ceremony of an ancient day. But it was of Morton, rather than of Indians, that Hyde thought. If this lonely, hidden paradise was really stiff with big fish, he owed a lot to Morton for the information. Peace invaded him, but the excitement of the hunter lay below.

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He looked about him with quick, practised eye for a camping-place before the sun sank below the forests and the half-lights came. The Indian's shack, lying in full sunshine on the eastern shore, he found at once; but the trees lay too thick about it for comfort, nor did he wish to be so close to its inhabitant. Upon the opposite side, however, an ideal clearing offered. This lay already in shadow, the huge forest darkening it toward evening; but the open space attracted. He paddled over quickly and examined it. The ground was hard and dry, he found, and a little brook ran tinkling down one side of it into the lake. This outfall, too, would be a good fishing spot. Also it was sheltered. A few low willows marked the mouth.

An experienced camper soon makes up his mind. It was a perfect site, and some charred logs, with traces of former fires, proved that he was not the first to think so. Hyde was delighted. Then suddenly, disappointment came to tinge his pleasure. His kit was landed, and preparations for putting up the tent were begun, when he recalled a detail that excitement had so far kept in the background of his mind—Morton's advice. But not Morton's only, for the storekeeper at Stony Creek had reinforced it. The big fellow with straggling mustache and stooping shoulders, dressed in shirt and trousers, had handed him out a final sentence with the bacon, flour, condensed milk, and sugar. He had repeated Morton's half-forgotten words:

"Put yer tent on the east shore. I should," he had said at parting.

He remembered Morton, too, apparently. "A shortish fellow, brown as an Indian and fairly smelling of the woods. Traveling with Jake, the half-breed." That assuredly was Morton. "Didn't stay long, now, did he?" he added in a reflective tone.

"Going Windy Lake way, are yer? Or Ten-Mile Water, maybe?" he had first inquired of Hyde.

"Medicine Lake."

"Is that so?" the man said, as though he doubted it for some obscure reason. He pulled at his ragged mustache a moment. "Is that so, now?" he repeated. And the final words followed him down-stream after a considerable pause—the advice about the best shore on which to put his tent.

ALL THIS NOW SUDDENLY FLASHED back upon Hyde's mind with a tinge of disappointment and annoyance, for when two experienced men agreed, their opinion was not to be lightly disregarded. He wished he had asked the storekeeper for more details. He looked about him, he reflected, he hesitated. His ideal camping-ground lay certainly on the forbidden shore. What in the world, he wondered, could be the objection to it?

But the light was fading; he must decide quickly one way or the other. After staring at his unpacked dunnage and the tent, already half erected, he made up his mind with a muttered expression that consigned both Morton and the storekeeper to less pleasant places. "They must have *some* reason," he growled to himself; "fellows like that usually know what they're talking about. I guess I'd better shift over to the other side—for tonight, at any rate, I should say."

He glanced across the water before actually reloading. No smoke rose from the Indian's shack. He had seen no sign of a canoe. The man, he decided, was away. Reluctantly, then, he left the good camping-ground and paddled across the lake, and half an hour later his tent was up, firewood collected, and two small trout were already caught for supper. But the bigger fish, he knew, lay waiting for him on the other side by the little outfall, and he fell asleep at length on his bed of balsam boughs, annoyed and disappointed, yet wondering how a mere sentence could have persuaded him so easily against his own better judgment. He slept like the dead; the sun was well up before he stirred.

But his morning mood was a very different one. The brilliant light, the peace, the intoxicating air, all this was too exhilarating for the mind to harbour foolish fancies, and he marveled that he could have been so weak the night before. No hesitation lay in him anywhere. He struck camp immediately after breakfast, paddled back across the strip of shining water, and quickly settled in upon the forbidden shore, as he now called it, with a contemptuous grin. And the more he saw of the spot, the better he liked it. There was plenty of wood, running water to drink, an open space about the tent, and there were no flies. The fishing, moreover, was magnificent. Morton's description was fully justified, and "stiff with big fish" for once was not an exaggeration.

The useless hours of the early afternoon he passed dozing in the sun, or wandering through the underbrush beyond the camp. He found no sign of anything unusual. He bathed in a cool, deep pool; he reveled in the lonely little paradise. Lonely it certainly was, but the loneliness was part of its charm; the stillness, the peace, the isolation of this beautiful backwoods lake delighted him. The silence was divine. He was entirely satisfied.

After a brew of tea, he strolled, toward evening, along the shore, looking for the first sign of a rising fish. A faint ripple on the water, with the lengthening shadows, made good conditions. *Plop* followed *plop*, as the big fellows rose, snatched at their food, and vanished into the depths. He hurried back. Ten minutes later he had taken his rods and was gliding cautiously in the canoe through the quiet water.

So good was the sport, indeed, and so quickly did the big trout pile up in the bottom of the canoe that, despite the growing lateness, he found it hard to tear himself away. "One more," he said, "and then I really will go." He landed that "one more," and was in the act of taking it off the hook, when the deep silence of the evening was curiously disturbed. He became abruptly aware that some one watched him. A pair of eyes, it seemed, were fixed upon him from some point in the surrounding shadows.

Thus, at least, he interpreted the odd disturbance in his happy mood; for thus he felt it. The feeling stole over him without the slightest warning. He was not alone. The slippery big trout dropped from his fingers. He sat motionless, and stared about him.

Nothing stirred; the ripple on the lake had died

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away; there was no wind; the forest lay a single purple mass of shadow; the yellow sky, fast fading, threw reflections that troubled the eye and made distances uncertain. But there was no sound, no movement; he saw no figure anywhere. Yet he knew that some one watched him, and a wave of quite unreasoning terror gripped him. The nose of the canoe was against the bank. In a moment, and instinctively, he shoved it off and paddled into deeper water. The watcher, it came to him also instinctively, was quite close to him upon that bank. But where? And who? Was it the Indian?

HERE, IN DEEPER WATER, and some twenty yards from the shore, he paused and strained both sight and hearing to find some possible clue. He felt half ashamed, now that the first strange feeling passed a little. But the certainty remained. Absurd as it was, he felt positive that some one watched him with concentrated and intent regard. Every fibre in his being told him so; and though he could discover no figure, no new outline on the shore, he could even have sworn in which clump of willow bushes the hidden person crouched and stared. His attention seemed drawn to that particular clump.

The water dripped slowly from his paddle, now lying across the thwarts. There was no other sound. The canvas of his tent gleamed dimly. A star or two were out. He waited. Nothing happened.

Then, as suddenly as it had come, the feeling passed, and he knew that the person who had been watching him intently had gone. It was as if a current had been turned off; the normal world flowed back; the landscape emptied as if some one had left a room. The disagreeable feeling left him at the same time, so that he instantly turned the canoe in to the shore again, landed, and, paddle in hand, went over to examine the clump of willows he had singled out as the place of concealment. There was no one there, of course, nor any trace of recent human occupancy. No leaves, no branches stirred, nor was a single twig displaced; his keen and practised sight detected no sign of tracks upon the ground. Yet, for all that, he felt positive that a little time ago some one had crouched among these very leaves and watched him. He remained absolutely convinced of it. The watcher, whether Indian, hunter, stray lumberman, or wandering half-breed, had now withdrawn; a search was useless, and dusk was falling. He returned to his little camp, more disturbed perhaps than he cared to acknowledge. He cooked his supper, hung up his catch on a string, so that no prowling animal could get at it during the night, and prepared to make himself comfortable until bedtime. Unconsciously, he built a bigger fire than usual, and found himself peering over his pipe into the deep shadows beyond the firelight, straining his ears to catch the slightest sound. He remained generally on the alert in a way that was new to him.

A man under such conditions and in such a place need not know discomfort until the sense of loneliness strikes him as too vivid a reality. Loneliness in a backwoods camp brings charm, pleasure, and a happy sense of calm until, and unless, it comes too near. It should remain an ingredient only among other conditions; it should not be directly, vividly noticed. Once it has crept within short range, however, it may easily cross the narrow line between comfort and discomfort, and darkness is an undesirable time for the transition. A curious dread may easily follow—the dread lest the loneliness suddenly be disturbed, and the solitary human feel himself open to attack.

For Hyde, now, this transition had been already accomplished; the too intimate sense of his loneliness had shifted abruptly into the worse condition of no longer being quite alone. It was an awkward moment, and the hotel clerk realized his position exactly. He did not quite like it. He sat there, with his back to the blazing logs, a very visible object in the light, while all about him the darkness of the forest lay like an impenetrable wall. He could not see a foot beyond the small circle of his campfire; the silence about him was like the silence of the dead. No leaf rustled, no wave lapped; he himself sat motionless as a log.

Then again he became suddenly aware that the person who watched him had returned, and that the same intent and concentrated gaze as before was fixed upon him where he lay. There was no warning; he heard no stealthy tread or snapping of dry twigs, yet the owner of those steady eyes was very close to him, probably not a dozen feet away. This sense of proximity was overwhelming.

His hand groped for a weapon.

It is unquestionable that a shiver ran down his spine. This time, moreover, he felt positive that the man crouched just beyond the firelight, the distance he himself could see being nicely calculated, and straight in front of him. For some minutes he sat without stirring a single muscle, yet with each muscle ready and alert, straining his eyes in vain to pierce the darkness, but only succeeding in dazzling his sight with the reflected light. Then, as he shifted his position slowly, cautiously, to obtain another angle of vision, his heart gave two big thumps against his ribs and the hair seemed to rise on his scalp with the

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sense of cold that shot horribly up his spine. In the darkness facing him he saw two small and greenish circles that were certainly a pair of eyes, yet not the eyes of Indian, hunter, or of any human being. It was a pair of animal eyes that stared so fixedly at him out of the night. And this certainly had an immediate and natural effect upon him.

For, at the menace of those eyes, the fears of millions of long-dead hunters since the dawn of time woke in him. Hotel clerk though he was, heredity surged through him in an automatic wave of instinct. His hand groped for a weapon. His fingers fell on the iron head of his small camp axe, and at once he was himself again. Confidence returned; the vague, superstitious dread was gone. This was a bear or wolf that smelt his catch and came to steal it. With beings of that sort he knew instinctively how to deal, yet admitting, by this very instinct, that his original dread had been of quite another kind.

"I'll damned quick find out what it is," he exclaimed aloud, and, snatching a burning brand from the fire, he hurled it with good aim straight at the eyes of the beast before him.

THE BIT OF PITCH-PINE fell in a shower of sparks that lit the dry grass this side of the animal, flared up a moment, then died quickly down again. But in that instant of bright illumination he saw clearly what his unwelcome visitor was. A big timber wolf sat on its hindquarters, staring steadily at him through the firelight. He saw its legs and shoulders, he saw its hair, he saw also the big hemlock trunks lit up behind it, and the willow scrub on each side. It formed a vivid, clear-cut picture shown in clear detail by the momentary blaze. To his amazement, however, the wolf did not turn and bolt away from the burning log, but withdrew a few yards only, and sat there again on its haunches, staring, staring as before. Heavens, how it stared! He "shoo-ed" it, but without effect; it did not budge. He did not waste another good log on it, for his fear was dissipated now; a timber wolf was a timber wolf, and it might sit there as long as it pleased, provided it did not try to steal his catch. No alarm was in him any more. He knew that wolves were harmless in the summer and autumn, and even when "packed" in the winter they would attack a man only when suffering desperate hunger. So he lay and watched the beast, threw bits of stick in its direction, even talked to it, wondering only that it never moved. "You can stay there forever, if you like," he remarked to it aloud, "for you can't get at my fish, and the rest of the grub I shall take into the tent with me!"

The creature blinked its bright green eyes, but made no move.

Why, then, if his fear was gone, did he think of certain things as he rolled himself in the Hudson Bay blankets before going to sleep? The immobility of the animal was strange, its refusal to turn and bolt was still stranger. Never before had he known a wild creature that was not afraid of fire. Why did it sit and watch him, as with purpose in its dreadful eyes? How had he felt its presence earlier and instantly? A timber wolf, especially a solitary timber wolf, was a timid thing, yet this one feared neither man nor fire. Now, as he lay there wrapped in his blankets inside the cosy tent, it sat outside beneath the stars, beside the fading embers, the wind chilly in its fur, the ground cooling beneath its planted paws, watching him, steadily watching him, perhaps until the dawn.

It was unusual, it was strange. Having neither imagination nor tradition, he called upon no store of racial visions. Matter of fact, a hotel clerk on a fishing holiday, he lay there in his blankets, merely wondering and puzzled. A timber wolf was a timber wolf and nothing more. Yet this timber wolf—the idea haunted him—was different. In a word, the deeper part of his original uneasiness remained. He tossed about, he shivered sometimes in his broken sleep; he did not go out to see, but he woke early and unrefreshed.

Again, with the sunshine and the morning wind, however, the incident of the night before was forgotten, almost unreal. His hunting zeal was uppermost. The tea and fish were delicious, his pipe had never tasted so good, the glory of this lonely lake amid primeval forests went to his head a little; he was a hunter before the Lord, and nothing else. He tried the edge of the lake, and in the excitement of playing a big fish, knew suddenly that *it*, the wolf, was there. He paused with the rod, exactly as if struck. He looked about him, he looked in a definite direction. The brilliant sunshine made every smallest detail clear and sharp—boulders of granite, burned stems, crimson sumach, pebbles along the shore in neat, separate detail—without revealing where the watcher hid. Then, his sight wandering farther inshore among the tangled undergrowth, he suddenly picked up the familiar, half-expected outline. The wolf was lying behind a granite boulder, so that only the head, the muzzle, and the eyes were visible. It merged in its background. Had he not known it was a wolf, he could never have separated it from the landscape. The eyes shone in the sunlight.

There it lay. He looked straight at it. Their eyes, in fact, actually met full and square. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed aloud, "why, it's like looking at a human being!" From that moment, unwittingly, he established a singular personal relation with the beast. And what followed confirmed this undesirable impression, for the animal rose instantly and came down in leisurely fashion to the shore, where it stood looking at him. It stood and stared into his eyes like some great wild dog, so that he was aware of a new and almost incredible sensation—that it courted recognition.

"Well! well!" he exclaimed again, relieving his feelings by addressing it aloud, "if this doesn't beat everything I ever saw! What d'you want, anyway?"

HE EXAMINED IT NOW more carefully. He had never seen a wolf so big before; it was a tremendous beast, a nasty customer to tackle, he reflected, if it ever came to that. It stood there absolutely fearless and full of confidence. In the clear sunlight he took in every detail of it—a huge, shaggy, lean-flanked timber wolf, its wicked eyes staring straight into his own, almost with a kind of purpose in

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them. He saw its great jaws, its teeth, and its tongue, hung out, dropping saliva a little. And yet the idea of its savagery, its fierceness, was very little in him.

He was amazed and puzzled beyond belief. He wished the Indian would come back. He did not understand this strange behaviour in an animal. Its eyes, the odd expression in them, gave him a queer, unusual, difficult feeling. Had his nerves gone wrong? he almost wondered.

The beast stood on the shore and looked at him. He wished for the first time that he had brought a rifle. With a resounding smack he brought his paddle down flat upon the water, using all his strength, till the echoes rang as from a pistol-shot that was audible from one end of the lake to the other. The wolf never stirred. He shouted, but the beast remained unmoved. He blinked his eyes, speaking as to a dog, a domestic animal, a creature accustomed to human ways. It blinked its eyes in return.

At length, increasing his distance from the shore, he continued fishing, and the excitement of the marvelous sport held his attention—his surface attention, at any rate. At times he almost forgot the attendant beast; yet whenever he looked up, he saw it there. And worse; when he slowly paddled home again, he observed it trotting along the shore as though to keep him company. Crossing a little bay, he spurted, hoping to reach the other point before his undesired and undesirable attendant. Instantly the brute broke into that rapid, tireless lope that, except on ice, can run down anything on four legs in the woods. When he reached the distant point, the wolf was waiting for him. He raised his paddle from the water, pausing a moment for reflection; for this very close attention—there were dusk and night yet to come—he certainly did not relish. His camp was near; he had to land; he felt uncomfortable even in the sunshine of broad day, when, to his keen relief, about half a mile from the tent, he saw the creature suddenly stop and sit down in the open. He waited a moment, then paddled on. It did not follow. There was no attempt to move; it merely sat and watched him. After a few hundred yards, he looked back. It was still sitting where he left it. And the absurd, yet significant, feeling came to him that the beast divined his thought, his anxiety, his dread, and was now showing him, as well as it could, that it entertained no hostile feeling and did not meditate attack.

He turned the canoe toward the shore; he landed; he cooked his supper in the dusk; the animal made no sign. Not far away it certainly lay and watched, but it did not advance. And to Hyde, observant now in a new way, came one sharp, vivid reminder of the strange atmosphere into which his commonplace personality had strayed; he suddenly recalled that his relations with the beast, already established, had progressed distinctly a stage farther. This startled him, yet without the accompanying alarm he must certainly have felt twenty-four hours before. He had an understanding with the wolf. He was aware of friendly thoughts toward it. He even went so far as to set out a few big fish on the spot where he had first seen it sitting the previous night. "If he comes," he thought, "he is welcome to them. I've got plenty anyway." He thought of it now as "he."

Yet the wolf made no appearance until he was in the act of entering his tent a good deal later. It was close on ten o'clock, whereas nine was his hour, and late at that, for turning in. He had, therefore, unconsciously been waiting for him. Then, as he was closing the flap, he saw the eyes close to where he had placed the fish. He waited, hiding himself, and expecting to hear sounds of munching jaws; but all was silence. Only the eyes glowed steadily out of the background of pitch darkness. He closed the flap. He had no slightest fear. In ten minutes he was sound asleep.

He could not have slept very long, for when he woke up he could see the shine of a faint red light through the canvas, and the fire had not died down completely. He rose and cautiously peeped out. The air was very cold; he saw his breath. But he also saw the wolf, for it had come in, and was sitting by the dying embers, not two yards away from where he crouched behind the flap. And this time, at these very close quarters, there was something in the attitude of the big wild thing that caught his attention with a vivid thrill of startled surprise and a sudden shock of cold that held him spellbound. He stared, unable to believe his eyes; for the wolf's attitude conveyed to him something familiar that at first he was unable to explain. Its pose reached him in the terms of another thing with which he was entirely at home. What was it? Did his senses betray him? Was he still asleep and dreaming?

Then, suddenly, with a start of uncanny recognition, he knew. Its attitude was that of a dog. Having found the clue, his mind then made an awful leap. For it was, after all, no dog its appearance aped, but something nearer to himself, and more familiar still. Good heavens! It sat there with the pose, the attitude, the gesture in repose of something almost human. And then, with a second shock of biting wonder, it came to him like a revelation. The wolf sat beside that camp-fire as a man might sit.

Before he could weigh his extraordinary discovery, before he could examine it in detail or with care, the animal, sitting in this ghastly fashion, seemed to feel his eyes fixed on it. It slowly turned and looked him in the face, and for the first time Hyde felt a full-blooded, superstitious fear flood through his entire being. He seemed transfixed with that nameless terror that is said to attack human beings who suddenly face the dead, finding themselves bereft of speech and movement. This moment of paralysis certainly occurred. Its passing, however, was as singular as its advent. For almost at once he was aware of something beyond and above this mockery of human attitude and pose, something that ran along unaccustomed nerves and reached his feeling, even perhaps his heart. The revulsion was extraordinary, its result still more extraordinary and unexpected. Yet the fact remains. He was aware of another thing that had the effect of stilling his terror as soon as it was born. He was aware of appeal, silent, half expressed, yet vastly pathetic. He saw in the savage eyes a beseeching, even a

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yearning, expression that changed his mood as by magic from dread to natural sympathy. The great gray brute, symbol of cruel ferocity, sat there beside his dying fire and appealed for help.

This gulf betwixt animal and human seemed in that instant bridged. It was, of course, incredible. Hyde, sleep still possibly clinging to his inner being with the shades and half shapes of dream yet about his soul, acknowledged, how he knew not, the amazing fact. He found himself nodding to the brute in half consent, and instantly, without more ado, the lean, gray shape rose like a wraith and trotted off swiftly, but with stealthy tread, into the background of the night.

When Hyde woke in the morning his first impression was that he must have dreamed the entire incident. His practical nature asserted itself. There was a bite in the fresh autumn air; the bright sun allowed no half lights anywhere; he felt brisk in mind and body. Reviewing what had happened, he came to the conclusion that it was utterly vain to speculate; no possible explanation of the animal's behaviour occurred to him; he was dealing with something entirely outside his experience. His fear, however, had completely left him. The odd sense of friendliness remained. The beast had a definite purpose, and he himself was included in that purpose. His sympathy held good.

But with the sympathy there was also an intense curiosity. "If it shows itself again," he told himself, "I'll go up close and find out what it wants." The fish laid out the night before had not been touched.

It must have been a full hour after breakfast when he next saw the brute; it was standing on the edge of the clearing, looking at him in the way now become familiar. Hyde immediately picked up his axe and advanced toward it boldly, keeping his eyes fixed straight upon its own. There was nervousness in him, but kept well under; nothing betrayed it; step by step he drew nearer until some ten yards separated them. The wolf had not stirred a muscle as yet. Its jaws hung open, its eyes observed him intently; it allowed him to approach without a sign of what its mood might be. Then, with these ten yards between them, it turned abruptly and moved slowly off, looking back first over one shoulder and then over the other, exactly as a dog might do, to see if he was following.

A SINGULAR JOURNEY it was they then made together, animal and man. The trees surrounded them at once, for they left the lake behind them, entering the tangled bush beyond. The beast, Hyde noticed, obviously picked the easiest track for him to follow; for obstacles that meant nothing to the four-legged expert, yet were difficult for a man, were carefully avoided with an almost uncanny skill while yet the general direction was accurately kept. Occasionally there were windfalls to be surmounted; but though the wolf bounded over these with ease, it was always waiting for the man on the other side after he had laboriously climbed over. Deeper and deeper into the heart of the lonely forest they penetrated in this singular fashion, cutting across the arc of the lake's crescent, it seemed to Hyde; for after two miles or so, he recognized the big rocky bluff that overhung the water at its northern end. This outstanding bluff he had seen from his camp, one side of it falling sheer into the water; it was probably the spot, he imagined, where the Indians held their medicine-making ceremonies, for it stood out in isolated fashion, and its top formed a private plateau not easy of access. And it was here, close to a big spruce at the foot of the bluff upon the forest side, that the wolf stopped suddenly and for the first time since its appearance gave audible expression of its feelings. It sat down on its haunches, lifted its muzzle with open jaws, and gave vent to a subdued and long-drawn howl that was more like the wail of a dog than the fierce barking cry associated with a wolf.

By this time Hyde had lost not only fear, but caution too; nor, oddly enough, did this warning howl revive a sign of unwelcome emotion in him. In that curious sound he detected the same message that the eyes conveyed—appeal for help. He paused, nevertheless, a little startled, and while the wolf sat waiting for him, he looked about him quickly. There was young timber here; it had once been a small clearing, evidently. Axe and fire had done their work, but there was evidence to an experienced eye that it was Indians and not white men who had once been busy here. Some part of the medicine ritual, doubtless, took place in the little clearing, thought the man, as he advanced again towards his patient leader. The end of their queer journey, he felt, was close at hand.

He had not taken two steps before the animal got up and moved very slowly in the direction of some low bushes that formed a clump just beyond. It entered these, first looking back to make sure that its companion watched. The bushes hid it; a moment later it emerged again. Twice it performed this pantomime, each time, as it reappeared, standing still and staring at the man with as distinct an expression of appeal in the eyes as an animal may compass, probably. Its excitement, meanwhile, certainly increased, and this excitement was, with equal certainty, communicated to the man. Hyde made up his mind quickly. Gripping his axe tightly, and ready to use it at the first hint of malice, he moved slowly nearer to the bushes, wondering with something of a tremor what would happen.

If he expected to be startled, his expectation was at once fulfilled; but it was the behaviour of the beast that made him jump. It positively frisked about him like a happy dog. It frisked for joy. Its excitement was intense, yet from its open mouth no sound was audible. With a sudden leap, then, it bounded past him into the clump of bushes, against whose very edge he stood, and began scraping vigorously at the ground. Hyde stood and stared, amazement and interest now banishing all his nervousness, even when the beast, in its violent scraping, actually touched his body with its own. He had, perhaps, the feeling that he was in a dream, one of those fantastic dreams in which things may happen without involving an adequate surprise; for otherwise the manner of scraping and scratching at the ground must have seemed an impossible phenomenon. No wolf, no dog certainly, used its paws in the way those paws were working. Hyde had the odd,

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He lit the circular fire around the pyre, and the blue smoke rose upward into the clear, bright sunshine of the Canadian autumn.

distressing sensation that it was hands, not paws, he watched. And yet, somehow, the natural, adequate surprise he should have felt was absent. The strange action seemed not entirely unnatural. In his heart some deep hidden spring of sympathy and pity stirred instead. He was aware of pathos.

The wolf stopped in its task and looked up into his face. Hyde acted without hesitation then. Afterwards he was wholly at a loss to explain his own conduct. It seemed he knew what to do, divined what was asked, expected of him. Between his mind and the dumb desire yearning through the savage animal there was intelligent and intelligible communication. He cut a stake and sharpened it, for the stones would blunt his axe-edge. He entered the clump of bushes to complete the digging his four-legged companion had begun. And while he worked, though he did not forget the close proximity of the wolf, he paid no attention to it; often his back was turned as he stooped over the laborious clearing away of the hard earth; no uneasiness or sense of danger was in him any more. The wolf sat outside the clump and watched the operations. Its concentrated attention, its patience, its intense eagerness, the gentleness and docility of the gray, fierce, and probably hungry brute, its obvious pleasure and satisfaction, too, at having won the human to its mysterious purpose—these were colours in the strange picture that Hyde thought of later when dealing with the human herd in his hotel again. At the moment he was aware chiefly of pathos and affection. The whole business was, of course, not to be believed, but that discovery came later, too, when telling it to others.

The digging continued for fully half an hour before his labour was rewarded by the discovery of a small whitish object. He picked it up and examined it—the finger-bone of a man. Other discoveries then followed quickly and in quantity. The *cache* was laid bare. He collected nearly the complete skeleton. The skull, however, he found last, and might not have found at all but for the guidance of his strangely alert companion. It lay some few yards away from the central hole now dug, and the wolf stood nuzzling the ground with its nose before Hyde understood that he was meant to dig exactly in that spot for it. Between the beast's very paws his stake struck hard upon it. He scraped the earth from the bone and examined it carefully. It was perfect, save for the fact that some wild animal had gnawed it, the teeth-marks being still plainly visible. Close beside it lay the rusty iron head of a tomahawk. This and the smallness of the bones confirmed him in his judgment that it was the skeleton not of a white man, but of an Indian.

During the excitement of the discovery of the bones one by one, and finally of the skull, but, more especially, during the period of intense interest while Hyde was examining them, he had paid little, if any, attention to the wolf. He was aware that it sat

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and watched him, never moving its keen eyes for a single moment from the actual operations, but of sign or movement it made none at all. He knew that it was pleased and satisfied, he knew also that he had now fulfilled its purpose in a great measure. The further intuition that now came to him, derived, he felt positive, from his companion's dumb desire, was perhaps the cream of the entire experience to him. Gathering the bones together in his coat, he carried them, together with the tomahawk, to the foot of the big spruce where the animal had first stopped. His leg actually touched the creature's muzzle as he passed. It turned its head to watch, but did not follow, nor did it move a muscle while he prepared the platform of boughs upon which he then laid the poor worn bones of an Indian who had been killed, doubtless, in sudden attack or ambush, and to whose remains had been denied the last grace of proper tribal burial. He wrapped the bones in bark; he laid the tomahawk beside the skull; he lit the circular fire round the pyre, and the blue smoke rose upward into the clear bright sunshine of the Canadian autumn morning till it was lost among the mighty trees far overhead.

In the moment before actually lighting the little fire he had turned to note what his companion did. It sat five yards away, he saw, gazing intently, and one of its front paws was raised a little from the ground. It made no sign of any kind. He finished the work, becoming so absorbed in it that he had eyes for nothing but the tending and guarding of his careful ceremonial fire. It was only when the platform of boughs collapsed, laying their charred burden gently on the fragrant earth among the soft wood ashes, that he turned again, as though to show the wolf what he had done, and seek, perhaps, some look of satisfaction in its curiously expressive eyes. But the place he searched was empty. The wolf had gone.

He did not see it again; it gave no sign of its presence anywhere; he was not watched. He fished as before, wandered through the bush about his camp, sat smoking round his fire after dark, and slept peacefully in his cosy little tent. He was not disturbed. No howl was ever audible in the distant forest, no twig snapped beneath a stealthy tread, he saw no eyes. The wolf that behaved like a man had gone forever.

It was the day before he left that Hyde, noticing smoke rising from the shack across the lake, paddled over to exchange a word or two with the Indian, who had evidently now returned. The redskin came down to meet him as he landed, but it was soon plain that he spoke very little English. He emitted the familiar grunts at first; then bit by bit Hyde stirred his limited vocabulary into action. The net result, however, was slight enough, though it was certainly direct:

"You camp there?" He pointed to the other side.

"Yes."

"Wolf come?"

"Yes."

"You see wolf?"

"Yes."

The Indian stared at him fixedly a moment, a keen, wondering look upon his coppery, creased face.

"You 'fraid wolf?" he asked after a moment's pause.

"No," replied Hyde, truthfully. He knew it was useless to ask questions of his own, though he was eager for information. The other would have told him nothing. It was sheer luck that the man had touched on the subject at all, and Hyde realized that his own best *rôle* was merely to answer, but to ask no questions. Then, suddenly, the Indian became comparatively voluble. There was awe in his voice and manner.

"Him no wolf. Him medicine wolf. Him spirit wolf."

Whereupon he drank the tea the other had brewed for him, closed his lips tightly, and said no more. His outline was discernible on the shore, rigid and motionless, an hour later, when Hyde's canoe turned the corner of the lake three miles away, and landed to make the portages up the first rapid of his homeward stream.

It was Morton who, after some persuasion, supplied further details of what he called the legend. Some hundred years before, the tribe that lived in the territory beyond the lake began their annual medicine-making ceremonies on the big rocky bluff at the northern end; but no medicine could be made. The spirits, declared the chief medicine man, would not answer. They were offended. An investigation followed. It was discovered that a young brave had recently killed a wolf, a thing strictly forbidden, since the wolf was the totem animal of the tribe. To make matters worse, the name of the guilty man was Running Wolf. The offense being unpardonable, the man was cursed and driven from the tribe:

"Go out. Wander alone among the woods, and if we see you we slay you. Your bones shall be scattered in the forest, and your spirit shall not enter the Happy Hunting Grounds till one of another race shall find and bury them."

"Which meant," explained Morton laconically, his only comment on the story, "probably forever."

Woodcut by Helen West Heller

Of Caution

Say, wouldst thou guard thy son,
That sorrow he may shun?
Begin at the beginning
And let him keep from sinning.

Wouldst guard thy house? One door
Make to it, and no more.
Wouldst guard thine orchard-wall?
Be free of fruit to all.

Francesco da Barberino (D. G. Rossetti).

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The Falcon

By GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO

Coppo Di Borghese Domenichi, who was of our city, and a man of reverence and authority in his day, and, from his virtues and manners, much more than from the nobility of his descent, worthy of everlasting remembrance, being now advanced in years, often took pleasure in the narration of past events, to which his retentive memory and pleasing delivery lent an unusual attraction. Among other interesting events he narrated to us that there once lived in Florence a youth called Federigo, son of Messer Philippo Alberighi, who for feats of arms and accomplishments was held in higher esteem than any cavalier of his age in Tuscany. This young man became deeply enamoured of a lady called Monna Giovanna, reputed in her time one of the most beautiful and agreeable women in Florence; and in order to win her affections he gave a succession of tournaments, feasts, and banquets, and spared no expense in his entertainments. But this lady, not less discreet than beautiful, paid no regard to all that was done in her honour, nor condescended to notice the author of it. Federigo, thus spending all his property, and acquiring none in return, was soon stripped of his wealth, and became suddenly impoverished, having nothing now remaining but a small farm, on the produce of which he found a bare subsistence; yet he still retained a favourite falcon, which for her rare qualities was nowhere to be matched. Being thus unable to live any longer in the city in the style he was accustomed to, and being more than ever enamoured of the lady, he departed to his little estate in the country, and there, without inviting anyone to his house, he amused himself with his falcon, and endured his poverty with tranquil patience. It happened that when Federigo was reduced to this extremity, the husband of Monna Giovanna fell sick, and, feeling the approach of death, made his will, leaving his possessions, which were very great, to an only son now growing up, and in the event of the son's death, to Monna Giovanna, whom he dearly loved; and he had no sooner subscribed his will than he died. Monna Giovanna, having thus become a widow, went, according to the custom of our ladies, to pass her year of mourning in retirement, removing to one of her estates very near to the farm of Federigo. Hereupon it happened that her son was accustomed to visit Federigo, and, taking great delight in hawks and dogs, and having often seen Federigo's falcon, he became wonderfully fond of it and ardently longed to possess it, but did not venture to ask for it, as he well knew how dear it was to its owner. Within a short time after this the boy fell sick. His mother, who had no other child, and loved him to excess, stood over him the whole day to tend and comfort him, often asking him and entreating him to tell her if there were anything in the world he desired, as, if it were possible to procure it, he should have it. The youth, after a repetition of these questions, at length said, "My dear mother, if you could by any means procure me Federigo's falcon, I think I should recover from my sickness." The lady hearing a request so far out of her power, began to consider what she might do to gratify her son's wish. She knew that Federigo had long loved her, but had never received from her so much as a single glance in return. How then (she reflected), shall I send or go to beg this falcon, which from all I hear is the best bird that ever flew, and moreover is now Federigo's sole maintenance; and how can I be guilty of so great a rudeness as to deprive a gentleman who has no other pleasure remaining, of this his only recreation? Thus troubled in her thoughts, she knew not what to reply to her son. Her maternal love, however, at last prevailed, and she determined to attempt to gratify his wishes, but resolved not to send, but to go herself to Federigo. She then said to her son, "My dear son, be comforted, and get well, for I promise you that the first thing in the morning, I will go myself for the falcon, and bring it to you." This promise brought a beam of joy into the boy's countenance, and the same day he showed evident signs of amendment. The next morning Monna Giovanna, taking with her another lady as a companion, proceeded to Federigo's humble habitation, and inquired for him. As it happened not to be a day fit for hawking, he was in his garden, and desired one of his people to go to the gate. He was beyond measure surprised when he heard that Monna Giovanna was asking for him, and ran in great joy to meet her. As soon as she saw him approach she gracefully moved to meet him, and respectfully saluting him, said, "Federigo, I am come to recompense you in some sort for the evil you have received at my hands, at a time when you loved me more than was wise on your part, and the recompense I intend is to make myself and my companion your guests at dinner today." To which Federigo with great humility replied, "Alas! madam, I do not recollect to have received any evil at your hands, but so much good that, if it were ever in my power, I should be happy, for the love I have

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borne you, and more so for the honour of this visit, to expend my fortune a second time in your honour"; and thus speaking, he respectfully led her into his house, and thence conducted her into his garden, and there, not having any other person to introduce her to, said, "Madam, this good woman, the wife of my husbandman, will wait on you whilst I prepare our table."

LIVING IN GREAT POVERTY, Federigo was seldom in a state to receive anyone in his house, and this morning, being less prepared than usual, and finding nothing to show respect to a lady in whose honour he had entertained such numbers of people, he was grieved beyond measure, and stood in great perplexity, inveighing against his evil fortune as a man bereft of his senses, and running hither and thither, and finding neither money nor provision. The hour being late, and his desire being great to show the lady some mark of attention, happening to cast his eyes on his favourite falcon, which was resting on its perch in his chamber, and seeing no other resource, he seized the poor bird, and, finding it fat and in good condition, thought it would be a dish worthy of the lady; without further hesitation he wrung its neck, and giving it to a girl, ordered her to pluck it and place it on the spit and carefully roast it. He then spread on his table a napkin of snowy whiteness, one of the few things which yet remained to him of his former possessions, and after some time, with a cheerful aspect returned into the garden to the lady, and told her that a dinner, the best he could provide, was prepared for her. On this the lady with her companion went and seated themselves at the table, where Federigo with great courtesy waited on them, whilst they unknowingly ate his favourite bird. When they had risen from table, after some agreeable conversation, it seemed to the lady to be now a proper time to make known the purpose of her visit, and turning politely to Federigo, she thus spoke: "Calling to recollection your past life, Federigo, and remembering my wonted reserve, I doubt not that you will wonder at my presumption when you learn the object of my visit; but if you now had, or ever had had children, and knew the strength of a parent's affection, I feel assured that you would in some measure pardon me; and though you have none, I, who have a dear and beloved son, cannot yet forego the common affections of a mother. I am, then, by maternal love and duty compelled to ask of you the gift of a possession which I know is indeed very dear to you, and justly so, since your evil fortune has left you no other comfort in your adversity. The gift then I ask is your falcon, which my son is so desirous of possessing, that if I do not obtain it for him, I fear it will so far aggravate the illness under which he labours, that I shall lose him. On this account, therefore, I entreat you, not by the love which you profess for me (by which you ought in no degree to be governed), but by the magnanimity of your character, which is better manifested in a courtesy of this kind than in any other way, that you would do me the favour to bestow it on me, so that by this gift I may be enabled to preserve the life of my dear and only son, and I shall myself be forever indebted to you." Federigo thus hearing the request of the lady, and seeing it out of his power to gratify her, as he had served his falcon for dinner, began in her presence to weep most bitterly, and became unable to utter a word in reply. The lady supposing that Federigo's grief arose from his affection for his falcon, and his regret to part with it, and expecting a refusal, prepared herself for the worst. "Since the hour, most honoured lady," began Federigo, "that I first fixed my affection on you, I have always found Fortune most perverse and cruel to me, but all her blows I consider light in comparison with the one she has now dealt me, seeing that you have condescended to visit my house, which when I was rich you would not deign to enter, and entreat me for so small a gift; for she has so contrived that it is not in my power to grant it you, and why it is not, you shall briefly hear. When you informed me that you meant to honour me with your company to dinner, considering your rank, and that it was only proper that I should pay you due honour by procuring every delicacy in my power, as is becoming on such occasions, and recollecting the falcon which you now request of me, and its many excellent qualities, I considered it a dish not unworthy to be placed before you, and I therefore this morning served it up to you roasted at dinner, a thing which at the time I considered most opportune, but finding now that you wish to possess the falcon alive for your sick son, my inability to gratify you grieves me so far that I think I shall never know happiness more." In confirmation of his words he then produced the feathers and beak and talons of the poor bird. Monna Giovanna at this recital reprehended him for killing so fine a falcon for a lady's dinner, at the same time, however, highly commending in her own mind his magnanimity, which it had not been in the power of Fortune to abase. The lady having thus lost all chance of possessing the falcon, and despairing of the recovery of her son, thanked Federigo for the honour done her, and for his intended good-will, and departed very much dejected. Her son, either through pining for the falcon, or from his complaint being aggravated by disappointment, died a few days after, to the great grief of his mother. After having for some time indulged her sorrows and tears, her brothers, seeing that she was left extremely rich, and was still young, entreated her to marry again. This she was not desirous of doing, but recollecting the noble conduct of Federigo, and this last instance of his magnanimity in having sacrificed the finest falcon in the world out of respect for her, she said to her brothers, "I should willingly, if it were agreeable to you, remain in my present state, but if you insist that I marry, I will assuredly take no one for my husband but Federigo de gli Alberighi." On which her brothers, smiling, replied, "What folly is this? Would you marry a man who is a beggar?" To this she answered, "Brothers, I well know that the matter is as you state it, but I choose rather a man that hath need of wealth, than wealth that hath need of a man." The brothers seeing her fixed determination, and knowing the genuine worth of Federigo, notwithstanding his poverty, bestowed their sister on him with all her fortune. Federigo thus unexpectedly found himself united to a beautiful lady whom he had long dearly loved, and passed the remainder of his days in peace and happiness.

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Woodcut by Richard Bennett

Leaves *from the* Autograph Album *of* Mrs. Edwin Booth

Part I

Introduction by OTIS SKINNER

THE COLLECTION of autograph letters, so eloquent of the actual personalities of their writers, from which those in this series have been selected, although addressed to the second Mrs. Edwin Booth (Mary McVicker), are all from the personal friends of her illustrious husband.

These leaves, I am told, have been hidden away in a safe deposit vault for forty-seven years, since the death of Mrs. Booth, who was collecting them up to the time of her last illness. I am also informed that they are to be willed ultimately to the Players' Club, founded by Edwin Booth, where they will be preserved in the room in which he died and which is dedicated to his memory.

Edwin Thomas Booth was born at Belair, Maryland, November 13, 1833. At sixteen he made his stage début in Boston; two years later he appeared as *Richard III.*, a *rôle* made famous in America by the elder Booth. Tours of California, the Sandwich Islands, Australia, and Great Britain claimed him for the next few years. London applauded him as *Lear*, in which the critics said he surpassed his father. Two years later, after his brother's assassination of President Lincoln, Booth all but collapsed under the tragedy, and retired for a while from the stage. Acknowledged as America's foremost tragedian, Edwin Booth was best loved as *Hamlet, Lear,* and *Othello.*

In complying with a request to write an introduction to this series—here presented for the first time to the public—and to supply comments on the autographs to appear later in the series, my most difficult task is to be brief—for the very name of Edwin Booth stirs up a host of memories of a man whose kindliness, beneficence, and brilliance can never be forgotten by those who knew and loved him.

A glance through William Winter's *Life and Art of Edwin Booth,* Professor Copeland's biography, and the volume of letters edited by Booth's daughter Edwina, child of his first wife, Mary Devlin, shows us the wealth of fine and cherished friendships that the tragedian possessed.

Few were really intimate with this retiring, sensitive man, but his acquaintance lay among some of the most illustrious men of his day—in art, literature, drama, science, and government.

Perhaps because Booth knew and admired the creators of great prose and poetry there grew within his brain the conception of a club such as had never before existed in America, where members of his profession could meet and mingle with such men on terms of mutual understanding and sympathy. His dream became a reality when, in 1888, the Players' Club sprang to life in Gramercy Park, New York City, fully equipped through his gift of nearly a hundred thousand dollars.

Mark Twain, whose pen opens this album with two characteristically whimsical pages, was one of the incorporators of the Club, and there was for years a friendly association between him and Edwin Booth, the two meeting frequently on terms of intimacy when the sad-faced, reserved Booth could come out of his shell and relax. His daughter remarks: "How full of quaint and original humour he was, those who pictured him only as *Hamlet* could never realize."

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I think yours is likely to be a unique autograph book, my dear Mrs. Booth, because it will mainly contain people's very best Sunday-go-to-meeting hands. I imagine so, for this reason: Without previous thought & making up one's mind to it, one can't snatch up a pen & slash away at such a snowy, vast & sumptuous sheet as this, with his unthinking every-day dash & freedom. No, he will be under a kind of drawing-room constraint which will make him anxious to write nicely, & will also make him leave out his customary blots, erasures, interlineations, & such other things as go to make up his ordinary autograph — his work-day autograph, his Tom-Dick-& Harry autograph, so to speak.

But I am taking "previous thought." I have consequently got my

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powers under control; consequently, also, I am writing in my work-a-day hand, with my every-day pen. — Otherwise this handsome page would have tricked me into doing my very carefulest & nicest — with a brand-new pen — thus:

With great Respect I remain
Yours &c. Very Truly,
Samuel L. Clemens,
Mark Twain.

— instead of dashing the thing off in my loose & reckless every-day style — thus:

Truly Yours
S. L. Clemens
Mark Twain.

Hartford, June 11, 1882.

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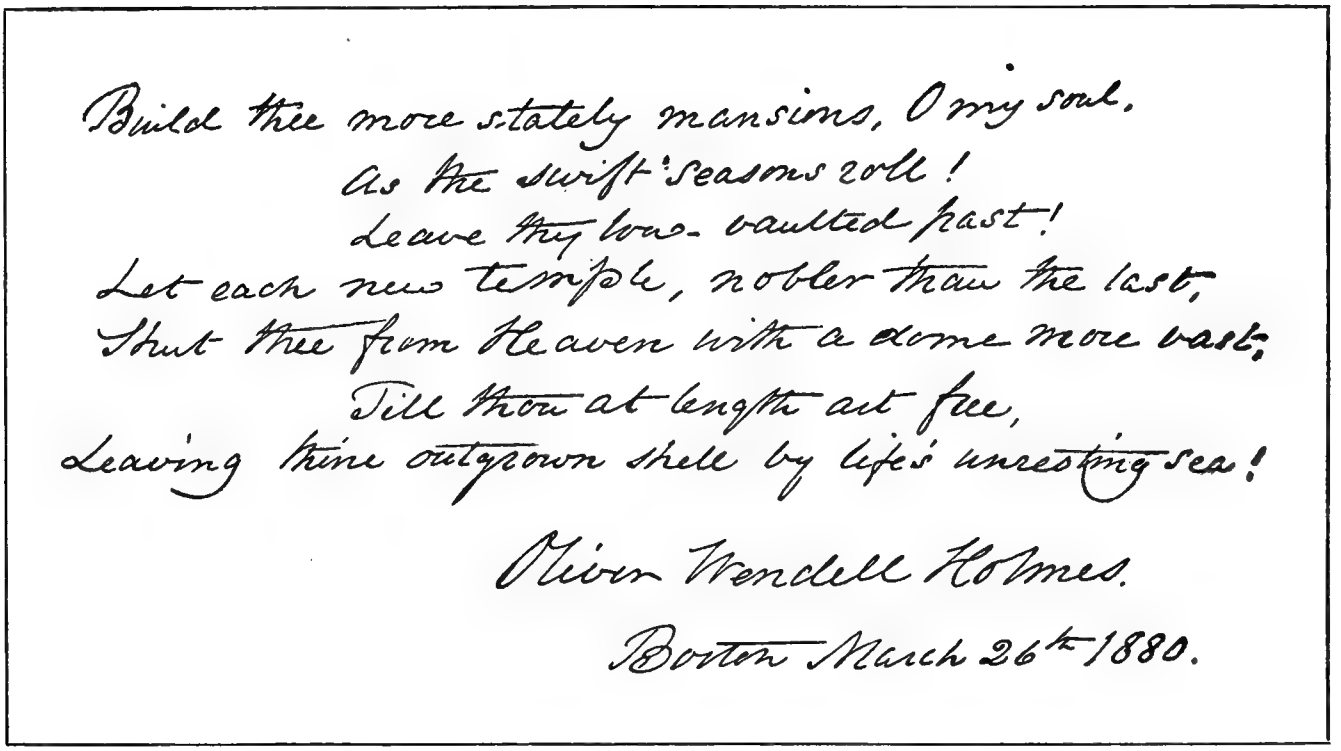
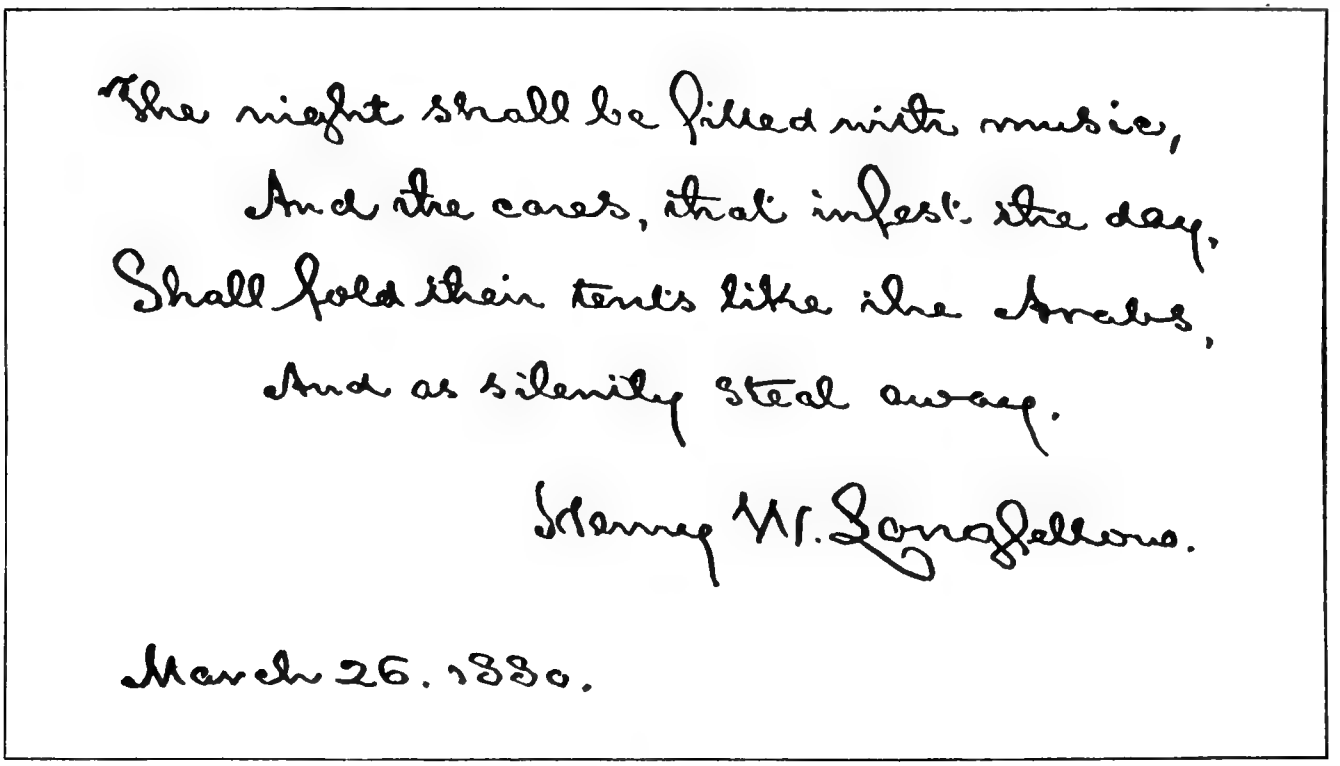

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Boston March 26th 1880.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, though a maker of humorous verse, was a lover of tragedy, and devoted to the drama. He was an occasional table companion of Mr. Booth, both in his own house and at that of the actor in Boston. One might presume to wonder if his choice of a verse for this album had a sympathetic significance for Edwin Booth, who never recovered from the disgrace of his mad brother's act.


The night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

Henry W. Longfellow.

March 26. 1880.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was a warm advocate of the player. During a Boston engagement, when I was a youngster in the Booth company, the poet came back between the acts of *Richelieu* to convey his congratulations. There was an inordinately long wait for the curtain. Our leading lady, Mrs. Bowers, beat her august foot with impatience. "Why are we waiting?" she demanded with some heat. I told her that the distinguished poet Longfellow was paying a visit to our chief.

"Humph!" she snorted, "Long-fellows make long waits!"

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Something Else

By HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER

Hugh MacNair Kahler

Just as Calvert S. Brent finished reading the note which fell out of his pay envelope along with the folded bills, Miss Dabney informed him that the bine was lizzy.

She replaced the receiver and turned toward him the brightly expectant face of the proven wit. He went obligingly through the motions of the grin with which, several times a day, he repaid Miss Dabney's conscientious endeavour to amuse. But he suddenly wondered whether he could possibly bear to hear this quip again.

Then he read the note again and counted the bills. Fifty a week, after this, eh? And old Ransome wanted him to know that his work was appreciated. Nice of the boss to say that; but he'd earned it, and the raise, too. Fifty a week—and the firm glad to pay it. No need to worry any more about being a fixture. Ransome wanted him to feel confident that he had a future before him.

Miss Dabney brought him a sheaf of letters. Calvert Brent dipped his pen and tried to narrow his field of vision to the chaste typescript.

He'd been pleased with that letter, when he composed it—a week's hard work, getting just that candid, disarming tone, and still keeping it firm. And yet now the words seemed mouthworn and cheap—as flat as the tired old jokes at which he had to smile if he wanted Miss Dabney's best assistance.

Calvert S. Brent stiffened in his swivel chair. It wasn't Miss Dabney's poor jokes that bothered him. It was the old trouble, swooping down on him just when he was sure that he'd outgrown it—his old failing had come back.

He sat very still as Miss Dabney bore away the letters, trying with all the power of his will to shut his eyes to the vision he knew they would persist in seeing—a long blank corridor of years, narrowing down on him as he moved through it: that very future of which Mr. Ransome wanted him to feel assured!

Ten years from now he'd be sitting at this desk, or another just like it, signing his initials at the foot of letters about washing-machines. These identical washing-machines. He'd get more money for doing it—a lot more. He'd have a car and belong to the City Club and be respected and envied. He'd. . . .

He set his teeth. He wouldn't give in, this time. He'd fight it out, beat it. He could; there must be stuff in him, or he wouldn't have made good as he had with old Ransome. He couldn't be a chronic quitter, or Ransome would have found it out long before this, and fired him instead of giving him a raise.

Twenty years, or thirty—all the years till he was as old as Ransome himself—and all spent in selling the Ransome Washer! Well, why not? What difference did it make whether you sold washing-machines or something else, so long as——?

Something else! The other Calvert Brent pounced on the words and waved them temptingly before him, knowing his weakness and playing on it. He'd been scolded when he was still in dresses, for wailing them at his bewildered mother:

"Want something else—want something *else!*"

He remembered how he had tried to make them understand that desire which seemed so rational to him and so perverse to everybody else. They had broken him of demanding it, but they had never cured the wish.

If Ransome had not left the office early Brent would have resigned that very evening. As it was, he wrote out a careful letter of renunciation and left it on Ransome's desk. Only when this was done did the vision of that blank-walled corridor of years dissolve.

"I don't care. I was born a quitter, and that's all I'll ever be." It was queer how much better he felt after this admission. Even the prospect of telling his father failed to foreshadow his mood. And the knowledge that he would have to hunt up another job was actually pleasant. It would be something else, anyway, something at which he would have to begin at the beginning, a blank page.

Marvin Brent took the news precisely as Calvert had known he would. Indeed, as he watched his father's face redden under the hushed, elaborate calm of his self-control, it occurred to him that there was a distressing sameness about these interviews. He had heard every word over and over again; he could almost have recited in chorus:

"Well, Calvert, I can't say that I'm surprised, although I was beginning to have hopes, this time. Mr. Ransome told me only last week that you— I don't understand what's wrong with you. There isn't a streak of yellow in the Brent family as far back as I can go."

"I'm sorry," said Calvert. He was. He would have liked to please his father; it had been largely that desire that had kept him at Ransome's so much longer than usual, that and his half-promise that he wouldn't quit until he was earning at least twenty-

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five hundred a year. He had no defense to offer a man like Marvin Brent, a man who had worked up to a partnership in the store after starting as a cash boy, who hadn't missed a day in fourteen years. It must be wonderful to be like that, to have that sort of perseverance.

"I thought I could stick it out, this time, but I just couldn't. I said I'd stay there till they paid me fifty a week——"

"And the minute you get it you throw up the sponge and quit—quit cold!"

Calvert nodded humbly. There wasn't anything to say. He couldn't tell them that he'd quit because his stenographer kept saying the same thing every time the telephone line was busy. That was worse than no excuse at all. And it wasn't the basic reason, anyway. It was just that yellow stripe in him which wouldn't let him stick. He glanced at his mother. Somehow he always felt that she understood—that she knew he couldn't help it.

"I think that if Calvert had a business of his own he might take more interest in it, Marvin. It seems to me that what he can't stand is working for somebody else."

Calvin looked his gratitude. And the idea caught at his fancy even as his father broke into harsh mirth.

"A business of his own! With nothing but putty in his backbone! How long do you think he'd last? —as long as I put up the money and somebody else supplied the grit!"

He pushed back his chair and marched into the little room he called his study, closing the door with decision. Calvert shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Mother. I guess he's right. I'm no good. It does sound foolish, when you think of it —quitting as soon as I begin to make good. But I just can't help it."

She seemed to hesitate. "How much money have you saved up, Calvert?"

He brightened. They couldn't deny that he was sensible about that. Ever since his first job he'd managed to put something away in his savings account out of every pay envelope.

"Two thousand and something. It's been piling up faster, this last year."

"That's very good." He felt that she was deliberately seeking an excuse for praising him. Again his conscience wriggled. They wanted to be proud of him—wanted it so terribly. Darn! Why couldn't he play the game?

"I should think you could use that to start a little business all your own," she said slowly. "Don't you think it's worth trying? And it would please your father so, if you should succeed—I think it would please him just to have you try."

Yes, it would please his father. And he owed him that, at least.

"I'll see what I can find," he agreed. "Maybe you're right about me. And—" he hesitated "—try to smooth him down, won't you? I hate to have him sore at me, and everything I say just makes him madder."

She patted his cheek affectionately. "That's dear of you, Cal. Don't worry. He'll be all over it in a few minutes." She hesitated. "Are you going out?"

"Thought I would. Amy's having a porch dance. Don't have to, though. Stay if you'd like——"

"Oh, no! I—I was hoping you'd go. It's good for you to get out in the evening. Have a good time."

He saw that she meant it, and another twinge of conscience reproached him. They wanted him to have a good time—they'd always wanted that, and tried their best to make sure he had it. And all he could do in return was to disappoint them!

"Mother, I'll stick it out, this time! I will if it kills me! I'll find something that'll keep on being interesting, and freeze to it like glue!"

She gave him the familiar smile and moved past him to the study door. When he came down, half an hour later, he could hear his father's voice, round with good humour, booming out into the hall.

"So I said, 'You'll either sell us that bill at ten per cent. off your quotation or you'll sell it to somebody that doesn't know values, Apfelbaum; I was buying white goods when you were wearing 'em!' "

A comfortable, reminiscent chuckle, and then Mrs. Brent's voice:

"That was good, dear. And what did he say?"

Calvert closed the door softly on the recital of the unfortunate Mr. Apfelbaum's surrender. His father could never distinguish between one dialect and another, but he enjoyed trying. Calvert guessed that his mother was aware of this.

He walked with shoulders back, buoyant with the sense of escape, with a vague prescience of adventure waiting for him in a future suddenly veiled and impenetrable. His good resolutions hardened: this time he'd pick out a business that wouldn't bore him in a few months, a business he could stick to. It would be a lot better to be his own boss, too.

He'd tell them, at Amy Flint's. Rather good—his independence found a new savour as he foretasted the words he'd use. He was in the flush of a reviving self-approval when he met Martha Ingraham's eyes for the first time, and felt his conceit ooze from him like air from a punctured tire.

This was what you got for being a quitter! A girl like this—and no job! If he'd stuck it out another day—fifty a week would have been enough—for a start! And now——!

"Never again!" swore Calvert Simpson Brent.

His news, he could see, did not wholly convince his audience. Amy Flint greeted it with her wonted frankness:

"What? Again? And I can remember hearing you swear by all your gods and some of mine that you'd be at Ransome's when you died!"

He frowned. Amy'd give people a wrong impression of him if she talked like that. Miss Ingraham could hear every word she said.

"This is different. Got enough to start in for myself, now. No sense working for the other fellow, if you don't have to."

"Really!" Even Amy was temporarily subdued. "You're going to build washing-machines all by yourself? How perfectly gorgeous!"

"Not washers—no. Something else."

"How exciting! What? I won't tell a soul——"

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He shook his head. "Not ready to talk about it yet. Tell you when I am."

He caught Miss Ingraham's eye and beheld an approving interest which heartened him. They sat out a dance, and he discovered that she was taking a summer course at the university, and meant to teach when she finished. He was relieved. That gave him a whole summer, anyway. He had been afraid that she was in town for a mere visit.

"I heard you telling Amy that you were going into business for yourself," she prompted, as he contemplated her reassuring intelligence.

"Yes." He looked as impressive as possible.

"It must take a lot of courage to do that," she suggested. "Don't you feel—oh, as if you'd stepped from behind a nice, safe wall, as if——"

"As if I'd got out of jail," he finished. "I was fed up with it—working for somebody else. But I wish, some ways, I wish I'd waited." He marveled at himself for daring it, but went doggedly on. "I'm sorry I'm out of a job, right now."

She'd surely understand that, and freeze him. He braced himself for the snub. But she laughed softly, and answered:

"It's all right to be out of a job—if you climbed out."

Sense to that, he reflected. And, in a way, he had climbed out of that place at Ransome's. Took courage, eh? He hoped that she'd never find out that it hadn't taken courage—that he'd quit because he was afraid to stay. She didn't look like a girl who'd have any use for a chronic quitter.

He knew that in another instant she would ask him what he was going to do, and the thought of evading or rebuffing her was suddenly hateful. He frowned at the darkness of the lawn. What could a fellow start with two thousand dollars—and a Reason? His mind catalogued the jobs he had held: the bank, the store, the coal company, those two months in the advertising agency, Ransome's. None of them suggested anything; two thousand wasn't enough for independence in any of those lines.

His glance strayed past her to the group about the phonograph, Carstock and McWhorter and young Sid Olney. He might get an agency for some car, like Carstock, perhaps. He rejected the notion. It would need too much money. McWhorter was a lawyer. Olney—he drew in his breath suddenly. Olney was in export—manager of the foreign department out at the tire factory. And they had chatted, sometimes, about overseas trade. Calvert had always liked the thought of it.

Still, there wasn't any independence in it. You couldn't start a factory for foreign trade on two thousand dollars. He'd have to hunt up a job like Olney's. And there weren't many factories in Binchester which did enough export business to matter. He and Olney had talked about that, regretting it patriotically.

And then, quite suddenly, the idea came to him, complete and distinct. He waited now, for Martha Ingraham to ask him, hugging his answer.

He leaned toward her. "You won't give me away till I'm ready, will you?"

But she did not ask. She must have heard the answer he'd given Amy Flint.

"Want to know what I'm going to do?" He leaned toward her; "I didn't want to tell it, in there, but you won't give me away till I'm ready, will you?"

"Of course I won't." He felt her interest and it warmed him. "Do tell me!"

"I'm going to start an export business right here in Binchester," he whispered. "There's only one plant in town that has its own foreign department; but there are twenty or thirty that can do some foreign selling if they're managed right. I'm going to open a combination foreign department for those factories. I'll make each of 'em pay me a few dollars a week toward expenses—five, say—not enough for an office boy, alone, but adding up to a decent figure, you see."

She hestitated. "But—but I don't see how— You can't manage fifteen or twenty businesses."

He laughed happily. He was right about her. She wasn't like the rest of them, there was something in her head besides clothes and things to eat and good times and gossip. She could think!

"Easier than managing one," he told her. "The different lines will help each other. Suppose, for instance, I find a customer in—in Guatemala for a little electric-light plant; I know that he ought to buy a lot of other things—electric fixtures, for instance. And each article opens up a chance for something else." His mind quickened under the sound of his voice. "It works in other ways too; for instance, I can save money by shipping a lot of articles together, instead of one by one, as they're shipped now."

"I think it will work," she told him. "You sound as if you'd love it; and that's the main thing, isn't it? You're going to have a bully time—and work—"

"You bet I'm going to work!" He laughed. If she knew—if she knew how he would work—now!

"Good luck." Somehow they found it necessary

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to shake hands solemnly on the sentiment. She went on:

"I'll want to hear how you get on. You'll tell me, won't you?"

He was still assuring her that he would when Amy herded them indoors to cakes and lemonade. It proved practicable, later, to escort Miss Ingraham home to her boarding-place, out near the university. He walked the two miles back on remarkably pneumatic soles.

His mother was reading. He exploded into the story, while her magazine lay in her lap and her calm eyes prompted him. There was a different quality in her look, tonight. Always she listened intelligently and with sympathy, but—somehow she made him think of a solemn little girl, hearing about a party to which she hadn't been asked.

"You'll tell your father in the morning, won't you?" She always seemed a little jealous of herself when he gave her his first confidence. The idea of telling Marvin Brent made him look dubious.

"He'll hit the roof——"

"Oh, no! You—you don't understand your father, Calvert. When he seems to lose his temper *at* you, it's really *for* you. He's so anxious, for your sake, to have you do well. And he'll be hurt if you keep it from him. Have you told anybody else?"

He avoided her eyes. "Only one."

By morning he had reduced his idea to more coherent form, so that he was able to tell Marvin Brent about it in the key of one business man to another. To his pleased amazement he found that his father was neither scornful nor annoyed. He frankly liked the central notion; but he saw weaknesses, chiefly financial. Even here he was unexpected, however.

"If you do need a boost before you're over the hill I guess the old man can stand a touch or two. It's a good scheme, in the main, son. But I notice that the goodness of any scheme is pretty apt to depend on the way the man behind it scratches gravel."

He slapped his son on a shoulder blade and departed. Mrs. Brent's eyes revealed a relief so patent that Calvert had a ray of intuition.

"You told him yourself, so he'd get down to earth before I talked to him!"

"I just—I just——"

He put an arm around her and a cheek against hers.

"I know. It's all right."

THE UNEXPECTED ATTITUDE at home braced him for his interview with Ransome. He was prepared for a storm, and he found one. Ransome was not pleased. But he listened, while Calvert explained his project. Before the tale was over he was chuckling.

"It's a clever scheme, Cal. You've got to try it. I don't blame you. You'll go broke, of course; but you'll have the time of your life doing it."

Calvert frowned. Why did they all say that? "I'm not going broke," he said firmly. "You'll see. Now, about handling your line, Mr. Ransome—it'll cost you twenty-five a month, plus a little for stationery and postage, and I'll want five per cent. on all foreign sales I succeed in making for you."

Ransome argued briefly, yielded. "You'll go broke," he repeated, "but you'll have a lot of fun. I know. I smashed four times before I got started."

He shook hands ceremonially. "You'd better quit now—you'll be worse than worthless to us with this scheme in your head. See Enfield. He'll have a check for you. Earned your vacation, I guess."

Calvert's protest was very faint. After all, a little extra money would help a lot. But when he had cleared his desk and arranged loose ends with the astounded Miss Dabney he was startled to receive a check for five hundred from the cashier.

"Mr. Ransome's orders, Cal." Enfield, too, shook hands. "You're leaving a good thing, son. You were in right, here." He said it rather wistfully.

Even old Enfield, whose elbows had grown fast to his ledgers, looked as if he would like to come along, thought Calvert. He was suddenly sorry for the plodding cashier, without quite understanding why.

He had his first doubt when he lunched with Sid Olney. He had begun to realize that his slight export experience—a mere incident in his work at the Ransome plant—scarcely qualified him to set up as an authority on the subject, and he wanted Olney to bring his more detailed knowledge of foreign sales into the new business.

He broached this idea bluntly, confident of Olney's consent. But the other man shook his head decisively:

"Not me. I know when I'm on Easy Street. You don't, Cal. It'll take you years to make as much out of this scheme as Ransome was paying you for work you could do with your eyes shut."

"But—but don't you want to be your own boss, Sid? Expect to die working for somebody else?"

"Not much! I'm salting down fifteen or twenty bucks every week. Some day I'll find a nice going business that I can buy into cheap, without taking much chance."

Calvert sat still, frowning. He wondered why some young men should be like Olney, severely sensible, with long, cool heads that never got an inch out of true, and nerves that never kicked up a fuss.

"Well, if you want to play it safe, Sid, how about coming in with me on a salary basis?" He felt that he must have Olney's skilled assistance behind him, even if some of the precious capital had to be invested in a fat pay envelope for the canny person. Olney's eye slanted toward him with reviving interest.

"Now you're talking," he announced. "What's your proposition?"

Presently he shook his head again. "Not enough. If I give up the sure thing I've got here I've got to get better pay to make up for it." He pondered briefly and named his price.

"All right. If you can start in right away." Calvert made a quick mental calculation. Sixty a week into two thousand five hundred—his own expenses and those of the business also to be deducted. He might last six months, if business didn't pick up fast. It was a gamble; but the word, somehow, attracted him instead of repelling. Olney advanced difficulties. Calvert brushed them aside. They'd take over the tire company's foreign department, of course. Sid would go right on managing it in Brent's office.

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"All right," said Olney. "You make Mr. Lane see it that way, and I'll come when you want me."

They interviewed his chief together. Lane, a weary-looking man of fifty, heard them attentively.

"It sounds good," he admitted. "We'll give you a trial, anyway. If our sales hold up as well as they've done under the present system there's no reason why we shouldn't make it a permanent connection." He leaned back, his face changing slightly. "You'll get some fun out of it, at least, boys. It's great to be young enough to like trouble for trouble's own sake."

The rest of the day flickered past Calvert Brent at a speed which dismayed him. The clock had been moving so slowly, lately, that he could hardly believe it, now. He had inspected half a dozen vacant offices and chosen one; he had seen Jim Clark about incorporating; he had bought a few essential items of office equipment from a wheedling second-hand dealer. He had also found time to order letterheads and arrange for a telephone connection.

He chattered cheerfully through dinner while his father and mother listened, wearing smiles which he found curiously alike. He knew that they were amused at his enthusiasm, but he didn't care. They'd find out, soon enough, that this kind of enthusiasm paid dividends.

THE BINCHESTER EXPORT COMPANY grew vigorously from the first week, but its net profits persistently lingered on the wrong side of the books which Sid Olney kept so accurately. Olney's attitude annoyed Calvert, sometimes; his manner seemed to hold a neutral, without-prejudice flavour, as if he were silently saying, "I told you so." He did his work admirably, Calvert admitted. Without his services the venture would have died very young indeed, whereas with Olney managing the office and Calvert seeking new clients they developed fairly fast. In six months they had eighteen firms under contract, each paying twenty-five dollars a month toward expenses, so that Olney's salary was assured, and there was a margin for rent and incidentals. The two thousand five hundred, however, had shrunk to less than half its original bulk, and, as yet, there were few commissions to be entered on the credit side of the ledger.

Calvert sat thinking things over, after Olney had closed his desk and departed. Cal enjoyed overtime better than any other work. He did his best thinking after the office had closed. Tonight, though, he wasn't thinking of business. Martha . . . lucky she'd stayed on in Binchester after the summer course ended, or he'd have had to waste a lot of time traveling down to Lakeport to see her. It wouldn't have been half as much fun without her interested society.

Sometimes it was curiously hard not to tell her what he had resolved to reserve until the business stood firmly on its own feet. He couldn't decently tell her now, when they were barely meeting their bills. And since she'd taken the teaching job and stayed in Binchester there wasn't quite as much need to hurry.

Tonight, however, he felt the old impatience stronger than ever. Just breaking even and marking time. At this rate it might be another year, and anything might happen in a year. She might— He felt a queer coldness at the idea of her meeting somebody who hadn't ever been a rolling stone—he'd have to find some way of speeding up the business. There wasn't any other answer.

Selling goods to men who lived five or ten thousand miles away from you was a slow business. You had to wait so dismally long for a letter to travel there and back. He thought wistfully of the relative rapidity of domestic selling, the highly organized machinery of publicity and distribution which were wanting in the export field. If there were some way of reaching foreign buyers the way a man could go after those at home——

He shook off the idle reflection and locked up the office. Harder work and more of it, that was all he needed. The prospect rather pleased him. He could condense his share of the office routine and spend more time looking up new business; Olney could handle more than he was doing, too.

He talked it over with Martha, that evening.

"If I were you, Calvert, I'd give Mr. Olney a little interest in the business. Not a big one, but just enough to make him feel as you do about it."

He glowered at the idea. Olney's cold-blooded insistence on taking no risk still rankled a little.

"You see, Cal, he—well, you never felt quite as keen about any of your other jobs, did you, as you are about this? Perhaps, if he had a taste of ownership, it would make a difference with him, too. I can't help feeling that—that you're carrying too much of the load."

He sat up.

"There's sense in that, Martie! I—I believe you've put your finger right on the weak spot. He gives me what I pay for and nothing else. I'll try it."

Olney took the gift calmly, so calmly that Cal was minded to withdraw it, at first. But, watching him narrowly in the weeks that followed, he saw that Martha was right. Olney no longer waited for Cal's initiative; he volunteered suggestions, evolved some distinctly useful methods of speeding up sales, even brought in two new accounts on which Cal had laboured in vain. He used the first person plural, now, instead of the second, singular. The old neutral attitude was gone. And the margin between income and outgo increased quickly. There was a day in June when the monthly statement showed a net profit of better than five hundred dollars.

Calvert Brent was so jubilant about this that he forgot to be on his guard with Martie when he told her about it.

Well, it was all right, after all. She was perfectly willing to wait while he made good, it appeared. And he saw too that he was going to make good much sooner now, than if he had waited.

"If I don't make the business just sit up and beg, I deserve to—" he felt for a suitable emphatic phrase, emerging from an envelope of pink mists—"to have you 'can' me! I just needed something like this."

He thought, with a sudden sense of guilt, of the tremendous change she had already effected in him, of the contemptible drifting trifler he had been before that evening at Amy Flint's. If she knew what a useless animal he'd been——

They took the news at home almost too calmly.

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Of course they must have guessed that he liked Martie; but he felt that they ought to have been more astonished by her incredible liking for him. Still, it was pleasant to feel sure that they were glad.

He existed in a blur of work and happiness for the months which intervened between his proposal and his marriage. All day at the office he saw Martie beyond the immediate task, so that he tramped through and over it, impatiently and yet with a thoroughness which earned even Olney's approval.

Olney startled and pleased him, as they were discussing details prior to Calvert's honeymoon absence, by suggesting that he be allowed to buy a larger interest in the concern. Calvert interpreted this as indicating that there was no longer any doubt about his success. But he hestitated over his consent, a little displeased by the idea of permitting this canny fellow, who had refused to take any of the risks, a larger share in the profits of success. He talked it over first with Martie. She was in favour of it, rather to his surprise.

"You need him," she explained. "You need him more than ever, now that you're past the beginning and settled down to steady operation."

Calvert scowled faintly. He didn't see the force of this at all. Martie went on quickly:

"You see, you're the inventor of this business, Cal; and inventors almost never make the best executives. There's a difference between the process of building a factory and that of running it. I think that Sid is going to be more and more useful to you as this business settles into its groove. Keep him if you can."

He yielded to her decision; but as he walked home after their talk he was troubled by a persistent doubt of himself. He had never told Martie about his past record; he had clung to a hope that she might not have heard how useless he had always been before their meeting. And yet tonight she had talked as if she saw in him some quality which wouldn't let him settle down into the groove with the business. He wondered if somebody had told her, after all. It would be just like some of his acquaintances to do it—Amy Flint, for instance.

"You'd have got it a lot cheaper, Sid, if you'd offered to buy in when we started," he told Olney as they closed their bargain next day.

"Yes. A share in a slice of blue sky," said Olney. "There's never any trouble making a deal like that. I'm buying a share in an earned, tangible profit, now. That's the difference. Business isn't a poker game or a horse race."

Calvert Brent thought there was more resemblance than Olney saw, but he said nothing. Olney referred approvingly to the impending marriage.

"Only way to live, Cal," he declared. "Bachelor can always chop and change when the whim takes him, but a married man keeps his old nose on the grindstone, where it belongs." He hesitated. "I wouldn't have felt like buying in, Cal, if you hadn't been on the edge of matrimony. I wasn't sure of you. But this settles it. You'll be a fixture now, all right."

The speech jarred faintly on Cal's consciousness. But the talk did not recur to him until he stumbled on it, lodged fast in his memory, a long time after he and Martie had come back from the wedding journey.

George Wayburn reminded him. He'd been dropping in at the office fairly often ever since Calvert had opened it, soliciting advertising for a trade journal. Calvert liked him—a brisk, eager youngster who played at his work as if it had been a game. Today he was more appealing than ever, Calvert thought, as he listened. Something in his look and tone stirred uneasy, unidentified wistfulness in Brent.

He was going to start a new paper, a magazine to be circulated abroad among the scattered English-speaking merchants who trafficked in the world's odd corners, a journal which would interest them as readers and serve them as business men. He was full of the scheme, on fire with an eager glow of enthusiasm over its field and its possibilities of profit.

"Think how a paper like that would help a business like yours, Mr. Brent! Why, we export people have been handicapped from the beginning for want of the kind of advertising mediums the fellows who sell at home can use. It's a miracle nobody's done it before!"

"Sounds good," said Calvert. And he heard himself add something which woke that uneasy memory in his brain. "You'll have a bully time, anyway."

After Wayburn had gone, Olney came in, walking soundlessly as always. It was one of his super-efficiency ideas to insist on rubber heels for office workers, and deep, cork-lined floor coverings. It reduced the noise, he said, and kept down the percentage of errors. But the cat-like approach annoyed Calvert now. He realized suddenly that it had always annoyed him.

"Closed that power-house contract with Coelho and Hoffman, in Sâo Paulo," said Olney.

Calvert grunted. Suppose they had? What did it matter, after all? A little more profit to add into next January's balance sheet. Another order on the books—

His hands tightened on the arms of his chair and he shut his eyes as the old vision lifted suddenly above the letters on his blotter—the old, interminable corridor of years, stretching on and on before him, with never a door or window, its walls narrowing in perspective till they seemed to join.

He thought of young George Wayburn, embarking on a cruise of sheer adventure. That was why Brent had told him he'd have a bully time; that was why old Ransome had used those very words to Cal Brent, long ago, when he'd talked of founding this very business which was killing him now.

He realized that the prophecy had come true—for a while. It had been fun, the best fun in the world. Looking back, even the worries and disappointments had been fun!

He saw quite clearly that all his seeming reform had been purely an affair of the surface. He was the same Calvert Brent he had always been, the same rolling stone, the same born fool who would never know enough to hold onto a good thing.

He set his teeth. He wouldn't give in to it, this time. He'd fight it down, break it, once for all. He hadn't any right to give in, now. He wasn't his own man, any more. Martie—suddenly he remembered what Olney had said about the effect of marriage—married men had to be fixtures.

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He tried to be sensible about it. Other men got to like it, seemingly. If they could stand it, Cal Brent could. None of them was married to Martie!

If it wasn't for Martie he could get out of this, take Olney's notes for his interest in the business and go in with young George Wayburn on that shining venture. He had always liked the idea of starting a paper; a sudden hunger for it came upon him now—the very risk and gamble of it, the hundred chances of failure to one of success, the everlasting fight for life—that wouldn't be work. You'd never get sick of a job like that!

He dallied with the temptation. He wouldn't have to sell out his share of the business. He owned control. He could leave Olney in charge, and go right on drawing his dividends, giving up nothing but his salary. Why not, after all——?

He put the thought from him resolutely. Never!

Somehow the day crawled past him. Martie called for him in the coupé.

"Tell me all about everything."

She turned the little car neatly into the Park Drive, the roundabout course which made the drive home long enough to justify tires in lieu of shoe leather. He wondered whether his discontent had affected his auditory sense, or whether the tone in which she prompted him was really a shade less eager than it had been at first.

"Oh, we closed that power-plant deal in Brazil," he answered, trying to keep the listlessness out of his voice. "And it looks as if the Caracas people meant business, too."

"Splendid!"

Over the dinner table he forced himself to tell her other details of his day.

Again the corridor yawned before him; but now he saw Martie in it too, trapped beside him, moving with him down its gray, suffocating endlessness. He foresaw, hating himself, that some day he'd hate hearing her say, "How splendid!" And he guessed that she would hate hearing him——

He took hold of himself desperately, snatching at conversation. Before he realized it he was telling her about young Wayburn's scheme. While he talked he thought of several aspects and possibilities which Wayburn had not mentioned.

"He's going to have a bully time with it, Martie."

She met his eye over the intimate little table.

"Yes. Why don't you go into it with him, Cal, and have a bully time yourself."

He sat very still. She knew, then! She'd known all along that he'd never stuck to anything in his life! And yet she'd married him!

"Martie—you mean that you know—about me? That I'm a rolling-stone, a quitter——"

She nodded, folding her hands on the table, her eyes reminding him remotely of his mother's.

"I was beginning to be afraid that you weren't," she said, amazingly. "I've been wondering whether you were going to settle down contentedly in your rut, forever and ever, whether I was going to spend the rest of my life listening to how Sid Olney had installed a new loose-leaf system, or what were the chances of selling a ton of sparkplugs to the new firm in Buenos Aires!"

He moved his hands helplessly, as if to clear mists from a clouded pane.

"You knew about me? All the time——"

She laughed softly. "Cal, you blessed infant! Do you think they didn't warn me?" She laughed again. "All the girls who grew up here in Binchester with you? Amy Flint——"

"But why—I don't see why you risked it then——" He had no resentment to waste on those who had tried to interfere.

Again her low laugh soothed and bewildered him.

"Why, Cal, your mother told me, the very first talk we had about you. How you used to howl because you wanted something else! I think I'd have married you anyway, even if I hadn't known. I'd have liked you enough for that, I guess. But I'd have had some bad times, Cal, a lot of them."

He shook his head. It was still a riddle.

"You—you wanted to marry a quitter?"

"Yes, I did! Your kind of a quitter, Cal. My kind! Oh, my dear, don't you see that it doesn't matter how often you quit? It's when you quit, and why, and how, that count! Stop and think. Did you ever run up the white flag when you were beaten? It was winning that bored you, not losing! You stuck to your guns till you won, every time. And you can't stop fighting just because you've won. You've got to find another fight, or suffocate! Perhaps that's being a rolling stone and a quitter and a drifter and all the other names they called you; but there's another one that fits you better, dear."

He lifted his brows, unable to speak.

"What do you suppose it is that makes people restless when they live in a soft, fat country, Cal? What drives them out to the wilderness? What made so many men put their families into prairie schooners and trek two thousand miles into new, hard lands? Were they quitters, Cal—or pioneers?"

His hands moved out to hers as his breath went deep. Their fingers caught and held, while he saw her face soften into a new, wonderful likeness of his mother's features.

"Cal, we're never going to live in a comfortable rut, you and I! When you've made Wayburn's new magazine a solid success, there's going to be—there's always going to be—something else!"

The readers and the hearers like my books,
And yet some writers cannot them digest;
But what care I? for when I make a feast,
I would my guests should praise it, not the cooks.

Lucius Valerius Martialis (Harington).

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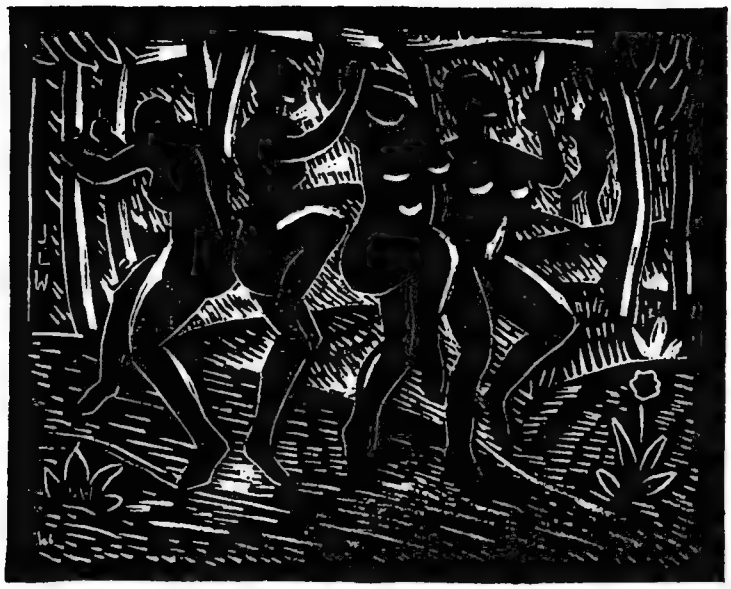

The Congo

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay

A Study of the Negro Race

I. Their Basic Savagery

FAT BLACK BUCKS in a wine-barrel room,
Barrel-house kings, with feet unstable,
Sagged and reeled and pounded on the table,
Pounded on the table,
Beat an empty barrel with the handle of a broom,
Boom, boom, BOOM,
With a silk umbrella and the handle of a broom,
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM.
THEN I had religion, THEN I had a vision.
I could not turn from their revel in derision.
THEN I SAW THE CONGO, CREEPING THROUGH THE BLACK,
CUTTING THROUGH THE JUNGLE WITH A GOLDEN TRACK.
Then along that riverbank
A thousand miles
Tattooed cannibals danced in files;
Then I heard the boom of the blood-lust song
And a thigh-bone beating on a tin-pan gong.
And "BLOOD!" screamed the whistles and the fifes of the warriors,
"BLOOD!" screamed the skull-faced, lean witch-doctors;
"Whirl ye the deadly voo-doo rattle,
Harry the uplands,
Steal all the cattle,
Rattle-rattle, rattle-rattle,
Bing!
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM!"
A roaring, epic, rag-time tune
From the mouth of the Congo
To the Mountains of the Moon.
Death is an Elephant,
Torch-eyed and horrible,
Foam-flanked and terrible.
BOOM, steal the pygmies,
BOOM, kill the Arabs,
BOOM, kill the white men,
Hoo, Hoo, Hoo.
Listen to the yell of Leopold's ghost
Burning in Hell for his hand-maimed host.
Hear how the demons chuckle and yell
Cutting his hands off, down in Hell.
Listen to the creepy proclamation,
Blown through the lairs of the forest-nation,

A deep rolling bass.

More deliberate. Solemnly chanted.

A rapidly piling climax of speed and racket.

With a philosophic pause.

Shrilly and with a heavily accented metre.

Like the wind in the chimney.

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By
VACHEL
LINDSAY

Linoleum cuts by
James Lesesne Wells

Blown past the white-ants' hill of clay,
Blown past the marsh where the butterflies play:—
"Be careful what you do,
Or Mumbo-Jumbo, God of the Congo,
And all of the other
Gods of the Congo,
Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you,
Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you,
Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you."

All the O sounds very golden. Heavy accents very heavy. Light accents very light. Last line whispered.

II. Their Irrepressible High Spirits

WILD CRAP-SHOOTERS with a whoop and a call
Danced the juba in their gambling-hall
And laughed fit to kill, and shook the town,
And guyed the policemen and laughed them down
With a boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM.
THEN I SAW THE CONGO, CREEPING THROUGH THE BLACK,
CUTTING THROUGH THE JUNGLE WITH A GOLDEN TRACK.
A negro fairyland swung into view,
A minstrel river
Where dreams come true.
The ebony palace soared on high
Through the blossoming trees to the evening sky.
The inlaid porches and casements shone
With gold and ivory and elephant-bone.
And the black crowd laughed till their sides were sore
At the baboon butler in the agate door,
And the well-known tunes of the parrot band
That trilled on the bushes of that magic land.

Rather shrill and high.

Read exactly as in first section. Lay emphasis on the delicate ideas. Keep as light-footed as possible.

A troupe of skull-faced witch-men came
Through the agate doorway in suits of flame,
Yea, long-tailed coats with a gold-leaf crust
And hats that were covered with diamond-dust.
And the crowd in the court gave a whoop and a call
And danced the juba from wall to wall.
But the witch-men suddenly stilled the throng
With a stern cold glare, and a stern old song:
"Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you." . . .

With pomposity.

With a great deliberation and ghostliness.

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"Coal-black maidens with pearls in their hair."

Just then from the doorway, as fat as shotes
Came the cake-walk princes in their long red coats,
Canes with a brilliant lacquer shine,
And tall silk hats that were red as wine.
And they pranced with their butterfly partners there,
Coal-black maidens with pearls in their hair,
Knee-skirts trimmed with the jassamine sweet,
And bells on their ankles and little black feet.
And the couples railed at the chant and the frown
Of the witch-men lean, and laughed them down.
(Oh, rare was the revel, and well worth while
That made those glowering witch-men smile.)

With overwhelming assurance, good cheer, and pomp.

With growing speed and sharply marked dance-rhythm.

The cake-walk royalty then began
To walk for a cake that was tall as a man
To the tune of "Boomlay, boomlay, Boom,"
While the witch-men laughed, with a sinister air,
And sang with the scalawags prancing there:
"Walk with care, walk with care,
Or Mumbo-Jumbo, God of the Congo,
And all of the other
Gods of the Congo,
Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you.
Beware, beware, walk with care,
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom.
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom,
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom,
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay,
Boom."
Oh, rare was the revel, and well worth while
That made those glowering witch-men smile.

With a touch of negro dialect, and as rapidly as possible toward the end.

Slow philosophic calm.

III. The Hope of Their Religion

A good old negro in the slums of the town
Preached at a sister for her velvet gown.
Howled at a brother for his low-down ways,
His prowling, guzzling, sneak-thief days.
Beat on the Bible till he wore it out
Starting the jubilee revival shout.
And some had visions, as they stood on chairs,
And sang of Jacob, and the golden stairs.
And they all repented, a thousand strong,
From their stupor and savagery and sin and wrong,
And slammed with their hymn-books till they shook the room

Heavy bass. With a literal imitation of camp-meeting racket, and trance.

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With "Glory, glory, glory,"
And "Boom, boom, Boom."
THEN I SAW THE CONGO, CREEPING THROUGH THE BLACK,
CUTTING THROUGH THE JUNGLE WITH A GOLDEN TRACK.
And the gray sky opened like a new-rent veil
And showed the apostles with their coats of mail.
In bright white steel they were seated round,
And their fire-eyes watched where the Congo wound.
And the twelve Apostles, from their thrones on high,
Thrilled all the forest with their heavenly cry:
"Mumbo-Jumbo will die in the jungle;
Never again will he hoo-doo you,
Never again will he hoo-doo you."

Exactly as in the first section. Begin with terror and power, end with joy.

Sung to the tune of "Hark, ten thousand harps and voices."

Demon Masks

Then along that river, a thousand miles
The vine-snared trees fell down in files.
Pioneer angels cleared the way
For a Congo paradise, for babes at play,
For sacred capitals, for temples clean.
Gone were the skull-faced witch-men lean.
There, where the wild ghost-gods had wailed,
A million boats of the angels sailed
With oars of silver, and prows of blue
And silken pennants that the sun shone through.
'Twas a land transfigured, 'twas a new creation.
Oh, a singing wind swept the negro nation,
And on through the backwoods clearing flew:—
"Mumbo-Jumbo is dead in the jungle.
Never again will he hoo-doo you.
Never again will he hoo-doo you."

With growing deliberation and joy.

In a rather high key—as delicately as possible.

To the tune of "Hark, ten thousand harps and voices."

Redeemed were the forests, the beasts and the men,
And only the vulture dared again
By the far, lone mountains of the moon
To cry, in the silence, the Congo tune:
"Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you,
Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you.
Mumbo . . . Jumbo . . . will . . . hoo-doo . . . you."

Dying down into a penetrating, terrified whisper.

"Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM."

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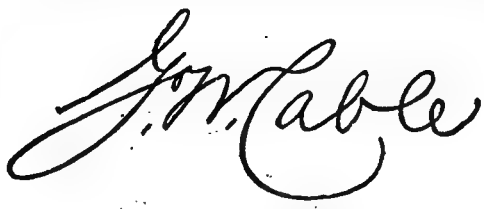
Drawings by August Henkel

Madame Délicieuse

By GEORGE W. CABLE



JUST ADJOINING the old Café de Poesie on the corner, stood the little one-story, yellow-washed tenement of Dr. Mossy, with its two glass doors protected by batten shutters, and its low, weed-grown tile roof sloping out over the sidewalk. You were very likely to find the Doctor in, for he was a great student and rather negligent of his business—as business. He was a small, sedate, Creole gentleman of thirty or more, with a young-old face and manner that provoked instant admiration. He would receive you—be you who you may—in a mild, candid manner, looking into your face with his deep blue eyes, and reassuring you with a modest, amiable smile, very sweet and rare on a man's mouth.

To be frank, the Doctor's little establishment was dusty and disorderly—very. It was curious to see the jars, and jars, and jars. In them were serpents and hideous fishes and precious specimens of many sorts. There were stuffed birds on broken perches; and dried lizards, and eels, and little alligators, and old skulls with their crowns sawed off, and ten thousand odd scraps of writing-paper strewn with crumbs of lonely lunches, and interspersed with long-lost spatulas and rust-eaten lancets.

All New Orleans, at least all Creole New Orleans, knew, and yet did not know, the dear little Doctor. So gentle, so kind, so skilful, so patient, so lenient; so careless of the rich and so attentive to the poor; a man, all in all, such as, should you once love him, you would love him forever. So very learned, too, but with apparently no idea of how to *show himself* to his social profit—two features much more smiled at than respected, not to say admired, by a people given to spending most of their esteem upon animal heroisms and exterior display.

"Alas!" said his wealthy acquaintances, "what a pity; when he might as well be rich."

"Yes, his father has plenty."

"Certainly, and gives it freely. But intends his son shall see none of it."

"His son? You dare not so much as mention him."

"Well, well, how strange! But they can never agree—not even upon their name. Is not that droll?—a man named General Villivicencio, and his son, Dr. Mossy!"

"Oh, that is nothing; it is only that the Doctor drops the *de Villivicencio*."

"Drops the *de Villivicencio?* but I think the *de Villivicencio* drops him, ho, ho, ho—*diable!*"

Next to the residence of good Dr. Mossy towered

He tossed up two splendid kisses, one to madame and one to his son.

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the narrow, red-brick-front mansion of young Madame Délicieuse, firm friend at once and always of those two antipodes, General Villivicencio and Dr. Mossy. Its dark, covered carriage-way was ever rumbling, and, with nightfall, its drawing-rooms always sent forth a luxurious light from the lace-curtained windows of the second-story balconies.

It was one of the sights of the Rue Royale to see by night its tall, narrow outline reaching high up toward the stars, with all its windows aglow.

The Madame had had some tastes of human experience; had been betrothed at sixteen (to a man she did not love, "being at that time a fool," as she said); one summer day at noon had been a bride, and at sundown—a widow. Accidental discharge of the tipsy bridegroom's own pistol. Pass it by! It left but one lasting effect on her, a special detestation of quarrels and weapons.

The little maidens whom poor parentage has doomed to sit upon street door-sills and nurse their infant brothers have a game of "choosing" the beautiful ladies who sweep by along the pavement; but in Rue Royale there was no choosing; every little damsel must own Madame Délicieuse or nobody, and as that richly adorned and regal favourite of old General Villivicencio came along they would lift their big, bold eyes away up to her face and pour forth their admiration in a universal—"Ah-h-h-h!"

But, mark you, she was good Madame Délicieuse as well as fair Madame Délicieuse: her principles, however, not constructed in the austere Anglo-Saxon style, exactly (what need, with the lattice of the Confessional not a stone's throw off?). Her kind offices and beneficent schemes were almost as famous as General Villivicencio's splendid alms; if she could at times do what the infantile Washington said he could not, why, no doubt she and her friends generally looked upon it as a mere question of enterprise.

She had charms, too, of intellect—albeit not such a sinner against time and place as to be an "educated woman"—charms that, even in a plainer person, would have brought down the half of New Orleans upon one knee, with both hands on the left side. *She* had the *whole* city at her feet, and, with the fine tact which was the perfection of her character, kept it there contented. Madame was, in short, one of the kind that gracefully wrest from society the prerogative of doing as they please, and had gone even to such extravagant lengths as driving out in the *Américain* faubourg, learning the English tongue, talking national politics, and similar freaks whereby she provoked the unbounded worship of her less audacious lady friends. In the centre of the cluster of Creole beauties which everywhere gathered about her, and, most of all, in those incomparable companies which assembled in her own splendid drawing-rooms, she was always queen lily. *Her* house, *her* drawing-rooms, etc.; for the little brown aunt who lived with her was a mere piece of curious furniture.

There was this notable charm about Madame Délicieuse: she improved by comparison. She never looked so grand as when, hanging on General Villivicencio's arm at some gorgeous ball, these two bore down on you like a royal barge lashed to a ship-of-the-line. She never looked so like her sweet name as when she seated her prettiest lady adorers close around her and got them all a-laughing.

Of the two balconies which overhung the *banquette* on the front of the Délicieuse house, one was a small affair and the other a deeper and broader one, from which Madame and her ladies were wont upon gala days to wave handkerchiefs and cast flowers to the friends in the processions. There they gathered one eighth of January morning to see the military display. It was a bright blue day, and the group that quite filled the balcony had laid wrappings aside, as all flower-buds are apt to do on such Creole January days, and shone resplendent in spring attire.

The sightseers passing below looked up by hundreds and smiled at the ladies' eager twitter, as, flirting in humming-bird fashion from one subject to another, they laughed away the half-hours waiting for the pageant. By and by they fell a-listening, for Madame Délicieuse had begun a narrative concerning Dr. Mossy. She sat somewhat above her listeners, her elbow on the arm of her chair, and her plump white hand waving now and then in graceful gesture, they silently attending with eyes full of laughter and lips starting apart.

"Vous savez," she said (they conversed in French, of course), "you know it is now long that Dr. Mossy and his father have been in disaccord. Indeed, when have they not differed? For, when Mossy was but a little boy, his father thought it hard that he was not a rowdy. He switched him once because he would not play with his toy gun and drum. He was not *so* high when his father wished to send him to Paris to enter the French army; but he would not go. We used to play often together on the *banquette*—for I am not so very many years younger than he, no indeed—and, if I wanted some fun, I had only to pull his hair and run into the house; he would cry, and monsieur papa would come out with his hand spread open and—"

Madame gave her hand a malicious little sweep and joined heartily in the laugh which followed.

"That was when they lived over the way. But wait! you shall see: I have something. This evening the General—" But the sentence was never finished.

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The houses of Rue Royale gave a start and rattled their windows. In the long, irregular line of balconies the beauty of the city rose up. Then the houses jumped again and the windows rattled; Madame steps inside the window and gives a message which the housemaid smiles at in receiving. As she turns the houses shake again, and now again; and now there comes a distant strain of trumpets, and by and by the drums and bayonets and clattering hoofs, and plumes and dancing banners; far down the long street stretch out the shining ranks of gallant men, and the fluttering, over-leaning swarms of ladies shower down their sweet favours and wave their countless welcomes.

In the front, towering above his captains, rides General Villivicencio, veteran of 1814-15, and, with the gracious pomp of the old-time gentleman, lifts his cocked hat, and bows, and bows.

Madame Délicieuse's balcony was a perfect maze of waving kerchiefs. The General looked up for the woman of all women; she was not there. But he remembered the other balcony, the smaller one, and cast his glance onward to it. There he saw Madame and one other person only. A small blue-eyed, broad-browed, scholarly-looking man whom the arch lady had lured from his pen by means of a mock professional summons, and who now stood beside her, a smile of pleasure playing on his lips and about his eyes.

"Vite!" said Madame, as the father's eyes met the son's. Dr. Mossy lifted his arm and cast a bouquet of roses. A girl in the crowd bounded forward, caught it in the air, and, blushing, handed it to the plumed giant. He bowed low, first to the girl, then to the balcony above; and then, with a responsive smile, tossed up two splendid kisses, one to Madame and one, it seemed—

"For what was that cheer?"

"Why, did you not see? General Villivicencio cast a kiss to his son."

THE STAFF of General Villivicencio were a faithful few who had not bowed the knee to any abomination of the Américains, nor sworn deceitfully to any species of compromise; their beloved city was presently to pass into the throes of an election, and this band, heroically unconscious of their feebleness, putting their trust in "reactions" and like delusions, resolved to make one more stand for the traditions of their fathers. It was concerning this that Madame Délicieuse was incidentally about to speak when interrupted by the boom of cannon; they had promised to meet at her house that evening.

They met. With very little discussion or delay (for their minds were made up beforehand), it was decided to announce in the French-English newspaper that, at a meeting of leading citizens, it had been thought consonant with the public interest to place before the people the name of General Hercule Mossy de Villivicencio. No explanation was considered necessary. All had been done in strict accordance with time-honoured customs, and if anyone did not know it, it was his own fault. No eulogium was to follow, no editorial indorsement. The two announcements were destined to stand next morning, one on the English side and one on the French, in severe simplicity, to be greeted with profound gratification by a few old gentlemen in blue cottonade, and by roars of laughter from a rampant majority.

As the junto were departing, sparkling Madame Délicieuse detained the General at the head of the stairs that descended into the tiled carriage-way, to wish she was a man, that she might vote for him.

"But, General," she said, "had I not a beautiful bouquet of ladies on my balcony this morning?"

The General replied, with majestic gallantry, that "it was as magnificent as could be expected with the central rose wanting." And so Madame was disappointed, for she was trying to force the General to mention his son. "I will bear this no longer; he shall not rest," she had said to her little aunt, "until he has either kissed his son or quarreled with him." To which the aunt had answered that, *coûte que coûte,* she need not cry about it"; nor did she. Though the General's compliment had foiled her thrust, she answered gaily to the effect that enough was enough; "but, ah! General," dropping her voice to an undertone, "if you had heard what some of those rosebuds said of you!"

The old General pricked up like a country beau. Madame laughed to herself, "Monsieur Peacock, I have thee"; but aloud she said gravely:

"Come into the drawing-room, if you please, and seat yourself. You must be greatly fatigued."

The friends who waited below overheard the invitation.

"Au revoir, Général," said they.

"Au revoir, Messieurs," he answered and followed the lady.

"General," said she, as if her heart were overflowing, "you have been spoken against. Please sit down."

"Is that true, Madame?"

"Yes, General."

She sank into a luxurious chair.

"A lady said today—but you will be angry with me, General."

"With you, Madame? That is not possible."

"I do not love to make revelations, General; but when a noble friend is evil spoken of"—she leaned her brow upon her thumb and forefinger and looked pensively at her slipper's toe peeping out at the edge of her skirt on the rich carpet—"one's heart gets very big."

"Madame, you are an angel! But what said she, Madame?"

"Well, General, I have to tell you the whole truth, if you will not be angry. We were all speaking at once of handsome men. She said to me: 'Well, Madame Délicieuse, you may say what you will of General Villivicencio, and I suppose it is true; but everybody knows'—pardon me, General, but just so she said—'all the world knows he treats his son very badly.' "

"It is not true," said the General.

"If I wasn't angry!" said Madame, making a pretty fist. 'How can that be?' I said. 'Well,' she said, 'mamma says he has been angry with his son for fifteen years.' 'But what did his son do?' I said. 'Nothing,' said she. *'Ma foi,'* I said, 'me, I too would be angry if my son had done nothing for fifteen years' —ho, ho, ho!"

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"It is not true," said the General with emphasis.

The old General cleared his throat and smiled as by compulsion.

"You know, General," said Madame, looking distressed, "it was nothing to joke about, but I had to say so, because I did not know what your son had done, nor did I wish to hear anything against one who has the honour to call you his father."

She paused a moment to let the flattery take effect and then proceeded:

"But then another lady said to me; she said, 'For shame, Clarisse, to laugh at good Dr. Mossy; nobody —neither General Villivicencio, neither any other, has a right to be angry against that noble, gentle, kind, brave—' "

"Brave!" said the General, with a touch of irony.

"So she said," answered Madame Délicieuse, "and I asked her, 'how brave?' 'Brave?' she said, 'why, braver than *any soldier*, in tending the smallpox, the cholera, the fevers, and all those terrible things. Me, I saw his father once run from a snake; I think *he* wouldn't fight the smallpox—my faith!' she said, 'they say that Dr. Mossy does all that and never wears a scapula!—and does it nine hundred and ninety-nine times in a thousand for nothing! *Is* that brave, Madame Délicieuse, or is it not?'—And, General—what could I say?"

Madame dropped her palms on either side of her spreading robes and waited pleadingly for an answer. There was no sound but the drumming of the General's fingers on his sword-hilt. Madame resumed:

"I said, 'I do not deny that Mossy is a noble gentleman'; I had to say that, had I not, General?"

"Certainly, Madame," said the General, "my son is a gentleman, yes."

" 'But,' I said, 'he should not make Monsieur, his father, angry.' "

"True," said the General eagerly.

"But that lady said: 'Monsieur, his father, makes himself angry,' she said. 'Do you know, Madame, why his father is angry so long?' Another lady says, 'I know!' 'For what?' said I. 'Because he refused to become a soldier; mamma told me that.' 'It cannot be!' I said."

The General flushed. Madame saw it, but relentlessly continued:

" '*Mais oui,*' said that lady. 'What!' I said, 'think you General Villivicencio will not rather be the very man most certain to respect a son who has the courage to be his own master? Oh, what does he want with a poor fool of a son who will do only as he says? You think he will love him less for healing instead of killing? Mesdemoiselles, you do not know that noble soldier!' "

The noble soldier glowed and bowed his acknowledgments in a dubious, half remonstrative way, as if Madame might be producing material for her next confession, as, indeed, she diligently was doing; but she went straight on once more, as a surgeon would.

"But that other lady said: 'No, Madame, no, ladies; but I am going to tell you why Monsieur, the General, is angry with his son.' 'Very well, why?' 'Why? It is just—because—he is—a little man!' "

General Villivicencio suddenly stood straight up.

"Ah! *mon ami,*" cried the lady, rising excitedly, "I have wounded you and made you angry with my silly revelations. Pardon me, my friend. Those were foolish girls, and, anyhow, they admired you. They said you looked glorious—grand—at the head of the procession."

Now, all at once, the General felt the tremendous fatigues of the day; there was a wild, swimming, whirling sensation in his head that forced him to let his eyelids sink down; yet, just there, in the midst of his painful bewilderment, he realized with ecstatic complacency that the most martial-looking man in Louisiana was standing in his spurs with the hand of Louisiana's queenliest woman laid tenderly on his arm.

"I am a wretched tattler!" said she.

"Ah! no, Madame, you are my dearest friend, yes."

"Well, anyhow, I called them fools. 'Ah! innocent creatures,' I said, 'think you a man of his sense and goodness, giving his thousands to the sick and afflicted, will cease to love his only son because he is not big like a horse or quarrelsome like a dog? No, ladies, there is a great reason which none of you know.' 'Well, well,' they cried, 'tell it; he has need of a very good reason; tell it now.' 'My ladies,' I said, 'I must not'—for, General, for all the world I knew not a reason why you should be angry against your son; you know, General, you have never told me."

The beauty again laid her hand on his arm and gazed, with round-eyed simplicity, into his sombre countenance. For an instant her witchery had almost conquered.

"Nay, Madame, some day I shall tell you; I have more than one burden *here*. But let me ask you to be seated, for I have a question, also, for you, which I have longed to ask. It lies heavily upon my heart; I must ask it now. A matter of so great importance—"

Madame's little brown aunt gave a faint cough from a dim corner of the room.

" 'Tis a beautiful night," she remarked and stepped out on the balcony.

Then the General asked his question. It was a very long question, or, maybe, repeated twice or thrice; for it was fully ten minutes before he moved out of the room, saying good evening.

Ah! old General Villivicencio. The most martial-looking man in Louisiana! But what would the people, the people who cheered in the morning, have said, to see the fair Queen Délicieuse at the top of the stair, sweetly bowing you down into the starlight—humbled, crestfallen, rejected!

The campaign opened. The Villivicencio ticket was read in French and English with the very different sentiments already noted. In the Exchange, about the courts, among the "banks," there was lively talking concerning its intrinsic excellence and extrinsic chances. The young gentlemen who stood about the doors of the so-called "coffee-houses" talked with a frantic energy alarming to any stranger, and just when you would have expected to see them jump and bite large mouthfuls out of each other's face, they would turn and enter the door, talking on in the same furious manner, and, walking up to the bar, click their glasses

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to the success of the Villivicencio ticket. Sundry swarthy and wrinkled remnants of an earlier generation were still more enthusiastic. There was to be a happy renaissance; a purging out of Yankee ideas; a blessed home-coming of those good old Bourbon morals and manners which Yankee notions had expatriated. In the cheerfulness of their anticipations they even went the length of throwing their feet high in the air, thus indicating how the Villivicencio ticket was going to give "doze Américains" the kick under the nose.

In the three or four weeks which followed, the General gathered a surfeit of adulation, notwithstanding which he was constantly and with pain imagining a confused chatter of ladies, and when he shut his eyes with annoyance, there was Madame Délicieuse standing and saying, "I knew not a reason why you should be angry against your son," gazing in his face with hardened simplicity, and then—that last scene on the stairs wherein he seemed still to be descending, down, down.

Madame herself was keeping good her resolution.

"Now or never," she said, "a reconciliation or a quarrel."

When the General, to keep up appearances, called again, she so moved him with an account of certain kindly speeches of her own invention, which she imputed to Dr. Mossy, that he promised to call and see his son; "perhaps"; "pretty soon"; "probably."

Dr. Mossy, sitting one February morning among his specimens and books of reference, finishing a thrilling chapter on the cuticle, too absorbed to hear a door open, suddenly realized that something was in his light, and, looking up, beheld General Villivicencio standing over him. Breathing a pleased sigh, he put down his pen, and, rising on tiptoe, laid his hand upon his father's shoulder, and lifting his lips like a little wife, kissed him.

"Be seated, papa," he said, offering his own chair and perching on the desk.

The General took it, and, clearing his throat, gazed around upon the jars and jars with their little Adams and Eves in zoölogical gardens.

"Is all going well, papa?" finally asked Dr. Mossy.

"Yes."

Then there was a long pause.

" 'Tis a beautiful day," said the son.

"Very beautiful," rejoined the father.

"I thought there would have been rain, but it has cleared off," said the son.

"Yes," responded the father, and drummed on the desk.

"Does it appear to be turning cool?" asked the son.

"No; it does not appear to be turning cool at all," was the answer.

"H'm 'm!" said Dr. Mossy.

"Hem!" said General Villivicencio.

Dr. Mossy, not realizing his own action, stole a glance at his manuscript.

"I am interrupting you," said the General, quickly, and rose.

"No, no! pardon me; be seated; it gives me great pleasure to—I did not know what I was doing. It is the work with which I fill my leisure moments."

So the General settled down again, and father and son sat very close to each other—in a bodily sense; spiritually they were many miles apart. The General's finger-ends, softly tapping the desk, had the sound of far-away drums.

"The city—it is healthy?" asked the General.

"Did you ask me if—" said the little Doctor, starting and looking up.

"The city—it has not much sickness at present?" repeated the father.

"No, yes—not much," said Mossy, and, with utter unconsciousness, leaned down upon his elbow and supplied an omitted word to the manuscript.

The General was on his feet as if by the touch of a spring.

"I must go!"

"Ah! no, papa," said the son.

"But, yes, I must."

"But wait, papa, I had just now something to speak of—"

"Well?" said the General, standing with his hand on the door and with rather a dark countenance.

Dr. Mossy touched his fingers to his forehead, trying to remember.

"I fear I have—ah! I rejoice to see your name before the public, dear papa, and at the head of the ticket."

The General's displeasure sank down like an eagle's feathers. He smiled thankfully and bowed.

"My friends compelled me," he said.

"They think you will be elected?"

"They will not doubt it. But what think you, my son?"

Now, the son had a conviction which it would have been madness to express, so he only said:

"They could not elect one more faithful."

The General bowed solemnly.

"Perhaps the people will think so; my friends believe they will."

"Your friends who have used your name should help you as much as they can, papa," said the Doctor. "Myself, I should like to assist you, papa, if I could."

"A-bah!" said the pleased father, incredulously.

"But, yes," said the son.

A thrill of delight filled the General's frame. *This* was like a son.

"Thank you, my son! I thank you much. Ah, Mossy, my dear boy, you make me happy!"

"But," added Mossy, realizing with a tremour how far he had gone, "I see not how it is possible."

The General's chin dropped.

"Not being a public man," continued the Doctor; "unless, indeed, my pen—you might enlist my pen."

He paused with a smile of bashful inquiry. The General stood aghast for a moment and then caught the idea.

"Certainly! cer-tain-ly! ha, ha, ha!"—backing out of the door—"certainly! Ah! Mossy, you are right, to be sure; to make a complete world we must have swords *and* pens. Well, my son, *au revoir;* no, I cannot stay—I will return. I hasten to tell my friends that the pen of Dr. Mossy is on our side! Adieu, dear son adieu, adieu."

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Standing outside on the *banquette* he bowed—not to Dr. Mossy, but to the balcony of the big red-brick front—a most sunshiny smile, and departed.

The very next morning, as if fate had ordered it, the Villivicencio ticket was attacked — ambushed, as it were, from behind the Américain newspaper. The onslaught was—at least General Villivicencio said it was—absolutely ruffianly. Never had all the lofty courtesies and formalities of chivalric contest been so completely ignored. Poisoned balls—at least personal epithets—were used. The General himself was called "antiquated"! The friends who had nominated him, they were positively sneered at; dubbed "fossils," "old ladies," and their caucus termed "irresponsible"—thunder and lightning! gentlemen of honour to be termed "not responsible"! It was asserted that the nomination was made secretly, in a private house, by two or three unauthorized harum-scarums (that touched the very bone) who had with more caution than propriety withheld their names. The article was headed, "The Crayfish-eaters' Ticket." It continued further to say that, had not the publication of this ticket been regarded as a dull hoax, it would not have been suffered to pass for two weeks unchallenged, and that it was now high time the universal wish should be realized in its withdrawal.

Dr. Mossy, among his specimens and books of reference, preparing a response to the attack...

Among the earliest readers of this production was the young Madame. She first enjoyed a quiet, gleeful smile over it and then called:

"Ninide, here, take this down to Dr. Mossy—stop." She marked the communication heavily with her gold pencil. "No answer; he need not return it."

About the same hour, and in a neighbouring street, one of the "not responsibles" knocked on the Villivicencio castle gate. The General invited him into his bedroom. With a short and strictly profane harangue the visitor produced the offensive newspaper, and was about to begin reading, when one of those loud nasal blasts, so peculiar to the Gaul, resounded at the gate, and another "not responsible" entered, more excited, if possible, than the first. Several minutes were spent in exchanging fierce sentiments and slapping the palm of the left hand rapidly with the back of the right. Presently there was a pause for breath.

"Alphonse, proceed to read," said the General, sitting up in bed.

"De Crayfish-eaters' Ticket"—began Alphonse; but a third rapping at the gate interrupted him, and a third "irresponsible" reinforced their number, talking wildly to the waiting-man as he came up the hall.

Finally Alphonse read the article. Little by little the incensed gentlemen gave it a hearing, now two words and now three, interrupting it to rip out long, rasping maledictions and wag their forefingers at each other as they strode ferociously about the apartment.

As Alphonse reached the close and dashed the paper to the floor, the whole quartet, in terrific unison, cried for the blood of the editor.

But hereupon the General spoke with authority.

"No, Messieurs," he said, buttoning his dressing-gown savagely, "you shall not fight him. I forbid it—you shall not!"

"But," cried the three at once, "one of us must fight, and you—you cannot; if *you* fight, our cause is lost! The candidate must not fight."

"Hah-h! Messieurs," cried the hero, beating his breast and lifting his eyes, "*grace au ciel.* I have a son. Yes, my beloved friends, a son who shall call the villain out and make him pay for his impudence with blood or eat his words in tomorrow morning's paper. Heaven be thanked that gave me a son for this occasion! I shall see him at once—as soon as I can dress."

"We will go with you."

"No, gentlemen, let me see my son alone. I can meet you at Maspero's in two hours. Adieu, my dear friends."

He was resolved.

"*Au revoir,*" said the dear friends.

Shortly after, cane in hand, General Villivicencio moved with an ireful stride up the *banquette* of Rue Royale. Just as he passed the red-brick front one of the batten shutters opened the faintest bit, and a certain pair of lovely eyes looked after him, without any of that round simplicity which we have before discovered in them. As he half turned to knock at his son's door, he glanced at this very shutter, but it was as tightly closed as though the house were an enchanted palace.

Dr. Mossy's door, on the contrary, swung ajar when he knocked, and the General entered.

"Well, my son, have you seen that newspaper? No, I think not. I *see* you have not, since your cheeks are not red with shame and anger."

Dr. Mossy looked up with astonishment from the desk where he sat writing.

"What is that, papa?"

"My faith! Mossy, is it possible you have not heard of the attack upon me, which has surprised and exasperated the city this morning?"

"No," said Dr. Mossy, with still greater surprise,

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and laying his sensitive hand on the arm of his chair.

His father put on a dying look. "My soul!" At that moment his glance fell upon the paper which had been sent in by Madame Délicieuse. "But, Mossy, my son," he screamed, "*there* it is!" striking it rapidly with one finger—"there! there! there! read it! It calls me 'not responsible'! 'not responsible' it calls me! Read, read!"

"But, papa," said the quiet little Doctor, rising, and accepting the crumpled paper thrust at him, "I have read this. If this is it, well, then, already I am preparing to respond to it."

The General seized him violently, and, spreading a suffocating kiss on his face, sealed it with an affectionate oath.

"Ah, Mossy, my boy, you are glorious! You had begun already to write! You are glorious! Read to me what you have written, my son."

The Doctor took up a bit of manuscript, and resuming his chair, began:

> MESSRS. EDITORS: On your journal of this morning—"

"Eh! how! you have not written it in English, is it, son?"

"But, yes, papa."

"'Tis a vile tongue," said the General; "but, if it is necessary—proceed."

> "MESSRS. EDITORS: On your journal of this morning is published an editorial article upon the Villivicencio ticket, which is plentiful and abundant with mistakes. Who is the author or writer of the above said editorial article your correspondent does at present ignore, but doubts not he is one who, hasty to form an opinion, will yet, however, make his assent to the correction of some errors and mistakes which—"

"Bah!" cried the General.

Dr. Mossy looked up, blushing crimson.

"Bah!" cried the General, still more forcibly. "*Bêtise!*"

"How?" asked the gentle son.

"'Tis all nonsent!" cried the General, bursting into English. "Hall you 'ave to say is: 'Sieur Editeurs! I want you s'all give de nem of de indignan' scoundrel who meck some lies on you' paper about *mon père et ses amis!*'"

"Ah-h!" said Dr. Mossy, in a tone of derision and anger.

His father gazed at him in mute astonishment. He stood beside his disorderly little desk, his small form drawn up, a hand thrust into his breast, and that look of invincibility in his eyes such as blue eyes sometimes surprise us with.

"You want me to fight," he said.

"My faith!" gasped the General, loosening in all his joints. "I believe—you may cut me in pieces if I do not believe you were going to reason it out in the newspaper! Fight? If I want you to fight? Upon my soul, I believe you do not want to fight!"

"No," said Mossy.

"My God!" whispered the General. His heart seemed to break.

"Yes," said the steadily gazing Doctor, his lips trembling as he opened them. "Yes, your God. I am afraid—"

"General," said she, "you have been spoken against."

"Afraid!" gasped the General.

"Yes," rang out the Doctor, "afraid; afraid! God forbid that I should not be afraid. But I will tell you what I do not fear—I do not fear to call your affairs of honour—murder!"

"My son!" cried the father.

"I retract," cried the son; "consider it unsaid. I will never reproach my father."

"It is well," said the father. "I was wrong. It is my quarrel. I go to settle it myself."

Dr. Mossy moved quickly between his father and the door. General Villivicencio stood before him utterly bowed down.

"What will you do?" sadly demanded the old man.

"Papa," said the son, with much tenderness, "I cannot permit you. Fifteen years we were strangers and yesterday were friends. You must not leave me so. I will even settle this quarrel for you. You must let me. I am pledged to your service."

The peace-loving little doctor did not mean "to settle" but "to adjust." He felt in an instant that he was misunderstood; yet, as quiet people are apt to do, though not wishing to deceive, he let the misinterpretation stand. In his embarrassment he did not know with absolute certainty what he should do himself.

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The father's face—he thought of but one way to settle a quarrel—began instantly to brighten. "I would myself do it," he said apologetically, "but my friends forbid it."

"And so do I," said the Doctor, "but I will go myself now and will not return until all is finished. Give me the paper."

"My son, I do not wish to compel you."

There was something acid in the Doctor's smile as he answered: "No, but give me the paper, please."

The General handed it.

"Papa," said the son, "you must wait here for my return."

"But I have an appointment at Maspero's at—"

"I will call and make excuses for you," said the son.

"Well," consented the almost happy father, "go, my son; I will stay. But if some of your sick shall call?"

"Sit quiet," said the son. "They will think no one is here." And the General noticed that the dust lay so thick on the panes that a person outside would have to put his face close to the glass to see within.

In the course of half an hour the Doctor had reached the newspaper office, thrice addressed himself to the wrong person, finally found the courteous editor, and easily convinced him that his father had been imposed upon; but when Dr. Mossy went farther and asked which one of the talented editorial staff had written the article:

"You see, Doctor," said the editor—"just step into my private office a moment."

They went in together. The next minute saw Dr. Mossy departing hurriedly from the place, while the editor complacently resumed his pen, assured that he would not return.

General Villivicencio sat and waited among the serpents and innocents. His spirits began to droop again. Revolving Mossy's words, he could not escape the fear that possibly, after all, his son might compromise the Villivicencio honour in the interests of peace. Not that he preferred to put his son's life in jeopardy; he would not object to an adjustment, provided the enemy should beg for it. But if not, whom would his son select to perform those friendly offices indispensable in polite quarrels? Some half-priest, half-woman? Some spectacled book-worm? He suffered.

The monotony of his passive task was relieved by one or two callers who had the sagacity (or bad manners) to peer through the dirty glass and then open the door, to whom, half rising from his chair, he answered, with a polite smile, that the Doctor was out, nor could he say how long he might be absent. Still the time dragged painfully, and he began at length to wonder why Mossy did not return.

THERE CAME A RAP at the glass door different from all the raps that had forerun it—a fearless, but gentle, dignified, graceful rap; and the General, before he looked round, felt in all his veins that it came from the young Madame. Yes, there was her glorious outline thrown sidewise upon the glass. He hastened and threw open the door, bending low at the same instant and extending his hand.

She extended hers also, but not to take his. With a calm dexterity that took the General's breath, she reached between him and the door and closed it.

"What is the matter?" anxiously asked the General—for her face, in spite of its smile, was severe.

"General," she began, ignoring his inquiry—and, with all her Creole bows, smiles, and insinuating phrases, the severity of her countenance but partially waned—"I came to see my physician—your son. Ah! General, when I find you reconciled to your son, it makes me think I am in heaven. You will let me say so? You will not be offended with the old playmate of your son?" She gave him no time to answer.

"He is out, I think, is he not? But I am glad of it. It gives us occasion to rejoice together over his many merits. For you know, General, in all the years of your estrangement, Mossy had no friend like myself. I am proud to tell you so now; is it not so?"

THE GENERAL was so taken aback that, when he had thanked her in a mechanical way, he could say nothing else. She seemed to fall for a little while into a sad meditation that embarrassed him beyond measure. But as he opened his mouth to speak, she resumed:

"Nobody knew him so well as I; though I, poor me, I could not altogether understand him; for look you, General, he was—what do you think?—*a great man!*—nothing less."

"How?" asked the General, not knowing what else to respond.

"You never dreamed of that, eh?" continued the lady. "But, of course not; nobody did but me. Some of those Américains, I suppose, knew it; but who would ever ask them? Here in Royal Street, in New Orleans, where we people know nothing and care nothing but for meat, drink, and pleasure, he was only Dr. Mossy, who gave pills. My faith! General, no wonder you were disappointed in your son, for you thought the same. Ah! yes, you did! But why did you not ask me, his old playmate? I knew better. I could have told you how your little son stood head and shoulders above the crowd. I could have told you some things too wonderful to believe. I could have told you that his name was known and honoured in the scientific schools of Paris, of London, of Germany! Yes! I could have shown you"—she warmed as she proceeded—"I could have shown you letters (I begged them of him), written as between brother and brother, from the foremost men of science and discovery!"

She stood up, her eyes flashing with excitement.

"But why did you never tell me?" cried the General.

"He never would allow me—but you—why did you not ask me? I will tell you; you were too proud to mention your son. But he had pride to match yours—ha!—achieving all—everything—with an assumed name! 'Let me tell your father,' I implored him; but—'let him find me out,' he said, and you never found him out. Ah! there he was fine. He would not, he said, though only for your sake, re-enter your affections as anything more or less than just your son."

And so she went on. Twenty times the old General was astonished anew, twenty times was angry or alarmed enough to cry out, but twenty times she would not be interrupted. Once he attempted to laugh, but again her hand commanded silence.

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"Behold, Monsieur, all these dusty specimens, these revolting fragments. How have you blushed to know that our idle people laugh in their sleeves at these things! How have you blushed—and you his father! But why did you not ask me? I could have told you: 'Sir, your son is not an apothecary; not one of these ugly things but has helped him on in the glorious path of discovery; discovery, General—your son—known in Europe as a scientific discoverer!' Ah-h! the blind people say, 'How is that, that General Villivicencio should be dissatisfied with his son? He is a good man and a good doctor, only a little careless, that's all.' But *you* were more blind still, for you shut your eyes tight like this; when, had you searched for his virtues as you did for his faults, you, too, might have known before it was too late what nobility, what beauty, what strength were in the character of your poor, poor son!"

"Just Heaven! Madame, you shall not speak of my son as of one dead and buried! But, if you have some bad news—"

"Your son took your quarrel on his hands, eh?"

"I believe so—I think—"

"Well; I saw him an hour ago in search of your traducer."

"He must find him!" said the General, plucking up.

"But if the search is already over," slowly responded Madame.

The father looked one instant in her face, then rose with an exclamation:

"Where is my son? What has happened? Do you think I am a child, to be trifled with—a horse to be teased? Tell me of my son!"

Madame was stricken with genuine anguish.

"Take your chair," she begged; "wait; listen; take your chair."

"Never!" cried the General; "I am going to find my son—my God! Madame, you have *locked this door!* What are you, that you should treat me so? Give me, this instant—"

"Oh! Monsieur, I beseech you to take your chair, and I will tell you all. You can do nothing now. Listen! suppose you should rush out and find that your son had played the coward at last! Sit down and—"

"Ah! Madame, this is play!" cried the distracted man.

"But no; it is not play. Sit down; I want to ask you something."

He sank down and she stood over him, anguish and triumph strangely mingled in her beautiful face.

"General, tell me true; did you not force this quarrel into your son's hand? I *know* he would not choose to have it. Did you not do it to test his courage, because all these fifteen years you have made yourself a fool with the fear that he became a student only to escape being a soldier? Did you not?"

Her eyes looked him through and through.

"And if I did?" demanded he with faint defiance.

"Yes! and if he has made dreadful haste and proved his courage?" asked she.

"Well, then"—the General straightened up triumphantly—"then he is my son!"

He beat the desk with a vigorous palm.

"And is he also heir to your wealth, for example?"

"Certainly."

The lady bowed in solemn mockery.

"It will make him a magnificent funeral!"

The father bounded up and stood speechless, trembling from head to foot. Madame looked straight in his eye.

"You son has met the writer of that article."

"Where?" the old man's lips tried to ask.

"Suddenly, unexpectedly, in a passage-way."

"My God! and the villain—"

"Lives!" cried Madame.

He rushed to the door, forgetting that it was locked.

"Give me that key!" he cried, wrenched at the knob, turned away, bewildered, turned again toward it and again away; and at every step and turn he cried, "Oh! my son, my son! I have killed my son! Oh! Mossy, my son, my little boy! Oh! my son, my son!"

Madame buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud. Then the father hushed his cries and stood for a moment before her.

"Give me the key, Clarisse; let me go."

She rose and laid her face on his shoulder.

"What is it, Clarisse?" asked he.

"Your son and I were ten years betrothed."

"Oh, my child!"

"Because, being disinherited, he would not be my husband."

"Alas! would to God I had known it! Oh! Mossy, my son."

"Oh! Monsieur," cried the lady, clasping her hands, "forgive me—mourn no more—your son is unharmed! *I* wrote the article—I am your recanting slanderer! Your son is hunting for me now. I told my aunt to misdirect him. I slipped by him unseen in the carriage-way."

The wild old General, having already staggered back and rushed forward again, would have seized her in his arms, had not the little Doctor himself at that instant violently rattled the door and shook his finger at them playfully as he peered through the glass.

"Behold!" said Madame, attempting a smile; "open to your son; here is the key."

She sank into a chair.

Father and son leaped into each other's arms; then turned to Madame:

"Ah! thou lovely mischief-maker—"

She had fainted away.

"Ah! well, keep out of the way, if you please, papa," said Dr. Mossy, as Madame presently reopened her eyes; "no wonder you fainted; you have finished some hard work—see; here; so; Clarisse, dear, take this."

Father and son stood side by side, tenderly regarding her as she revived.

"Now, papa, you may kiss her; she is quite herself again, already."

"My daughter!" said the stately General; "this—is my son's ransom; and, with this—I withdraw the Villivicencio ticket."

"You shall not," exclaimed the laughing lady, throwing her arms about his neck.

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"But, yes!" he insisted; "my faith! you will at least allow me to remove my dead from the field."

"But, certainly," said the son; "see, Clarisse, here is Madame, your aunt, asking us all into the house."

The group passed out into the Rue Royale, Dr. Mossy shutting the door behind him. The sky was blue, the air was soft and balmy, and on the sweet south breeze, to which the old General bared his grateful brow, floated a ravishing odour of—

"Ah! what is it?" the veteran asked of the younger pair, seeing the little aunt glance at them playfully.

Madame Délicieuse for almost the first time in her life and Dr. Mossy for the thousandth—blushed.

It was the odour of orange-blossoms.

The Death of the Dauphin

By ALPHONSE DAUDET

Translated by George B. Ives

The little Dauphin is sick; the little Dauphin is going to die. In all the churches of the realm the Blessed Sacrament is exposed night and day, and tall candles are kept burning for the recovery of the royal child. The streets in the old residence are sad and silent, the bells no longer ring, the carriages go at a foot-pace. About the palace the curious citizens watch through the iron grills the porters with gilt paunches talking in the courtyards with an air of importance.

The whole château is in commotion. Chamberlains, majordomos, run hastily up and down the marble staircases. The galleries are full of pages and of courtiers in silk garments, who go from group to group asking news in undertones. On the broad steps weeping maids of honour greet one another with low curtsies, wiping their eyes with dainty handkerchiefs.

In the orangery there is a great assemblage of long-robed doctors. Through the windows they can be seen flourishing their long black sleeves and bending majestically their hammer-like wigs. The little Dauphin's governor and equerry walk back and forth before the door, awaiting the decision of the faculty. Scullions pass them by without saluting them. The equerry swears like a heathen, the governor recites lines from Horace. And meanwhile, in the direction of the stables one hears a long, plaintive neigh. It is the Dauphin's horse, calling sadly from his empty manger.

And the king? Where is monseigneur the king? The king is all alone in a room at the end of the château. Majesties do not like to be seen weeping. As for the queen, that is a different matter. Seated at the little Dauphin's pillow, her lovely face is bathed in tears, and she sobs aloud before them all, as a linen-draper's wife might do.

In his lace-bedecked crib the little Dauphin, whiter than the cushions upon which he lies, is resting now with closed eyes. They think that he sleeps; but no. The little Dauphin is not asleep. He turns to his mother, and seeing that she is weeping, he says to her:

"Madame queen, why do you weep? Is it because you really believe I am going to die?"

The queen tries to reply. Sobs prevent her.

"Pray do not weep, madame queen; you forget that I am the Dauphin, and dauphins cannot die like this."

The queen sobs more bitterly than ever, and the little Dauphin begins to be alarmed.

"I say," he says, "I don't want Death to come and take me, and I will find a way to prevent his coming here. Let them send at once forty very strong troopers to stand guard around our bed! Let a hundred big guns watch night and day, with matches lighted, under our windows! woe to Death if it dares approach us!"

To please the royal child the queen makes a sign. In a moment they hear the big guns rumbling through the courtyard; and forty tall troopers, halberds in hand, take their places about the room. The little Dauphin claps his hands when he sees them. He recognizes one of them and calls him:

"Lorrain! Lorrain!"

The soldier steps forward toward the bed.

"I love you dearly, my old Lorrain. Let me see your big sword. If Death tries to take me you must kill him, won't you?"

"Yes, monseigneur," Lorrain replies. And two great tears roll down his bronzed cheeks.

At that moment the chaplain approaches the little Dauphin and talks with him for a long time in a low voice, showing him a crucifix. The little Dauphin listens with an expression of great surprise, then, abruptly interrupting him, he says:

"I understand what you say, monsieur l'abbé; but tell me, couldn't my little friend Beppo die in my place, if I gave him a lot of money?"

The chaplain continues to speak in a low voice, and the little Dauphin's expression becomes more and more astonished.

When the chaplain has finished, the little Dauphin replies with a deep sigh:

"All this that you tell me is very sad, monsieur l'abbé; but one thing consoles me, and that is that up yonder, in the paradise of the stars, I shall still be the Dauphin. I know that the good Lord is my cousin, and that He will treat me according to my rank."

Then he adds, turning to his mother:

"Let them bring me my richest clothes, my doublet of white ermine, and my velvet slippers! I wish to make myself handsome for the angels, and to enter paradise in the costume of a Dauphin."

A third time, the chaplain leans toward the little Dauphin and talks to him for a long time in a low voice. In the midst of his harangue, the royal child angrily interrupts:

"Why then, to be Dauphin is to be nothing at all!"

And, refusing to listen to anything more, the little Dauphin turns toward the wall and weeps bitterly.

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Ethics in a Business Suit

"Flank Approach" or Ambush?

Mr. John E—— is manager of the local branch of a leading insurance company. He is suave and cheerful, and has an entirely pleasing personality—a sort of cultured Babbitt. Of course, he is a member of innumerable societies, clubs, and lodges, and in social circles he is often a familiarly welcomed comrade.

The insurance company he represents issues a special policy which is usually sold only in large amounts. The commission is likewise of an enviable magnitude. The ordinary amount for this special policy is ten thousand dollars.

Mr. E—— employs several salesmen at his discretion. These subordinates are paid entirely on a commission basis. Mr. E—— receives a basic salary. Not so infrequently these salesmen find an opportunity to sell one of the special policies. Naturally, they must use great care, astuteness, and diplomacy in leading the prospect to the desired favourable assent. Naturally also, Mr. E——, as manager, is informed of the progress of the campaign, and he watches the case ever so carefully.

When it seems that the prospect has reached the point where the slightest urging will cause him to sign on the dotted line, Mr. E—— generally manages to arrange a casual meeting with him. This is easily accomplished because of E——'s wide connections. As often as not the prospect himself will state that a salesman from Mr. E——'s office has called on him, and this then becomes the cue for the casual query, "Well, why don't you take out the policy now . . .?" In the camaraderie of the meeting the prospect signs, and if he doesn't sign for the manager the salesman has almost no chance of closing the deal and pocketing the generous but richly earned commission. Very rarely does an ordinary salesman manage to sell one of these remunerative policies.

In behalf of Mr. E——, it should be stated that he is not the only branch manager who follows this procedure.

The abnormal labour turnover in not a few insurance branches is traceable to this practice.

W. F. G.

A Conscience For Sale

An old coloured man who had lived in a small town all his life, had bought at auction, fifty years ago, the beautiful mahogany table at which the ancestors of a friend of mine had dined for generations. It was scratched and shabby, and the old man, ignorant of its real value (which was about $200), offered it to this friend at his own price. He, although well able to pay the market price, and delighted to get the antique back into the family, offered the Negro $25, which the old man gladly accepted.

As both he and the seller are satisfied, my friend can see nothing to criticize in the transaction. Taking advantage of the ignorance of their owners, in the buying of antiques, is a very common thing, of course, but seems particularly questionable when a piece is being acquired mainly because of sentiment.

J. C. M.

Should He Have Insisted on Making a Refund?

A jovial, elderly guest of a London hotel handed the cashier a £10 note and asked for change. The cashier took the note, put it away in his cash drawer, and handed the guest ten gold sovereigns. To his surprise, the guest insisted that he had passed over the counter only a £5 note, and, with the support of his wife (who had that instant come upon the scene), maintained that he had not had a ten-pound note in his wallet that day.

"Keep the five pounds," he finally remarked, "and when you balance your cash tonight, you will find out which of us is right. I'll see you in the morning."

The cashier kept the money, and when he balanced his accounts that night he found that he had been right: he had £5 too much in the drawer. The next morning, seeing the guest advancing toward his window, the cashier made ready to hand him back the amount. Before he had time to say a word, however, the old gentleman exclaimed, with a wink and an admonishing finger, "Well, young man! You know now that I was right, don't you? Don't be so ready to part with your good money another time!" and turned away, chuckling over his sagacity.

The cashier shrugged his shoulders, appeared lost in thought for a moment—and let him go.

P. D. H.

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A Temptation Withstood

A young man who was a student in a state university was paying part of his expenses by working out of school hours at a trade. He attracted the attention of the dean of the university, who sent for him and explained that the university buildings were about to be equipped with new seats. The dean further explained that while the purchase of the furnishings would be carried on by means of competitive bids, the school authorities had in mind the type they preferred, and that the contract to supply the equipment would undoubtedly be awarded to the concern which handled that type of seats. "I will see that you are appointed a temporary agent for that concern, if you like," said the dean with a friendly and significant smile; "and you will get your commission." The young man reflected a moment and then declined the offer. "Your commission will amount to several hundred dollars," said the dean, evidently puzzled; "and we shall be selecting the seats because they are best suited to our needs." The young man reflected again, and then, with a slight flush, rejected the offer. Later, the new seats were bought and installed—of the type which the dean had said would be chosen.

Under the circumstances, might the young man properly have accepted the temporary but highly profitable agency? D. W. B.

The Letter of the Contract vs. Its Spirit

A bank contracted with a manufacturer for some heavy fixtures. During installation a question arose about the standard finish on one of the pieces.

The bank claimed that the manufacturer's representative had been told to specify a special finish for the piece. The manufacturer claimed that as the written contract specified a standard finish, he had fulfilled his part.

The bank withheld the final payment, 15 per cent. of the total price, until a compromise of some kind could be effected.

Meanwhile, the bank received a letter from the manufacturer stating that of two certain pieces furnished, the price of only one, by an error, had been figured in the contract. The manufacturer made no further comment.

The bank expressed its intention of paying the omitted amount ($1,200), even though the contract was for a lump sum, but stood "pat" on the question of finish.

It cost the manufacturer about $400 to replace the piece with one having a special finish. J. W. V.

Ethics in the Coal Bin

A New England Yankee ordered from his local dealer a ton of coal, one-half stove and one-half nut. The coal, which was delivered during his absence, proved to be half furnace and half nut. Doubtful whether his small stove could burn the large-size coal, the Yankee wrote to his dealer explaining the situation and asking him to supply him with the coal he had ordered.

The dealer called in person, made sure of the truck driver's mistake, and asked his customer to accept a 25 per cent. reduction on his bill. The Yankee said he would gladly try to use the coal, on the understanding that if he was unable to do so the dealer would replace it. In witness of his good faith the customer offered to settle for the coal on the basis of a 25 per cent. reduction at once. The dealer was anxious to satisfy his customer, however, and insisted that the bill should not be paid until a trial of the coal had been made.

The Yankee, after a satisfactory trial, discovered that the mixture of furnace and nut coal did as well as, if not better than, any other mixture he had tried.

Under the circumstances, should he accept the 25 per cent. reduction when he pays his bill? W. Y.

Speaking of First Editions—

Mr. Smith was told by Mr. Jones, who had a position in a publishing house, to keep his eyes open for a first edition of a novel which had come out a year ago and had had a tremendous success. Mr. Jones said he could get about forty dollars for a copy, and if Mr. Smith found one, he would get half of the profit realized. Mr. Smith saw a copy of the desired book in the home of a friend. He conversed casually with his friend for a while, meanwhile idly turning the pages of the prized volume, and then——

"Is this your book?" asked Mr. Smith. "Have you read it?"

"Yes, I have read it," was the reply, "but don't think much of it. It seems to me to be much overrated. Take it, if you wish——"

"To keep?" said Mr. Smith, trying not to sound too enthusiastic.

"Yes; I don't want it."

Mr. Smith gave the book to Mr. Jones to be sold, and, when the latter received forty dollars for it, he divided the money with Mr. Smith as he had promised. No mention of the transaction was ever made to the friend who had presented the book to Mr. Smith.

Should the original owner of the volume have received a share of the money, or was the transaction fair from any point of view? A. J.

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A Change of Treatment

By W. W. JACOBS

"YES, I'VE SAILED UNDER some 'cute skippers in my time," said the night-watchman; "them that go down in big ships see the wonders o' the deep, you know," he added with a sudden chuckle, "but the one I'm going to tell you about ought never to have been trusted out without 'is ma. A good many o' my skippers had fads, but this one was the worse I ever sailed under.

"It's some few years ago now; I'd shipped on his barque, the *John Elliott*, as slow-going an old tub as ever I was aboard of, when I wasn't in quite a fit an' proper state to know what I was doing, an' I hadn't been in her two days afore I found out his 'obby through overhearing a few remarks made by the second mate, who came up from dinner in a hurry to make 'em. 'I don't mind saws an' knives hung round the cabin,' he ses to the fust mate, 'but when a chap has a 'uman 'and alongside 'is plate, studying it while folks is at their food, it's more than a Christian man can stand.'

"'That's nothing,' ses the fust mate, who had sailed with the barque afore. 'He's half crazy on doctoring. We nearly had a mutiny aboard once owing to his wanting to hold a *post-mortem* on a man what fell from the mast-head. Wanted to see what the poor feller died of.'

"'I call it unwholesome,' ses the second mate very savage. 'He offered me a pill at breakfast the size of a small marble; quite put me off my feed, it did.'

"Of course, the skipper's fad soon got known for'ard. But I didn't think much about it, till one day I seed old Dan'l Dennis sitting on a locker reading. Every now and then he'd shut the book, an' look up, closing 'is eyes, an' moving his lips like a hen drinking, an' then look down at the book again.

"'Why, Dan,' I ses, 'what's up? You ain't larning lessons at your time o' life?'

"'Yes, I am,' ses Dan very soft. 'You might hear me say it; it's this one about heart disease.'

"He hands over the book, which was stuck full o' all kinds o' diseases, and winks at me 'ard.

"'Picked it up on a bookstall,' he ses; then he shut 'is eyes an' said his piece wonderful. It made me quite queer to listen to 'im. 'That's how I feel,' ses he, when he'd finished. 'Just strength enough to get to bed. Lend a hand, Bill, an' go an' fetch the doctor.'

"Then I see his little game, but I wasn't going to run any risks, so I just mentioned, permiscous like, to the cook as old Dan seemed rather queer, an' went back an' tried to borrer the book, being always fond of reading. Old Dan pretended he was too ill to hear what I was saying, an' afore I could take it away from him, the skipper comes hurrying down with a bag in his 'and.

"'What's the matter, my man?' ses he.'

"'I'm all right, sir,' ses old Dan, 'cept that I've been swooning away a little.'

"'Tell me exactly how you feel,' ses the skipper, feeling his pulse.

"Then old Dan said his piece over to him, an' the skipper shook his head an' looked very solemn.

"'How long have you been like this?' he ses.

"'Four or five years, sir,' ses Dan. 'It ain't nothing serious, sir, is it?'

"'You lie quite still,' ses the skipper, putting a little trumpet thing to his chest an' then listening. 'Um! The prognotice is very bad.'

"'Prog what, sir?' ses Dan, staring.

"'Prognotice,' ses the skipper. At least, I think that's the word he said. 'You keep perfectly still, an' I'll go an' mix you up a draught, and tell the cook to get some strong beef-tea on.'

"Well, the skipper 'ad no sooner gone, than Cornish Harry, a great big lumbering chap o' six feet two, goes up to old Dan, an' he ses, 'Gimme that book.'

"'Go away,' ses Dan, 'don't come worrying 'ere; you 'eard the skipper say how bad my prognotice was.'

"'You lend me the book,' ses Harry, ketching hold of him, 'or else I'll bang you first, and split to the skipper arterwards. I believe I'm a bit consumptive.'

"He dragged the book away from the old man, and began to study. There was so many complaints in it he was almost tempted to have

Drawings by Fred Nankivel

"You lend me the book," ses Harry, "or else I'll bang you."

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The skipper went below with the mate, and told the chaps they was to take the new medicine for two days.

something else instead of consumption, but he decided on that at last, an' he got a cough that worried the fo'c'sle all night long, an' the next day, when the skipper came down to see Dan' he could 'ardly 'ear hisself speak.

"'That's a nasty cough you've got, my man,' ses he.

"'Oh, it's nothing, sir,' ses Harry, careless like. 'I've 'ad it for months now off and on. I think it's perspiring so of a night does it.'

"'What?' ses the skipper. You perspire nights?'

"'Dredful,' ses Harry. 'You could wring the clo'es out. I s'pose it's healthy for me, ain't it, sir?'

"'Undo your shirt,' ses the skipper, going over to him an' sticking the trumpet agin him. 'Now take a deep breath. Don't cough.'

"'I can't help it, sir,' ses Harry, 'it will come. Seems to tear me to pieces.'

"'You get to bed at once,' says the skipper, taking away the trumpet, an' shaking his 'ed. 'It's a fortunate thing for you, my lad, you're in skilled hands. With care, I believe I can pull you round. How does that medicine suit you, Dan?'

"'Beautiful, sir,' says Dan. 'It's wonderful soothing, I slep' like a new-born babe arter it.'

"'I'll send you some more,' ses the skipper. 'You're not to get up, mind, either of you.'

"'All right, sir,' ses the two in very faint voices, an' the skipper went away arter telling us to be careful not to make a noise.

"We all thought it a fine joke at first, but the airs them two chaps give themselves was something sickening. Being in bed all day, they was naturally wakeful of a night, and they used to call across the fo'c'sle inquiring arter each other's healths, an' waking us other chaps up. An' they'd swop beef-tea an' jellies with each other, an' Dan 'ud try an' coax a little port wine out o' Harry, which he 'ad to make blood with, but Harry 'ud say he hadn't made enough that day, an' he'd drink to the better health of old Dan's prognotice, an' smack his lips until it drove us a'most crazy.

"Arter these chaps had been ill two days, the other fellers began to put their heads together, an' said they was going to be ill too, and both the invalids got into a fearful state of excitement.

"'You'll only spoil it for all of us,' ses Harry, 'and you don't know what to have without the book.'

"'It's all very well doing your work as well as our own,' ses one of the men. 'It's our turn now. It's time you two got well.'

"*'Well?'* ses Harry, *'well?* Why, you silly, iggernerant chaps, we shan't never get well; people with our complaints never do. You ought to know that.'

"'Well, I shall split,' ses one of them.

"'You do!' ses Harry, 'you do, an' I'll put a 'ed on you that all the port wine and jellies in the world wouldn't cure. 'Sides, don't you think the skipper knows what's the matter with us?'

"Afore the other chap could reply, the skipper hisself comes down, accompanied by the fust mate, with a look on his face which made Harry give the deepest and hollowest cough he'd ever done.

"'What they reely want,' ses the skipper, turning to the mate, 'is keerful nussing.'

"'I wish you'd let *me* nuss 'em,' ses the fust mate, 'only ten minutes—I'd put 'em both on their legs, an' running for their lives into the bargain, in ten minutes.'

"'Hold your tongue, sir,' ses the skipper; 'what you say is unfeeling, besides being an insult to me. Do you think I studied medicine all these years without knowing when a man's ill?'

"The fust mate growled something and went on deck, and the skipper started examining of 'em again. He said they was wonderfully patient lying in bed so long, an' he had 'em wrapped up in their bedclo'es and

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carried on deck, so the pure air could have a go at 'em. *We* had to do the carrying, an' there they sat, breathing the pure air, and looking at the fust mate out of the corners of their eyes. If they wanted anything from below, one of us had to go an' fetch it, an' by the time they was taken down to bed again, we all resolved to be took ill too.

"Only two of 'em did it, though, for Harry, who was a powerful, ugly-tempered chap, swore he'd do all sorts o' dreadful things to us if we didn't keep well and hearty, an' all 'cept these two did. One of 'em, Mike Rafferty, laid up with a swelling on his ribs, which I knew myself he 'ad 'ad for fifteen years, and the other chap had paralysis. I never saw a man so reely happy as the skipper was. He was up an' down with 'is medicines and his instruments all day long, and used to make notes of the cases in his big pocket-book, and read 'em to the second mate at meal-times.

"The fo'c'sle had been turned into hospital about a week, an' I was on deck doing some odd job or the other, when the cook comes up to me.

" ' 'Nother invalid,' ses he, 'fust mate's gone mad!'

" 'Mad?' ses I.

" 'Yes,' ses he. 'He's got a big basin in the galley, an' he's laughing like a hyener an' mixing bilge-water an' ink' an' paraffin an' butter an' soap an' all sorts o' things up together. The smell's enough to kill a man.'

"Curious-like, I jest walked up to the galley an' puts my 'ead in, an' there was the mate as the cook said, smiling all over his face, and ladling some thick sticky stuff into a stone bottle.

" 'How's the pore sufferers, sir?' ses he, stepping out of the galley jest as the skipper was going by.

" 'They're very bad; but I hope for the best,' ses the skipper, looking at him hard. 'I'm glad to see you've turned a bit more feeling.'

" 'Yes, sir,' ses the mate. 'I didn't think so at fust, but I can see now them chaps is all very ill. You'll s'cuse me saying it, but I don't quite approve of your treatment.'

"I thought the skipper would ha' bust.

" 'My treatment?' ses he. 'My treatment? What do you know about it?'

" 'You're treating 'em wrong, sir,' ses the mate. 'I have here' (patting the jar) 'a remedy which 'ud cure them all if you'd only let me try it.'

" 'Pooh!' ses the skipper. "One medicine cure all diseases! What is it? Where'd you get it.'

" 'I brought the ingredients aboard with me,' ses the mate. 'It's a wonderful medicine discovered by my grandmother, an' it'll surely cure them pore chaps.'

" 'Rubbish!' ses the skipper.

" 'Very well, sir,' ses the mate, shrugging his shoulders. 'O' course, if you won't let me, you won't. Still I tell you, if you'd let me try I'd cure 'em all in two days. That's a fair challenge.'

"Well, they talked, and talked, and talked, until at last the skipper give way and went down below with the mate, and told the chaps they was to take the new medicine for two days, jest to prove the mate was wrong.

" 'Let pore old Dan try it first, sir,' ses Harry, starting up, an' sniffing as the mate took the cork out; 'he's been awful bad since you've been away.'

" 'Harry's worse than I am, sir,' ses Dan; 'it's only his kind heart that makes him say that.'

" 'It don't matter which is fust,' ses the mate, filling a tablespoon with it, 'there's plenty for all. Now, Harry.'

" 'Take it,' ses the skipper.

"Harry took it, an' the fuss he made you'd ha' thought he was swallering a football. It stuck all round his mouth, and he carried on so dredful that the other invalids was half sick afore it came to them.

"By the time the other three 'ad 'ad theirs it was as good as a pantermime, an' the mate corked the bottle up, and went an' sat down on a locker while they tried to rinse their mouths out with the luxuries which had been given 'em.

" 'How do you feel?' ses the skipper.

" 'I'm dying,' ses Dan.

" 'So'm I,' ses Harry; the mate's p'isoned us.'

"The skipper looks over at the mate very stern an' shakes his 'ead slowly.

" 'It's all right,' ses the mate. 'It's always like that the first dozen or so doses.'

" 'Dozen or so doses!' ses old Dan, in a far-away voice.

" 'It has to be taken every twenty minutes,' ses the mate; an' the four men groaned all together.

" 'I can't allow it,' ses the skipper, 'I can't allow it. Men's lives mustn't be sacrificed for an experiment.'

" ' 'Tain't a experiment,' ses the mate very indignant, 'it's an old family medicine.'

" 'Well, they sha'n't have any more,' ses the skipper.'

" 'Look here,' ses the mate. 'If I kill any one o' these men I'll give you twenty pound, I will.'

" 'Make it twenty-five,' ses the skipper, considering.

" 'Very good,' ses the mate. 'Twenty-five; I can't say no fairer than that, can I? It's about time for another dose now.'

"He gave 'em another tablespoonful all round as the skipper left, an' the chaps that wasn't invalids nearly bust with joy. He wouldn't let 'em have anything to take the taste out, 'cos he said it didn't give the medicine a chance, an' he told us other chaps to remove the temptation, an' you bet we did.

"After the fifth dose, the invalids began to get desperate, an' when they heard they'd got to be woke up every twenty minutes through the night to take the stuff, they sort o' give up. Old Dan said he felt a gentle glow stealing over him and strengthening him, and Harry said that it felt like a healing balm to his lungs. All of 'em agreed it was a wonderful sort o' medicine, an' arter the sixth dose the man with paralysis dashed up on deck, and ran up the rigging like a cat. He sat there for hours spitting, an' swore he'd brain anybody who interrupted him, an' arter a little while Mike Rafferty went up an j'ined him, an' if the fust mate's ears didn't burn by reason of the things them two pore sufferers said about 'im, they ought to.

"They was all doing full work next day, an' though, o' course, the skipper saw how he'd been done, he didn't allude to it. Not in words, that is; but when a man tries to make four chaps do the work of eight, an' hits 'em when they don't, it's a easy job to see where the shoe pinches."

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So They Say

European Newspapermen: *visiting the United States as a delegation, propound a question*

"Why are all mayors and policemen in the country Irish?"

Arthur Stanley Eddington: *professor at Cambridge University, England*

"The interaction of ourselves with our environment is what makes up experience."

Dr. Hjalmar Schacht: *German delegate to the Reparations Conference in Paris*

"It is about time we realized that all this anti-American 'Shylock' howl is based on complete misjudgment of American psychology. America . . . only asks of every person, and still more of every nation, that it assume full responsibility for its own actions and obligations."

Dr. Ivan Pavlov: *Russian scientist*

"The achievements of science in the past century give us the right to affirm that absolutely nothing may be considered as impossible."

André Maurois: *French biographer and cosmopolite, gives some sound advice "On Living in England," in the "Atlantic Monthly"*

"Don't commit murder in England. You will be hanged. Before a French jury, if you have imagination, a romantic air, and a good lawyer, you can, without much effort, save your skin. These dozen Englishmen will listen with outraged surprise while you describe your sentimental agonies, and will condemn you to be hanged by the neck until you are dead."

Mrs. Mary Hastings Bradley: *hunting in the jungles of Siam, experiences a first encounter with a tiger*

"Out of the wall of shadows came a gleam of gold and black—vivid as lightning against the green—and the tiger walked out of the jungle. Elephants by moonlight, lions at dawn, gorillas at blazing noon I had seen, but nothing was ever so beautiful and glorious to me as that tiger walking out of his jungle."

Raymond B. Fosdick: *lawyer and sociologist*

"It is always the minorities that hold the key of progress; it is always through those who are unafraid to be different that advance comes to human society."

Robert E. Sherwood: *playwright and critic, says the most important aspect of television will be the broadcasting of "talkies"*

"It is significant that the movies should have learned to 'talk' at this particular time, just when the radio is threatening to cast off its cloak of invisibility. It is a strange coincidence, but it is not by any manner of means an accidental one."

Evelyn Scott: *American novelist, who writes professionally in foreign lands*

" . . . Americans alone seem to have little feeling of home. . . . There is something of the gypsy in all Americans. It brings no pangs to pack up and leave home. Home is anywhere, one city or another, even one country or another."

"The Evening Standard": *Lord Beaverbrook's paper, comments on the public display of amicability between Premier MacDonald and Ambassador Dawes*

"For ourselves, we have no objection to a touch of showmanship in public affairs. . . . Hitherto in too many of our foreign relations we have been like a clumsy performer who bungles what he wants to show and reveals what he ought to hide."

Mrs. Charles Long: *of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Chairman of the Correction Division of Pennsylvania State Federation of Women*

"Women's interest in the problem of prison reform is no longer sentimental, aimed at the saving of the prisoners' souls. It is aimed at the saving of the taxpayers' money and the protection of society."

Samuel Crowther: *economist and writer*

"Few of us buy evenly; we swing from frugality to near or extreme extravagance. But almost no one on the swing back from extravagance ever quite reaches the point of his former frugality."

Mrs. Jean Assolant: *young bride of the French aviator*

"When he came here he knew only three English phrases: 'okay,' 'shall we?' and 'shut up,' but he managed nicely on that."

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William Dana Orcutt:
Boston writer, returns from a visit to the new Turkey

"Extraordinary transformations are going on there. . . . The muezzin drones his calls to prayer, but drones them in vain. Over and over again he tells the Turks that sleep is good but prayer is better. They pay no attention, but go on about their business."

Michael C. Cahill:
president of the New York State Bankers' Association, who has manned many banks

"It is an article of faith in my creed to pick the man who does not take himself seriously, but does take his work seriously."

Viscountess Rhondda:
English authoress, publisher and coal operator, objects to the time-honoured belief in the superiority of a "male brain"

"If I may say so, in a sense the world is divided into men and women, some of whom have brains and some of whom have none. Brains are not a question of sex. Brains are not male or female."

Harold Schwartz:
twenty-three, successfully explains—to Magistrate Farrell of Brooklyn—how he came to pass a traffic signal

"I had the prettiest girl in the world in my car, judge. We were on our way to get a marriage license. I got all mixed up in all my signals. You know how it is!"

Mrs. Pearl Oldfield:
Representative from Arkansas, elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of her husband

"I am inclined to think that this government will continue to be controlled by men, and it should be."

Rev. Dr. Robert W. Wicks:
Dean of Princeton University

"That the only way to do away with unsatisfied desires is to do away with desires was the wrong inference drawn by Buddha. It is the insatiability of man that leads him on to a new beginning when an end is reached."

Henry Ford:
who would prefer to have all his employes between thirty-five and sixty

"It is usual to associate age with years only because so many men and women somewhere along in what is called middle age stop trying. They let themselves be old."

"Jake" Falstaff:
Ohioan, and temporary conductor of the New York "World's" "Conning Tower," confesses to a primal urge

"Yes. I expect to go to Coney Island during my New York adventure. I want to get a look at the Short and Simple Flannels of the Poor."

Peter Witt:
Ohio politician, visits England during an election

"In three hours of British electioneering you will hear less oratory and more logic than you will hear in three years in this country."

Dr. Robert A. Keilty:
pathologist of the U. S. Veterans' Bureau

"People kiss more strenuously than they did fifteen years ago, and the result is a spread in mouth diseases."

Joseph Johnson:
New York's Commissioner of Public Works, commenting on the proposal to oust from City Hall Park a much discussed statuary group representing Civic Virtue

"I do not desire to criticize the sculptor, Mr. Frederick MacMonnies, in the least. We can well admit that it's a fine fat boy, and that they are fine mermaids. But what that has to do with civic virtue I don't know. And where is a man who steps on snakes a statesman?"

Donald M. Marvin:
of the Royal Bank of Canada

"From the economic point of view, we must recognize that the old virtue of rigid frugality may create individual fortunes if it is generally practised, but it does not add to the wealth of the nation. It is on these grounds that one looks with optimism upon the tendency of the consumer to increase the number of items which he considers as necessities. . . ."

Dr. Walter A. Maier:
of the Concordia Theological Seminary

"An uneducated thief will steal a ride on a train, but an educated thief will steal the whole railway system."

Count Hermann Keyserling:
German philosopher and writer, writing in "Harper's"

"Beauty is the result as well as the expression of right proportions. If there is ugliness, this always means that the right equilibrium has not been attained, or else that it has been destroyed."

Dean Shailer Mathews:
of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, preaching in New York

"God does not work meaningless miracles. There is said to be a Providence looking after fools and drunken men, but no God watches over foolish nations."

Eunice F. Barnard:
newspaper writer, compares the youngster of today with one of a generation ago

"The American boy of today is almost as different from his father of twenty-one years ago as from a boy in the time of George Washington. He is as different as is his khaki suit from the velvet of Little Lord Fauntleroy. For better or worse, at an age when the old-fashioned boy was still day-dreaming, he is at grips with reality."

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Drawings by
Wallace Morgan

The Restaurant of "The Silver Bells"

By FRANK SWINNERTON

WHEN THEY LIVED in a Norman village, Monsieur and Madame Voudraud were children playing together in the sunshine, and in the winter evenings they continued their play by the fireside. It was such a natural thing that they should come to be regarded as inseparable that the parents of both made a promise to one another that the two should be married as soon as they were of an age. And so, when the years had passed, Antoine, by this time free of all trouble about his voice, and Marianne, grown gradually into a quiet and pleasant girl with straight, black hair and brown eyes that never laughed but always smiled, were married. The marriage took place in the small church, and all their friends were present to watch the timid pair; and afterward there was a wedding breakfast in the July sunshine, and the young priest who had performed the ceremony was present, and the bride and bridegroom, under his eye, were sedate as only very happy and very youthful lovers can be. The day was brilliant and full of promise; and Antoine afterward took his wife away from the village to the neighbouring town of Avranches, where he had recently gone to live and work, and where he had made a little home. And in the town was a church which had silver bells, which were pealing when the lovers arrived, as if in carillon to their future happiness.

The ringing of the silver bells was a sound never forgotten by Antoine and Marianne. They heard it as they drove into the town, and they looked happily at each other, believing this welcoming peal to be an augury without parallel. They both thought that silver bells should ring happily forever in their lives, and they smiled quietly and beautifully at the bells, for they had drunk wine and were intoxicated with happiness. The streets of the town were radiant for them, and the rooms of their dwelling were precious with young ardour; and the bells were so bright and sweet that they seemed to know all the secrets of the two young hearts and to be shedding them like a cascade of sparkling water upon the people and streets and houses of Avranches.

So it was that these two began their days together in hope. They were both young and stupid and innocent—Antoine no less than Marianne, although he was more clumsy and heavy, and she was purer and more eager to find beauty in everything that belonged to Antoine and to herself in the new life. She would have charmed any observer by the grave way in which she accepted the tremendous responsibilities of her position. Her home was always sparkling and neat; her husband's meals were always punctual; everything was clean and fresh and orderly. Her clothes and sheets and tablecloths were simple, but spotless; her knives bright, her plates and forks and spoons shining. She always had a little bunch of flowers upon the table at mealtimes. She was never tired or cross or sad. The smile which lay in her calm eyes never deepened into unkindness or laughter, but was always patient and consoling. She kept her home perfect, and she had only one fault that any husband could possibly have found. It was a single fault, but in spite of any endeavour made by Marianne or Antoine, or both together, it proved to be ineradicable. Marianne, with all her virtues and with all her quiet patience, could never succeed in cooking anything properly. She tried very hard. Antoine tried very hard to be content, to teach her, to appeal to her better wisdom. Every effort was in vain. She could not cook. Poor Antoine pleaded, he stormed, he sulked, he laughed. His gestures were unavailing. His angers were grotesque blots upon their happy

The silver bells of the church were pealing when the lovers arrived.

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domesticity. They produced tears and humiliations and always a passionate reconciliation that had no effect but to make them forget and dread to recall the origin of the conflict. Even his explanations were failures. It was a fatality. His Marianne, otherwise so perfect, lacked the virtue essential to a good wife. She would never be able to prepare food so that Antoine could self-respectingly eat it. That was all, and presently he knew the truth. He remained in love with his wife, but he cooked the meals himself.

Now Antoine had what Marianne lacked. He really savoured a meal, and had an instinct for its ingedients. He was in some way a true-born epicure. Otherwise he would have been content with tough meat and hard potatoes, with cabbage and half-raw puddings. His digestion might have gone, and his teeth, but he would have eaten what she provided. He was not made in that way. He was a man of character and determination. He loved his food, not ravenously, but sincerely and with relish. He could distinguish, moreover, between a rough wine and one that was soft upon his palate. Had he been a millionaire he would have been famed for his cuisine. He would have been able to command as his friends, and especially as his guests, all the gourmets in Europe. But, being a poor man, he ate for his own pleasure. Even in Avranches he had friends who sought his table, but he did not care greatly for these friends, because they all fell in love with his wife and had all by degrees to be repulsed from the home of the Voudrauds. They came to a meal, they came again to a meal, but always their enjoyment of the meal, supreme though it was, led them to an excessive admiration of the hostess. It never occurred to any of them to wonder how she would have apeared to them after a meal of her own cooking.

The climax to this difficult situation arose when one day Antoine brought home the manager of his firm. Poor Antoine had thought to make the manager a friend. The idea had come to him as an inspiration. He had planned a *coup*. He would unlock the manager's heart by the one certain means known to him—through the digestion. He therefore prepared such a meal as the manager had never before tasted. It began with a soup so exquisite that Antoine himself held his breath during the silent, prayerful relish of each mouthful. The manager supped it noisily, his napkin frothing brilliantly from his collar, and he stared all the time with his piggish eyes at Marianne. The meal proceeded to veal stewed to such a delicacy that it melted in Antoine's mouth, along with the sauce of a glorious richness which contained champignons and innumerable savours of which the secret was known only to Antoine, and along with potatoes so perfectly browned that they were beyond description, and spinach that was like cream. The manager wolfed his food and stared all the time with his piggish eyes at Marianne. And when Antoine left them in order to complete the meal with a marvelous *pouding soufflé*, he heard suddenly a sharp cry from his beloved. When he appeared with the sweet he found the manager jerkily morose, and Marianne scarlet with emotion. The rest of the party was flat. The rest of life became flat, for Antoine was discharged from his work and the manager showed himself determined to heap misfortune upon them. The meal had been a failure. Their guest, denied, had become their implacable enemy instead of their friend.

Somebody said one day to Antoine: "You should go to England, to London, to be a cook. You should open a restaurant there." And Antoine, so low in spirits that he had fallen to meals cooked by Marianne, and so poor in pocket that at times he had come even to no meals at all, had an inspiration that this would lead once again to happiness. He warmly shook his friend's hand, new hope in his eyes, so that the face which had grown so thin was wonderfully radiant; and he ran all the way home to Marianne. It was in this way that he came upon her by surprise, and found his ever-cheerful, consoling wife with her head on her arms, crying with the weakness of despair, as though her heart were breaking. In a passion of sympathy and joy he told of this new thing which would make their lives nothing less than a triumphant march to prosperity. He showed Marianne eloquently the vista of successful days and everlasting work as though that prospect were Paradise indeed. And then he said that in their old age, with serene content, they would live happily again in the old village from which they had come, at such peace, in such happy leisure, that the air would seem always full of the sound of silver bells, cascading their message of joy and sunshine. And at his tale Marianne forgot to cry and leaned against him, smiling, with a tear or two, which had set out from the fount of tears before the Armistice, still breaking and trickling upon her cheeks, and her head upon Antoine's swelling breast. Antoine may have been happy, but Marianne was the happier. She alone knew what her misery had been, her sense of responsibility for all, her shame and indignation at the cruelty of everything about them. She alone knew how Antoine's love had grown listless and slightly peevish in the days of trial. That was her bitter secret, never divulged. Thank God, the era of despair was ended! Marianne put it from her with inexpressible relief, the greater because it was the dumb relief of a child little apt in the art of concealing the secrets of misery. She was otherwise still so much a child, also, that her reaction to this good news was more vehement than his. She was in a dream. It was from Marianne, nevertheless, that the first practical question came.

"But where wilt thou obtain the money for this journey, this embarkation upon the new life, my dear one?" she asked. "We have no money."

"It will find itself," said Antoine, firmly. "It will find itself. Fear not, my angel. And I shall yet cook meals which all London will desire to eat. *Mon Dieu!* What dinners! What soups! What sweets! I am in delirium with such prospects before me!"

"Everything shall be without blemish," thought Marianne. "It will be a clean place, with beautiful flowers and light-coloured walls and soft curtains of muslin . . . a clean place, with tablecloths of spotless linen, and shining plates of a most pretty pattern, and polished glasses, and sparkling knives and shining forks. . . ." She was lost in a reverie that carried her

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far beyond present content. Aloud, speaking in her gentle voice, she said, with her lips close to Antoine's ear:

"My dear one, we will make it beautiful. It shall be our happiness. We will call it the restaurant of 'The Silver Bells.'"

EVERYTHING FELL OUT in the happiest of fashions. Marianne went back to the village and Antoine to his friends, and they were able to find the money that was needed. They came to London, were cared for by some compatriots, were helped by them; and at last, after delays and qualms, the restaurant of "The Silver Bells" opened its doors in Soho. It was a clean place, with tablecloths of spotless linen, and shining plates of a most pretty pattern, and polished glasses, and sparkling knives and forks; and Marianne waited at table, and Antoine grew to a flushed heat of triumph in the kitchen. He wore a white cap and white coat, in case he should ever be seen, and Marianne looked a picture of delight for even the most peevish eye. There came at first to their restaurant only a few customers who failed to find room in other restaurants, and a few who thought a sparkling restaurant in Soho rather charming and rather daring to be tried as an adventure. But there came none who expected to get such food as they found. "The Silver Bells"—to the élite—was famous in a fortnight. It was famous only, it must be understood, to the select company of diners in Soho, and that does not mean that it became a popular rage. On the contrary. The experienced diners kept the secret as close as they could—jealously. They tried to keep it from one another, but could not do so. And they were numerous enough to hold the populace at bay. Never again had "The Silver Bells" to depend upon customers who had failed to find other restaurants. It stood by itself, a precious and delightful experience to its patrons.

Marianne ceased to be the waitress. Antoine obtained waiters, and Marianne made them wash their hands and brush their nails and wear clean shirts and collars, which she laundered herself, so that they accorded well with her other plans. She became overseer, and every day went like an angel—a recording angel—over the restaurant, making sure that all was as it should be. Her hand and her eye were unflinching. No sloven was ever allowed to work at this restaurant. All was seen to be as it should be. It was still as it had been in Marianne's dream. And so the weeks and months passed. And Antoine grew fat and ever smiling, and Marianne grew stouter and more grave. They had no children. The restaurant was their child. It was their single preoccupation. Antoine could not forget it even when he was asleep, and often awakened his wife and himself by crying out in the night when some disordered fancy had seized his mind. He went out to the markets early each morning, and Marianne superintended the cleaning of everything. The kitchen was model in its cleanliness and orderliness. Never did the two fail to work in harmony with their ideal. They grew richer, but they did not forget.

He found the manager morose, and Marianne scarlet with emotion.

Five years passed, and five years more. "The Silver Bells" extended its accommodation. It grew to be a larger restaurant; it grew to be a cause of serious concern to Marianne and Antoine. It gave them happiness and unhappiness, but principally happiness. And then, one day, when the evening was spent and the diners satisfied, Antoine fell suddenly ill, and for some days the restaurant lived a crippled life. Marianne obeyed his instructions, given from the bed, besides nursing him, did the marketing, and kept an eye on the kitchen and the service, so that nothing should grow slack during this unfortunate happening. She had a practical grasp of the details, and in all but one respect was as able as Antoine to negotiate the difficulties of the day. Her one disability was met in some measure by the other cooks, who followed a sort of routine with scrupulous steadfastness and hoped for the best. They hoped for Antoine's return, just as the tired and anxious Marianne hoped for it all the while she worked and nursed and kept bravely to her task. But he never recovered, and with renewed hoarse exhortations to Marianne from his sinking pillow to prosecute with a stout heart the work they had begun together, he died within a fortnight of being taken ill. Thus it was that Marianne, at the age of no more than thirty, was left to carry on "The Silver Bells" as best she could by herself.

THOSE WHO SAW the unchanged calm of her demeanour did not know the sorrow that had come upon Marianne, and never guessed the self-distrust behind her dumb effort to do as Antoine wished. For herself, she would perhaps have preferred to sell the business and go back to France; but her parents were now dead, and "The Silver Bells" had eaten into her heart so firmly that her whole life was now bounded by its concerns. Besides which, Antoine had wished her to remain; and it was now her closest link with him. The old love of childhood had gone; the lyric happiness of the early days in Avranches had followed

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it. The new sedate affection, a love that was almost habit and the sense of common endeavour, was not less warm, but it was more practical and sensible, so that it had fewer flowers and ecstasies. She deeply felt the loss of Antoine; she missed him all the time; but she did not show it, and to strangers was still the quiet and rather beautiful young woman who smiled at them and regarded them solely as creatures for whom everything must be kept spick and span and pretty.

In her heart Marianne was often thrown into panic lest she should fail. She knew that she had never had that gusto of initiative which made Antoine vibrate with so much vitality. She knew, too, that her cooks could follow, but that they could not create new dishes. She anxiously watched the *habitués* of "The Silver Bells," and waited for them to begin to disappear. And evening by evening, for six months, she noticed them drop away. They looked at the stereotyped menu or tasted the meats and sweets upon the *carte de jour,* and shook their heads. Marianne saw it all. Gradually the clientèle began to change. Ordinary diners did not notice anything different. The prosperity of the restaurant was undimmed. Its perfection of detail did not grow less, but it lost distinction. And Marianne knew what was wrong, as well as the epicures. "The Silver Bells" was no longer a restaurant for gourmets, because the gourmet-in-chief was gone. Antoine was dead; he could not lead, he could not inspire her. She was doomed to follow, because that was her nature, and without him she had become a mechanical purveyor of safe and moderate dishes which piqued no appetite but that of the hungry.

"The Silver Bells" lay in one of the Soho side streets. It was a quiet and modest building—not, as it has since become, a blazing palace of luxury, but a gray house that sank into dullness as soon as the last diner had gone. One night Marianne had watched all her patrons depart, and had seen the lights extinguished in the upper floors. The kitchens were still. The place was deserted. She went to the door and glanced down the street. It was raining slightly, and everything was very still. She watched distant figures, distant lights, gravely frowning at the leaden sky, and thinking without animation of what she had done that day and what she had to do on the day following. It was no cheerful reverie, and no poignantly sad one, that she enjoyed, for nothing but a hard routine now filled her mind. One day was to her like every day—a dreary succession of calculated imitations of the things she had done when Antoine was alive. No promise of any new happiness was in her heart. She was heavy and tired, and was unconscious of her thoughts. She could only look out from her door in a kind of stupor, dully watching the few pedestrians. One drew her eye at length, because he had once staggered slightly, though for the most part he walked steadily along in the roadway. It was that single stagger which had made Marianne notice the man. She supposed him to be slightly drunk, but as he drew abreast of her she saw that he was deadly pale, as though he were in great pain.

"You are ill," she called to him in French. "Isn't it so?"

"Yes, madame," he answered, pausing before her and then passing on, "I am ill. It is the heart. But it will pass. Good night."

A policeman picked the body up as though it were that of a little boy.

She saw him go by, and watched him into the distance with a wondering eye. The poor man! He was of her own nation, her own class, and he was ill. Ah! She recalled Antoine's illness, which was of the lung, produced by chill and neglect, and she was made suddenly sweetly sad, so that tears brimmed to her eyes. For the first time for months Marianne was conscious of emotion. She was almost happy in her sadness, because this was the first human impulse she had felt for so long.

What wonder that she watched the next night for this passenger, and that each evening thereafter, as he passed upon his homeward way, they exchanged a greeting? But that would have been little if, one night, she had not seen him afar and in danger. He was walking, as usual, in the roadway, his head lowered, regardless of all that might occur; and a flashing light came sharply from a side street—a cab, the driver of which drove at reckless speed right down upon the unconscious figure. Only Marianne saw and appreciated the danger. Her hands met vehemently.

"Take care!" she screamed to her friend. He did not hear. The light swerved. Something happened. Something terrible happened, she knew. Then the light disappeared and all was darkness. And Marianne's friend lay huddled at the side of the street. She screamed again, but did not stay at her door. She ran quickly toward the dreadful little heap which lay so still. Somebody else, also, a man, had seen the accident, and had

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shouted. He, too, ran, for the cab drove so fast that it was out of sight in an instant. Marianne and the stranger, both running, met over the senseless body, and stooped simultaneously. The man lay absolutely crumpled, his cheeks ashen, and his teeth showing.

"He's dead!" cried the other rescuer. "Poor devil!"

"No, no!" Marianne protested, beside herself. "Impossible. Help me to carry him. You see that light? That is my door. Bring him there." She stooped, feverishly dragging the limp arms straight, and raising the heavy head.

By now others had come up, hearing the shout and the scream, and drawn thither by the sight of the body. One of them was a policeman, who picked the body up in his arms, as though it were that of a little boy. Another man ran for a doctor. Accompanied by those who had collected, Marianne returned to "The Silver Bells," where the policeman paused, still carrying his burden. She led the way to an upper bedroom, and in ten minutes the doctor had arrived. He found the invalid already conscious, but still dazed with his shock and in pain from bruises and a broken leg. So it happened that Marianne found herself with a new patient, one who groaned and tossed his head, but who, when she tended him, turned with the most pathetic smile she had ever seen.

By then the policeman, who had taken notes with the help of Marianne's better understanding of her compatriot's speech, had left, and they were alone but for the company of the two girls whose business it was to sweep and scrub "The Silver Bells," and who lived in the house. Marianne, sitting there, smiled back at the stranger, but with interest and concern. It had been she who had discovered that he lived alone in one room behind Goodge Street, that he had neither friends nor relatives, and that his name was Jean Bouget. She had discovered other things about him also, which she had no need to tell the English. He was but little older than herself, he was lonely and unhappy, he needed care. All her sympathy, her shrewd and devoted sympathy, was given him. He became a child in her eyes. With her own hand she held the spoon from which he supped her broth. With her own hand she cut the meat she had fried. His grateful eyes were her reward.

"It is good?" she asked, smoothing the sheet beneath his chin.

"It is kind," answered Jean Bouget.

"No, no. The food . . ." persisted Marianne.

Poor woman! Her fate pursued her.

"Madame," said the invalid, "I am all gratitude."

"You do not like the food?" she begged. "It is not to your taste."

"Madame," admitted Jean, "I have poor appetite. You are so good. The food is . . . excellent."

"Ah!" cried Marianne, with extravagant emotion. "It is ill cooked. You—you, too, are an epicure!"

"Madame," groaned Jean, "it is my trade. It is my calling. I am a cook."

"You are, perhaps," she magnificently guessed, "a saviour. You are a cook. You can tell that I am no cook. Well, it may be that fate has sent you to me. We shall see. I am happy. Sleep now. Sleep well. Tomorrow we shall talk."

One day an epicure, a friend of old, returned.

In a very short time Jean was in charge of the kitchen. He entered it upon the first day with a glance such as an experienced sailor will cast upon a ship, and his smile of joy was clear to all.

"Good!" he remarked. "It is a kitchen. 'The Silver Bells' is famed. I shall increase its fame, for I am an artist."

It was true. For a time the restaurant was still dependent upon its prosaic customers who came for the sake of its name and could not distinguish between the shadow and the reality. It was long before there appeared any change in the body of its patrons. But one day an epicure, a friend of old, who had been for months in another country, returned to London and to "The Silver Bells." He entered and looked around him. Marianne, seeing that once familiar face, stepped forward, her face transfigured. For one who thought little except of spotlessness and taste, she now showed a marvelous intuition. Herself, she went down to the kitchen.

"It is necessary," she whispered to Jean, "that this monsieur's food is prepared as for a veritable gourmet. You understand, my friend. I speak to you from my heart."

It was enough. The returned patron forgave the chattering mob who gave his restaurant an unfamiliar and popular air. He forgave the slight delay. He unbent. He lingered over his meal, stretching his legs and savouring his coffee. Upon the following evening he returned with a friend. They came again. The ancient customers began once more to frequent "The Silver Bells." It was as though a new life had begun, for now the patrons of old, clinging to one room,

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and one part of that room, made a separate world from the popular diners. But they could not drive away these magnificent creatures, who crowded faster and faster, thicker and thicker. Thirty would-be diners were turned away at the busy hour in a single evening. Tables were booked by post, by preliminary visit. Every corner was utilized. "The Silver Bells" had reached the limit of its accommodation. It had become inundated with a flood of patrons. Its fame spread wider. Jean had created a new legend of its greatness, its unsurpassed marvel. And in spite of it all he remained the shy, modest man, so quiet, so timid, who had first responded to Marianne's greeting as he slowly wandered home on that night so many weeks before. His thin, very dark face, his melancholy eyes, his dreamy air, were unchanged. His long, slim hands and leisurely movements were the same. So, too, was his manner to Marianne. You would have supposed him unaware of his triumph. And yet the dishes at "The Silver Bells" were the talk of dining London. They were cunning, but they were more than cunning. They were fascinating, but they were more than fascinating. The rich and distinguished jostled for entry to the restaurant. Those who prided themselves upon the finest culinary judgment, those who had the highest reputation in that field, said, with conviction, "The best food in London is to be had at 'The Silver Bells.' It is a stupid name, but the cooking is superb." Antoine had been an artist, but Jean proved to be a genius. He was the finest cook in the world.

For long, Marianne had no fear. She was stupefied, dazzled, at the progress of events. She saw herself becoming rich, but she remained moderate in all her own disbursements, and she never realized that every success has its corresponding danger. She was proud of Jean, proud of her own perception, and thankful for the accidents which had led him to her kitchen. If doubts of the future had arisen she might well have experienced alarm, but she did not think. She lived in a quiet and pleasant security that sprang from her own innocence. It was not for her to imagine the machinations of others less innocent, less scrupulous than herself. And yet there came gradually with this strange success an atmosphere of faint anxiety. It was nothing, she assured herself, and she had but dreamed something unpleasant of which the shadow lingered unconsciously in her mind. So may such moods of doubt and uncertainty arise in us all. She had no fear. It was true that she received a visit from a stranger who offered to buy the restaurant. She dismissed him. "The Silver Bells" was Antoine's legacy. It was her life. She would not sell it. Suddenly she recognized that if she gave it up she would die. More strangers visited her, with offers to buy the restaurant. To them all she returned the same determined answer. They went away; but Marianne, deeply perturbed, thought the more seriously of this subject, and knew that she could not change her relation to "The Silver Bells." The place, her one beautiful vision, so wonderfully fulfilled, was in her heart forever. It was her life.

But other forces came into the conflict. Marianne had never thought of them. And yet they were the most dangerous of all. One night, as Jean left the restaurant, and she stood, as she always did, near the door, she saw him met by another man, accosted, accompanied along the street. A sharp fear struck her. So strong was the impression made upon her that she departed from her custom and spoke of it to Jean.

"That man," she said, haltingly, "the man whom you saw last night . . . he was a friend?"

Jean did not meet her eyes. "An acquaintance merely," he replied, but in a strange tone with which she was unfamiliar. "I do not know. . . . An acquaintance. He had—business with me."

"Ah, yes—business," agreed Marianne. But her mind was alert with fear. She had glimpsed the danger. It was essential that she should meet it. They were trying to steal Jean from her, so that he might bring money to others. She *must* keep him. What should she do?

Long Marianne pondered, lying at night without rest, and thinking incessantly of this unsleeping danger. She could offer Jean more money, but she could not offer as much money as these others who had great palaces where rich men paid extravagantly for food and wine and entertainment. She was afraid. She could trust only to his loyalty; and even loyalty, when one was offered the salary of a Lord Chancellor, would still perhaps be insufficient. How tremendously afraid Marianne was!

She knew, then, even before Jean spoke to her, what the result of this long intrigue would be. She knew, and consequently dreaded his approach. At last he came, full of humility, of regret. She did not hear his words. She had heard them too often in her thoughts. They were known to her. They were stereotyped in her mind. He had been offered. . . . The temptation was too great. . . . He desired that madame——

"You have, then, accepted this offer, Monsieur Jean?" asked Marianne, in a terrible voice.

"I have made no agreement, madame. But"—Jean was grave and pale. He looked always away from her, with pain and contrition, and his voice was faint, but she believed him resolved—"I do not disguise from you that I desire to——"

"Yes, yes, yes. You have thought of me? Of my position here?"

"So often. I have resisted, refused, solely upon that account. Madame, believe me——"

"Listen," said Marianne. "I have known of this. It has been in my heart so many days. I will tell you all this restaurant means to me. Long ago, when I was much younger and when Antoine lived . . ." She told of the departure from Avranches, of the ideal and its accomplishment, of the days of struggle and success, the intermission, the greater success that had come since that time of dullness and malease. As she spoke the tears came to Jean's eyes as to her own. "You see, Monsieur Jean," she murmured, "how much 'The Silver Bells' has come to mean to me, so that it is my heart, my life. If thou goest, I am forlorn. I have no place in the world, for this is my home and my child. If thou goest I am left with this great child and no way of escape from a second descent into dreary days and nights of aimless labour. . . ."

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So her voice grew more pleading, and she continued while the tears welled from the eyes of both, and her hand was laid upon Jean's arm, and her sad face nearer to his.

"Wilt thou not stay, my friend, and repel these offers that come from men who have no hearts and no visions? I cannot offer the great rewards of these rich men, so base and so merciless. They do not need thee. I do. I need thee more and more and more as the days pass. My need is great. It is the need of one who is without help, with none to care for her and aid her in the great struggle. And what little I can offer in return I will. I will offer thee myself, and all my loving care for the rest of my life and thine. . . . And if thou wilt not accept my offer I am dead already, for there is no life for me if thou goest. . . ."

Marianne's voice had sunk to the lowest murmur, checked often by a strangling, as if the tears which now streamed from her eyes were drowning her. And Jean, too, was crying, and their hands were tightly clasped.

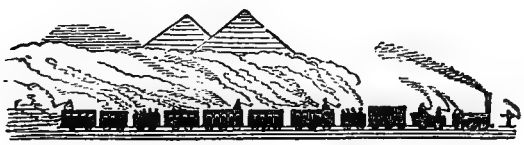
"My beautiful queen!" he said, in his faint voice. "I love thee. I will never leave thee. I will be thy guardian, thy protector. . . ."

"My husband," she begged.

"I will cook thee," asserted Jean, carried away by his enthusiasm, "a wedding breakfast such as no bride has ever before relished. It shall be a boast and a saying in the world for all time."

"Thou art a genius!" cried Marianne.

"I am a slave," he responded, modest still. "But I am a great cook; and in that, if in no other respect, I will do thee justice, my queen, for there I am without equal."



An Imaginary Run on a Turkish Railway

THE FORMATION of the new railway across the Isthmus of Suez is suggestive of some curious speculation as to the mode in which business will be conducted by the Turks, whose tree of knowledge is rather green upon such matters, and may get its owners into a line from which it will not be easy to extricate themselves.

Cruikshank's Comic Almanack, 1844-53.

The Lamp of Aladdin, of course, will be used as a safety signal, and the bowstring (that "great moral engine" which draws everybody in the East into one common terminus) as a signal of danger. It is also understood that the celebrated "Slave of the Ring" will be posted by turns at the different stations to announce the arrival of the trains; and that in place of the electric telegraph, the celebrated telescope of Prince Ali (which beat Lord Rosse's hollow) will be used in conjunction with the Prince Hassein's carpet to discover accidents and despatch assistance; while the apple of Prince Ahmed, which cured all diseases, will be used for the relief of the sufferers. The solemnity of Eastern manners will have a singular effect among the—to us—every-day associations connected with railway traveling. We can fancy a director, on a dividend day, exclaiming, "Holy Profit!" but we can *not* fancy the chairman and directors dining together afterwards at the Bosphorus Blackwall, wherever that may be, without wine or white bait, and getting through the gormandizing process with their fingers. Then, on coming away, what a tedious process it must be; the finding of the slippers which have been left in the hall—an annoyance which an English director could imagine if he had ever been obliged to leave a festive party at the Crown and Scepter in a small Wellington and a big Blucher, belonging to other gentlemen. Of course, the subordinates on the line will be equally polite with their betters. As a train arrives at a station, the Oriental guard will rise from his chibouk, and say, with a profound salaam, "Kosh Amedid! You are welcome!" and express a hope to the party, Pasha or highly-fed Aga, as they alight from the first-class carriages. that their respective shadows may never be less—which, by the way, to men who are wont to indulge in habitual oxen, stuffed with perpetual pistachio nuts, is rather an uncharitable wish than otherwise. Then the official will solemnly approach the second class, and exclaim, "Mashallah, oh ye gents—(there are doubtless gents in the East)—but are the tickets of the faithful ready?" and add, on receiving them, "Bishmillah, the Mare of Mahomet be praised!" To the third class, where the unbelievers will throng, the expression will be—"Allah is great, and Mahomet is his Prophet. Dogs of Christians, tickets!" Reversing the English custom, a carriage must be set apart in every train for the infidels who do *not* smoke.

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Drawings by Frank Boyd

How I Killed a Bear

By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

Chas. Dudley Warner

So many conflicting accounts have appeared about my casual encounter with an Adirondack bear last summer, that in justice to the public, to myself, and to the bear, it is necessary to make a plain statement of the facts. Besides, it is so seldom I have occasion to kill a bear, that the celebration of the exploit may be excused.

The encounter was unpremeditated on both sides. I was not hunting for a bear, and I have no reason to suppose that a bear was looking for me. The fact is that we were both out blackberrying, and met by chance—the usual way. There is among the Adirondack visitors always a great deal of conversation about bears—a general expression of the wish to see one in the woods, and much speculation as to how a person would act if he or she chanced to meet one. But bears are scarce and timid, and appear only to a favoured few.

It was a warm day in August, just the sort of day when an adventure of any kind seemed impossible. But it occurred to the housekeepers at our cottage—there were four of them—to send me to the clearing, on the mountain back of the house, to pick blackberries. It was rather a series of small clearings, running up into the forest, much overgrown with bushes and briers, and not unromantic. Cows pastured there, penetrating through the leafy passages from one opening to another, and browsing among the bushes. I was kindly furnished with a six-quart pail, and told not to be gone long.

Not from any predatory instinct, but to save appearances, I took a gun. It adds to the manly aspect of a person with a tin pail if he also carries a gun. It was possible I might start up a partridge; though how I was to hit him, if he started up instead of standing still, puzzled me. Many people use a shot-gun for partridges. I prefer the rifle: it makes a clean job of death, and does not prematurely stuff the bird with globules of lead. The rifle was a Sharp's, carrying a ball cartridge (ten to the pound)—an excellent weapon belonging to a friend of mine, who had intended, for a good many years back, to kill a deer with it. He could hit a tree with it—if the wind did not blow, and the atmosphere was just right, and the tree was not too far off—nearly every time. Of course, the tree must have some size. Needless to say that I was at that time no sportsman. Years ago I killed a robin under the most humiliating circumstances. The bird was in a low cherry-tree. I loaded a big shot-gun pretty full, crept up under the tree, rested the gun on the fence, with the muzzle more than ten feet from the bird, shut both eyes, and pulled the trigger. When I got up to see what had happened, the robin was scattered about under the tree in more than a thousand pieces, no one of which was big enough to enable a naturalist to decide from it to what species it belonged. This disgusted me with the life of a sportsman. I mention the incident to show that, although I went blackberrying armed, there was not much inequality between me and the bear.

In this blackberry-patch bears had been seen. The summer before, our coloured cook, accompanied by a little girl of the vicinage, was picking berries there one day, when a bear came out of the woods, and walked towards them. The girl took to her heels, and escaped. Aunt Chloe was paralyzed with terror. Instead of attempting to run, she sat down on the ground where she was standing, and began to weep and scream, giving herself up for lost. The bear was bewildered by this conduct. He approached and looked at her; he walked around and surveyed her. Probably he had never seen a coloured person before, and did not know whether she would agree with him: at any rate, after watching her a few moments, he turned about, and went into the forest. This is an authentic instance of the delicate consideration of a bear, and is much more remarkable than the forbearance towards the African slave of the fabled

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lion, because the bear had no thorn in his foot.

When I had climbed the hill, I set up my rifle against a tree, and began picking berries, lured on from bush to bush by the black gleam of fruit (that always promises more in the distance than it realizes when you reach it); penetrating farther and farther, through leaf-shaded cow-paths flecked with sunlight, into clearing after clearing. I could hear on all sides the tinkle of bells, the cracking of sticks, and the stamping of cattle that were taking refuge in the thicket from the flies. Occasionally, as I broke through a covert, I encountered a meek cow, who stared at me stupidly for a second, and then shambled off into the brush. I became accustomed to this dumb society, and picked on in silence, attributing all the wood noises to the cattle, thinking nothing of any real bear. In point of fact, however, I was thinking all the time of a nice romantic bear, and, as I picked, was composing a story about a generous she-bear who had lost her cub, and who seized a small girl in this very wood, carried her tenderly off to a cave; and brought her up on bear's milk and honey. When the girl got big enough to run away, moved by her inherited instincts, she escaped, and came into the valley to her father's house (this part of the story was to be worked out, so that the child would know her father by some family resemblance, and have some language in which to address him), and told him where the bear lived. The father took his gun, and, guided by the unfeeling daughter, went into the woods and shot the bear, who never made any resistance, and only, when dying, turned reproachful eyes upon her murderer. The moral of the tale was to be kindness to animals.

I was in the midst of this tale, when I happened to look some rods away to the other edge of the clearing, and there was a bear! He was standing on his hind-legs, and doing just what I was doing—picking blackberries. With one paw he bent down the bush, while with the other he clawed the berries into his mouth—green ones and all. To say that I was astonished is inside the mark. I suddenly discovered that I didn't want to see a bear, after all. At about the same moment the bear saw me, stopped eating berries, and regarded me with a glad surprise. It is all very well to imagine what you would do under such circumstances. Probably you wouldn't do it: I didn't. The bear dropped down on his forefeet, and came slowly towards me. Climbing a tree was of no use, with so good a climber in the rear. If I started to run, I had no doubt the bear would give chase; and although a bear cannot run down hill as fast as he can run up hill, yet I felt that he could get over this rough, brush-tangled ground faster than I could.

The bear was approaching. It suddenly occurred to me how I could divert his mind until I could fall back upon my military base. My pail was nearly full of excellent berries—much better than the bear could pick himself. I put the pail on the ground, and slowly backed away from it, keeping my eye, as beast-tamers do, on the bear. The ruse succeeded.

The bear came up to the berries, and stopped. Not accustomed to eat out of a pail, he tipped it over, and nosed about in the fruit, "gorming" (if there is such a word) it down, mixed with leaves and dirt, like a pig. The bear is a worse feeder than the pig. Whenever he disturbs a maple-sugar camp in the spring, he always upsets the buckets of syrup, and tramples round in the sticky sweets, wasting more than he eats. The bear's manners are thoroughly disagreeable.

As soon as my enemy's head was down, I started and ran. Somewhat out of breath, and shaky, I reached my faithful rifle. It was not a moment too soon. I heard the bear crashing through the brush after me. Enraged at my duplicity, he was now coming on with blood in his eye. I felt that the time of one of us was probably short. The rapidity of thought at such moments of peril is well known. I thought an octavo volume, had it illustrated and published, sold fifty thousand copies, and went to Europe on the proceeds, while that bear was loping across the clearing. As I was cocking the gun, I made a hasty and unsatisfactory review of my whole life. I noted that, even in such a compulsory review, it is almost impossible to think of any good thing you have done. The sins come out uncommonly strong. I recollected a newspaper subscription I had delayed paying years and years ago, until both editor and newspaper were dead, and which now never could be paid to all eternity.

The bear was coming on.

I tried to remember what I had read about encounters with bears. I couldn't recall an instance in which a man had run away from a bear in the woods and escaped, although I recalled plenty where the bear had run from the man and got off. I tried to think what is the best way to kill a bear with a gun, when you are not near enough to club him with the stock. My first thought was to fire at his head; to plant the ball between his eyes; but this is a dangerous experiment. The bear's brain is very small; and unless you hit that, the bear does not mind a bullet in his head; that is, not at the time. I remembered that the instant death of the bear would follow a bullet planted just back of his fore-leg, and sent into his heart. This spot is also difficult to reach, unless the bear

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stands off, side towards you, like a target. I finally determined to fire at him generally.

The bear was coming on.

The contest seemed to me very different from anything at Creedmoor. I had carefully read the reports of the shooting there; but it was not easy to apply the experience I had thus acquired. I hesitated whether I had better fire lying on my stomach; or lying on my back, and resting the gun on my toes. But in neither position, I reflected, could I see the bear until he was upon me. The range was too short; and the bear wouldn't wait for me to examine the thermometer, and note the direction of the wind. Trial of the Creedmoor method, therefore, had to be abandoned; and I bitterly regretted that I had not read more accounts of offhand shooting.

For the bear was coming on.

I tried to fix my last thoughts upon my family. As my family is small, this was not difficult. Dread of displeasing my wife, or hurting her feelings, was uppermost in my mind. What would be her anxiety as hour after hour passed on, and I did not return! What would the rest of the household think as the afternoon passed, and no blackberries came! What would be my wife's mortification when the news was brought that her husband had been eaten by a bear? I cannot imagine anything more ignominious than to have a husband eaten by a bear. And this was not my only anxiety. The mind at such times is not under control. With the gravest fears the most whimsical ideas will occur. I looked beyond the mourning friends, and thought what kind of an epitaph they would be compelled to put upon the stone. Something like this:

Here Lie the Remains
of
——— ———,
Eaten by a Bear
Aug. 20, 18—.

It is a very unheroic and even disagreeable epitaph. That "eaten by a bear" is intolerable. It is grotesque. And then I thought what an inadequate language the English is for compact expression. It would not answer to put upon the stone simply "eaten"; for that is indefinite, and requires explanation: it might mean eaten by a cannibal. This difficulty could not occur in the German, where *essen* signifies the act of feeding by a man, and *fressen* by a beast. How simple the thing would be in German!—

Hier Liegt
Hochwohlgeboren
Herr ——— ———,
Gefressen
Aug. 20, 18—.

That explains itself. The well-born one was eaten by a beast, and presumably by a bear—an animal that has a bad reputation since the days of Elisha.

The bear was coming on; he had, in fact, come on. I judged that he could see the whites of my eyes. All my subsequent reflections were confused. I raised the gun, covered the bear's breast with the sight, and let drive. Then I turned, and ran like a deer. I did not hear the bear pursuing. I looked back. The bear had stopped. He was lying down. I then remembered that the best thing to do after having fired your gun is to reload it. I slipped in a charge, keeping my eyes on the bear. He never stirred. I walked back suspiciously. There was a quiver in the hind legs, but no other motion. Still he might be shamming: bears often sham. To make sure, I approached, and put a ball into his head. He didn't mind it now: he minded nothing. Death had come to him with a merciful suddenness. He was calm in death. In order that he might remain so, I blew his brains out, and then started for home. I had killed a bear!

Notwithstanding my excitement, I managed to saunter into the house with an unconcerned air. There was a chorus of voices:

"Where are your blackberries?"

"Why were you gone so long?"

"Where's your pail?"

"I left the pail."

"Left the pail! What for?"

"A bear wanted it."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Well, the last I saw of it, a bear had it."

"Oh, come! You didn't really see a bear?"

"Yes, but I did really see a real bear."

"Did he run?"

"Yes; he ran after me."

"I don't believe a word of it. What did you do?"

"Oh! nothing particular—except kill the bear."

Cries of "Gammon!" "Don't believe it!" "Where's the bear?"

"If you want to see the bear, you must go up into the woods. I couldn't bring him down alone."

Having satisfied the household that something extraordinary had occurred, and excited the posthumous fear of some of them for my own safety, I went down into the valley to get help. The great bear-hunter himself, who keeps one of the summer boarding-houses,

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received my tale with a smile of incredulity; and the incredulity spread to the other inhabitants. However, as I insisted in all soberness, and offered to lead them to the bear, a party of forty or fifty people at last started off with me to bring the bear in. Nobody believed there was any bear in the case; but everybody who could get a gun carried one; and we went into the woods armed against all contingencies or surprises —a crowd made up mostly of scoffers and jeerers.

But when I led the way to the fatal spot, and pointed out the bear, lying peacefully wrapped in his own skin, something like terror seized the boarders, and genuine excitement the natives. It was a no-mistake bear, by George! and the hero of the fight—well, I will not insist upon that. But what a procession that was, carrying the bear home! and what a congregation was speedily gathered to see the bear!

And I must say that my particular friends, who were sportsmen, behaved very well, on the whole. They didn't deny that it was a bear, although they said it was small for a bear. Mr. Deane, who is equally good with a rifle and a rod, admitted that it was a very fair shot. He is probably the best salmon-fisher in the United States, and he is an equally good hunter. I suppose there is no person in America who is more desirous to kill a moose than he. But he needlessly remarked, after he had examined the wound in the bear, that he had seen that kind of a shot made by a cow's horn.

This sort of talk affected me not. When I went to sleep that night, my last delicious thought was, "I've killed a bear!"

The Turn *of the* Tide

By JOHN MASEFIELD

An' Bill can have my sea-boots, Nigger Jim can have my knife,
You can divvy up the dungarees an' bed,
An' the ship can have my blessing, an' the Lord can have my life,
An' sails an' fish my body when I'm dead.

An' dreaming down below there in the tangled greens an' blues,
Where the sunlight shudders golden round about,
I shall hear the ships complainin' an' the cursin' of the crews,
An' be sorry when the watch is tumbled out.

I shall hear them hilly-hollying the weather crojick brace,
And the sucking of the wash about the hull;
When they chanty up the topsail I'll be hauling in my place,
For my soul will follow seawards like a gull.

I shall hear the blocks a-grunting in the bumpkins over-side,
An' the slatting of the storm-sails on the stay,
An' the rippling of the catspaw at the making of the tide,
An' the swirl and splash of porpoises at play.

An' Bill can have my sea-boots, Nigger Jim can have my knife,
You can divvy up the whack I haven't scofft,
An' the ship can have my blessing and the Lord can have my life,
For it's time I quit the deck and went aloft.

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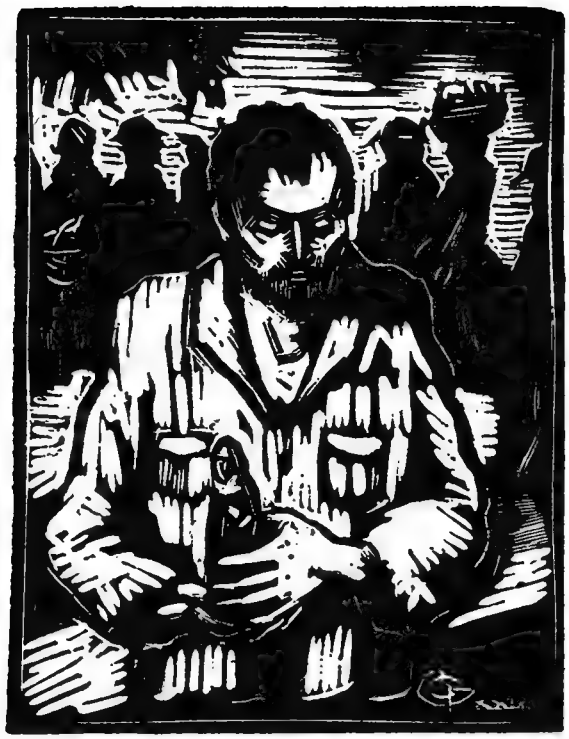

Déporté

Gertrude Shelby

Even in Paramaribo Henri was electrifying. I was sauntering through that ordinary street crowd which never ceased to amaze me, a human motley. Simian-faced Negresses in gaudy, voluminous cottons, jostling each other, gave wide berth to barbaric, tattooed Bush niggers, fresh from jungles where wild tribes live like African natives. Nearly red Indians, in town for the day, lent sharp contrast to yellow Asiatics, Hindu coolies with white turbans and bare legs, Javanese in sarongs, chewing betel nut, occasional bequeued Chinese, plain or cross-bred. A Chinese-Negro-Portuguese-Jew, a malign fellow I had been told was a smuggler, strolled toward me. To Dutch Guiana's ethnological hash, I was reflecting, this mixture is a truly Hollandaise sauce, when suddenly, in that strange melting pot of a street, all these colourful people fused into mere background. For that remarkable face, still, white as plaster-of-Paris, blazed forth as though illuminated, a tragic mask in which black orbs burned.

With indrawn breath of excited discovery, I stopped short. It was not only because he was different that this unknown man was as sensationally interesting as a flashlight. Neither his ghastly pallor, nor his brisk movement in a crowd all languor, nor his grubby, scarecrow figure, ill clad, thin, sharp, accounted for the drama of his mere appearance. Above all material considerations rose some clear certitude of personality, some conviction of spiritual virility, poise; above all, of some intrinsic power of esthetic perception beyond the capacity of the human cattle who surrounded him. His glowing eyes saw everything and nothing, as though trained to observation, yet mainly concerned with vital preoccupations.

He passed. Although I had looked full into his eyes, I did not believe my image on his retina had pierced his abstraction. He was carrying a long bundle from which projected interesting knobs—or was it figures? I wheeled about to work my way back through the crowd and have a closer look. People surged between us. Before I could contrive it, he was gone.

Who was he? No one appeared even to have remarked him. What could explain the presence here in this provincial South American outpost of so distinctive a person? No official or merchant or planter would be so ill garbed. To maintain its dominance, the one per cent. of white population was inclined to be rather dressy. Neither did he suggest a mining engineer or prospector, the only other two groups in which men of special abilities were usually found in Surinam. I could not read the riddle. I tried to console myself that in this small city I could perhaps find him again somewhere.

Seated at my table two days later, I overheard a voice, oddly suave and decidedly French in accent, pleading with our black maid, an awe-inspiring *cottermisse*, ". . . But *l'Américaine*—I came to see her—"

Who could be asking for me, a newcomer in this remote Dutch colonial town? Curiosity sent me to the door in haste, lest I be cheated of seeing some one of interest.

That alabaster face confronted me, the brilliant eyes now personal, appealing. My surprised *"Guten Tag!"* he answered with a deferential *"Bon jour,* madame. *Maintenant* I can show you my work, as I hoped. Perhaps you will buy—"

His doffed hat showed holes in the brim. His suit was torn. I marveled that, having come to the point where peddling was necessary, this astonishing man admitted by his manner no defeat. He gave an inexplicable impression of a prince incognito in rags.

"How did you know about me?" I demanded.

His eyes left my face; his pose stiffened defensively. "I saw you on the street the other day and remembered, afterward, that you looked as though you might understand—my work. To exist I must sell what I make, and customers are not many. To find you—" his tone changed, touched by the soreness of irony—"well, madame, about everybody in the colony and all that goes on we must and do know, we—*déportés.*"

That was the secret, then! He was confessing to me—why, I could not imagine—that he was a deported criminal, escaped from the neighbouring province, French Guiana. With bitter challenge in his

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By
GERTRUDE
MATHEWS
SHELBY

Woodcuts by
H. Glinten Kamp

bearing, he watched me for a show of aversion. I was decidely shocked, yet rebuked myself. Surely I knew many criminals still uncaught! Passingly I was dismayed, too, that *déportés* should be concerned with me, a person of no vast importance at home, and of no significance whatever in this wholly foreign colony. What was the need for such an underground system of intelligence? Further speculation was prevented by my incandescent curiosity about this extraordinary human being. Without bravado, like a man, even like a gentleman, he had made his damaging admission. His infinitely tragic head was held high. Sympathy with such courage fluxed all other emotions.

"I am glad you came. What have you to sell?"

His face brightened. He dropped upon the ground the same long parcel he had carried that other day. I motioned toward it, but he shook his head, while with beautifully shaped, sensitive hands he unwrapped a smaller package first. Modestly he displayed two figurines, one of a young girl, an ethereal embodiment of well-loved Beauty. It was of wood, yet so eloquently modeled rather than carved that I knew the material only from the hint of a grain. Its patine was like bronze. The other statuette brought reverent tears to my eyes, although I am not a "churchy" individual: a hooded figure of the Virgin, graceful, utterly noble. It was not of wood, nor any material I recognized. Both pieces were exquisite in feeling, finish and line. They made me feel humble.

"Anything I could say of these," I said slowly, "would probably be presumptuous. They impress me as superb; work which I am qualified only to enjoy, not to criticize."

HE FLUSHED PAINFULLY with pleasure. "Ah—I knew, you see! You do understand. *Merci*—a thousand times! I am really a sculptor. Every year I had pieces in the Salon. And often I showed my work in England, too. *Mon Dieu!* That life, so largely occupied by creating beauty! I have been thinking too much of it recently. It has made me almost desperate again."

I studied him, dynamic, complex, yet clear cut, pondering the ineffable puzzles of personality and mental attraction. "I will buy from you whatever I can afford," I promised; "but—I am certain that is not all that brought you here."

In his glance there was an uncovering of the compelling hunger in his soul. "I am guilty of great selfishness, madame. My loneliness drove me here to speak today, if never again, to one who appeared to have human feeling; who was not afraid; who might, perhaps, give me hope for my work again. It was not fair to you. By unwritten law no man shakes hands with a *déporté*. A woman who is kind to one risks her reputation. That was why I told you at once, to warn you. Now I had best take myself off—"

"No! Perhaps there is nothing I can do; but talk to me. I do not understand. I have heard that Surinam is a sanctuary to French prisoners escaped from Cayenne. And I should have thought the art-loving Dutch would have been quick to recognize your ability."

He shrugged. "We are grateful, we *déportés*, that Holland refuses extradition with France. We are lucky to be alive, even though struggling without end. But the Dutch merely tolerate us. They condemn utterly. They make *l'ostracisme*. We are given only the dirtiest work to do. Mainly we are employed crookedly, helping smugglers, or as spies, madame. Rather than debase myself to that, I have starved—for they do not want my art."

"Is there no hope of leaving the colony?"

"For others, to whom forgery is nothing, perhaps. *Déportés* usually carry strange passports. But hardly for me, madame. I suppose I am a common criminal, but I do not feel like one."

"I cannot think you are," I agreed, deliberately provocative. "It takes valour to escape from Cayenne. Of course, I do not know your supposed crime—"

He hesitated, looking through rather than at me. By implicit, sympathetic concentration I encouraged him. He resisted almost a full minute; then, as if a dam had washed out, giving way to the urgent pressure of his heart for relief from his burdens, he spoke.

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"For gratitude at your friendliness I could weep, madame. My story I have never told to another soul. Perhaps it will do you no good to hear, but the liberation of confession is too great a temptation. *Très bien.* I committed a real crime. My wife, in Paris, was untidy—unfaithful. Discovering, I forgot the creative artist's constructive philosophy. I behaved like a common, destructive beast. I killed the man."

His face set grimly. "A slight misunderstanding with my wife and two of her family occurred. They hated me. Their testimony . . . But naturally, society, more interested in practicality than in souls, stupidly played its usual *rôle.* A change of air to Cayenne—" his manner became bitterly whimsical—"was deemed imperative.

"YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN a convict ship, *peut-être.* A flaunting *cocotte* of the sea, grotesquely painted. We who were condemned to exile, shackled together, were driven between ranks of soldiers with fixed bayonets upon that vessel of shame. Caged in steel pens we made the slow journey to French Guiana in our floating jail. An awful passage. Arrived at last, we left most of the ship's company in Cayenne. A few of us proceeded further, condemned to *l'Isle du Diable.* Correctly named, madame, a perfected Hades. Since only the lowest class of officials accept appointments to provincial penal colonies, we expected inhumanity. We were not disappointed. Interminable forced labour beneath a cruel tropical sun; appalling food! No hygiene. For the slightest infraction, special *tourment.* The filth, the vice, in that prison! The defilement of the spirit! The appalling eternity of dragging weeks, months, years—

"Ah, then Surinam seemed a sanctuary, the only remaining hope! But one loses initiative, becomes bloodless, weak, terribly afraid. One needs ardour for an attempt to break jail. If one successfully evades the guards, there is a swim of two miles to reach the mainland. In the water one must risk barracuda, morays, pirai, sharks. If one gains shore, the jungle must be dealt with, its terrors more formidable because unfamiliar to men bred in tame countrysides. Somehow one must reach the Dutch boundary, fifty miles away through High Bush, and travel double the distance to make Paramaribo. Without even a map of the country, it seemed impossible. . . . Yet the day came, madame, when my horror of that prison was so intense I could bear it no longer. I faced the choice of rotting in the physical and spiritual filth of that intolerable place or dying, probably, in God's clean forest. I chose the forest."

During an instant of silence my heart beat fast and hard. "How did you get away?" I prompted.

"My closest guard at the island had an accident one day. He severed an artery. No help was near. He might have bled to death. Nothing would have pleased the men more. Instinctively I offered help. While the others scowled, I quickly made a stout tourniquet which checked the gushes of blood. After that he was more kind. He may have guessed. I thought he was deliberately a little careless the night I made my escape.

"To gain the sea I had to knock another guard senseless. Desperately, but with my wits collected, I began that long, hard swim. At one time I had been good in the water. Now a mist helped me, lessening danger of detection. I was nearly ashore before I caught the dreaded rhythm of oars which meant a boat in pursuit. I made the bank and hid.

"Across the still air a cry traveled clearly, *'Voilà! Un requin!'* And a familiar voice replied, 'That shark probably got him. Let's go back, report that, and make no search ashore before morning.'

"The sound of oars receded. Then, in that complete darkness, *sans* compass, *sans* food, *sans* equipment—not even a knife—I started my journey to this place. My two assets were intelligence and a well-developed sense of direction. It is incomprehensible to me, even now, that I should ever have reached Paramaribo.

"I tripped repeatedly over tricky beach vines. Great tree shapes in the deep gloom of the nearby jungle were monstrous. Nocturnal sounds, entirely unlike those of the day, ominous beyond description, assailed me. Once I was sure I saw a man approaching, and slipped within cover of the dense bush. There, facing other terrors, I forgot him entirely. I expected a jaguar to spring any moment, but my special fear was of snakes. I had read of bushmasters, boas, coral snakes, and *fer de lance.* I forced my reluctant feet forward. Something struck me in the face and swung away—I was sure it was a reptile hanging from a branch. I fought it madly before I discovered it was a *liana,* a rope-like tree vine.

"I grappled then with my fears. Sense returned after a while. I regained the open and stumbled onward by the water's edge. As dawn came, I found what I had hoped for—a stream where my trail might be lost in the water. On the other side lay a wet savanna. I was wading in, prepared to swim upstream a long distance, when what had appeared to be logs in the water suddenly came to life—alligators! Possible death—or Devil's Island! I took my chance on those beasts. They did not annoy me.

"I hid that day in the swampy savanna. Once I heard people beating about in the bush opposite, but I saw no one. I did not know when, if ever, I should eat or dare to sleep again, but excitement sustained me. At sunset I crept out to the shore again and made my way for hours along that beach, a mere rim around the savanna. When the sun came again I made up my mind to elude pursuit by committing myself for good to the dark, tangled fastnesses of the bush just ahead.

"Even in broad daylight its terrors were manifold. I knew I must be surrounded by bush edibles. Which were benign and which were poison? I did not know, but ravening hunger had set in, and I began to taste everything. I was lucky. I found *macoosa.* I shook the tree till the orange plums fell in a rain, and I could satisfy my two-days' hunger.

"I picked a difficult way through the bush. Once, hearing something coming, I hastily climbed a young tree from which I saw a band of peccaries. Later, I intruded upon an armadillo's private bath in a pool. He floundered furiously out, leaving me quaking. Toward sunset, pushing through an entangling curtain of tree vines, I disturbed an agouti. I shook with fear, and then saw it was nothing but a rabbit.

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"After sixty hours without sleep, I found a great buttressed tree with a hollow like a cave at its base. With fallen branches I barricaded myself within this shelter. Dark fell and I slept, but not for long. A former furry resident of my tree apartment came sniffling about his old home, apparently determined to drive me out so he could come in. I could not see him, but with sticks I kept him off, whatever he was. I did not dare sleep again. I crawled out at dawn.

"Under the constant terror, the need of sleep and food, I began to be uncertain of myself. Were those genuine monkeys that I saw, or phantoms? Was that beastly animal, hanging wrongside down beneath that limb, a real sloth or imagination? . . . On another day I beat a vulture to a dead fish on the surface of a tiny creek. I ate it raw. . . . I cannot tell you much more. . . . Subsisting on a little fruit, chewing on roots, I fought my way along. Something poisoned me slightly: perhaps a tuber I pulled from a deserted Indian 'ground' or field. It may have been a cassava, which contains prussic acid. I hurt my leg badly and could not disinfect it. My mind went queer. Yet somehow I kept going. . . .

"I feared that I would be found by bush niggers or Indians and taken to Cayenne for the tiny reward for recaptured fugitives, but I saw no man until I came out one day on the bank of a considerable stream. Before I could hide, I had been seen by a 'pork knocker' or prospector. 'Never mind,' he called, 'you needn't worry—that is, if you do right by me.' He came across in his dugout. 'This is the Maroni—the border,' he told me. 'I'll put you safe on Dutch soil if you'll work for me till my black boy comes back.' He looked me over. 'I don't much fancy *déportés*,' he summed up, 'but if you don't get ugly I can use you.'

"I was profoundly grateful. He had a temporary camp there. I cooked and did what work I could—without a knife! He did not trust me enough to let me have one. I was weak and ill. For two days I tried to eat, yet could not. My fever rose. I crawled into the hammock he had given me to sleep in, and my mind went totally blank. When I became conscious again the prospector had decamped. Probably afraid I had an infectious disease. Having saved me, he left me there on that river bank to live or die as, *le bon Dieu* willed. I could not have deserted a dog so without shooting him. I had yet to find out that *déportés* are less than dogs.

"I survived. Why, I do not know, unless it was because I was still satisfied with my choice of action. I crawled to get water. The miner had overlooked some matches, and left an empty tin can, which later became my cooking vessel. By lucky chance I stunned a bird with a stone feebly, erratically thrown. Its meat revived me. Bits I remember about the remainder of that journey—a narrow escape from stepping on a snake, for example—but no connected memory remains. Nevertheless, more like an ape than a man, covered with sores, a skeleton, I ultimately arrived at Paramaribo. Other *déportés* took me with them to that little café behind which most of them sleep, and fed me until I began to recuperate.

"The pinch soon began. To show people what I could do, I secured a little clay and modeled a small group. I hoped that I might do portrait busts. They laughed at me. Who would sit for a *déporté?* How about carving stone or wood for buildings? I asked. For the amount of building here there are too many such workers already. Well, then, graveyard statuary! A mulatto kept such a yard. I begged him to employ me. He drove me out. No *déportés* around his shop!"

He drooped for an instant like an old man. "Thus I came to understand Holland's sanctuary, to know that the Dutch, saving themselves the bother and expense of catching *déportés* for France, despise even what good we do bring to Surinam.

"Once I rejoiced, and thought a real life might begin for me again. I actually found a big fat Dutchman who knew who Henri Beaudin had been in France. He had once seen a piece of my work. He was rich, with a big house and a good and pretty young wife. He gave me an order for a fountain. I thought excitedly, 'Now I shall have a chance! Seeing what I really can do, other people will envy Mynheer, and will want me to model other fountains and figures.' Then my patron named the price: fifteen dollars—and I was to furnish the materials!

"I thought swiftly. It was imperative that I should get started. I must take it.

"'Very well,' I agreed, 'if you will pay the model for the central figure to pose *au naturel.*'

"'I will not,' he told me with coarse stolidity, and went away, leaving me in despair.

"But the next day he returned all smiles. 'I have solved the difficulty,' he assured me triumphantly. 'My wife, she shall pose for you!'

"*Mon Dieu,* I was angry! The mean, low, fatuous swine! Never have I been more furious in my life, not even when I had that slight argument with my wife's

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lover which made work for the undertaker. Such indecency—to propose that, to save himself a few miserable guilders, his own wife should sit in the nude! I have never pretended, even before my unfortunate collision with the law, to be distinguished for virtue. I rather liked to be thought a devil of an artist. Now I am—*déclassé*. Yet at least I have remaining some taste, some pride which, with all his respectability, that Dutchman never felt. I could do no less than refuse his commission with scorn."

I looked at him, this jailbird with the pain-twisted, fascinating face. His princely air arose, then, not only from that creative aristocracy to which the true artist consciously belongs, but from this other source, a chivalry capable of dominating practical considerations, the remnant of some ideal of honour.

He stooped to pick up from the ground that long package which, in the complete absorption of listening, I had forgotten. He did not open it at once. His voice, rich and low, took on new poignancy.

"It was then that I reached the lowest ebb of depression. All avenues were closed. I was sunk in misery. I have always found the idea of death ugly, yet my very ability to hope seemed atrophied. It was the figure in your hand, madame, that saved me. Curiosity still lived. Examining balata, a wild first cousin of rubber, I picked up a lump of its coagulating milk. Its malleability brought me sharp joy—I discovered it to be an odd and interesting medium. Under my excited fingers that figure took the shape suggested by the prayer in my heart—the Virgin. I felt ecstasy as I worked. Hope was reborn. And then —*la Vierge* seemed to come alive in my hands. I felt a sort of radiance. I experienced light—a great flash. *Le bon Dieu!* She—the Merciful—gave me a sign that there was still a way.

"I believed. I covenanted once more with life. Yet never could I have guessed how fantastic was to be the route I should follow. As you may already have found out, for all its wild beauty, this is not a nice colonial civilization in some of its phases. To work the land, the Dutch bring from the Far East many of the inhabitants of the colony—the Hindus, the Javanese. They come under indenture, which is twentieth-century slavery. They are bound only for a term of years, ten at most. When there is work for them they are paid twenty-five cents a day. It is none the less slavery. Coolies are only coolies, at their master's mercy unless he is kind. The system has the terrible accompaniments of human bondage everywhere. Inevitably, since they work Javanese and Hindus on the same plantation, there are race riots. When one is quelled, I have seen the ringleader crawl on his stomach to the overseer's feet.

"In the outfit of an overseer, madame, one thing is essential. This!" Drawing from the package a vicious-looking whip, he put it in my hands. Instinctively I tried the lash in the air, shuddering to hear its brutally effective *swish-sh-sh*. My face blanched.

"You can't devote your talent to those!" I cried.

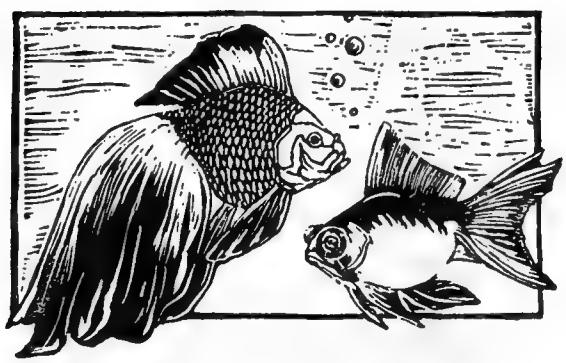
"Madame, I must; I have no choice. Few tourists come, and none buy my statuettes. *La canaille là*, they ignore my figures—but they will buy my whips! I must make what sells. I make them well. They last all too long. I eke out but a scanty living. Consider, madame, my situation. My very existence, miserable as it is, is proof of how I protest against cruel, bestial punishment. *Ah, mon amie—*" His eyes dimmed with tears, his voice shook with anguish. "That my sole subsistence must be gained, my salvation attained, from making instruments for torturing men—is it not pure irony?"

Irony! Words failed me as I looked at the cunning modeling of the dog's head which served as handle for that whip. For into that implement of black hate and human ugliness I perceived that Henri had put as much beauty as he could.

I fumbled in my purse for a bill which would buy the half dozen whips in his bundle. These at least, he should know, would never scar the unfortunate backs of an exploited people. I mumbled that I would buy the two figures also.

"Not *la Vierge*," he said gently. "I keep her always. But the other—with pleasure, madame."

His rare smile of hope, as I handled his lovely work with the respect which was its due, tore my heart. Thus began my strange friendship with Henri Beaudin, ex-convict, whose incredibly brave soul the worst that men can do had failed to kill.



Woodcut by Harvey A. Van Valkenburgh

At the Aquarium

Serene the silver fishes glide,
Stern-lipped, and pale, and wonder-eyed!
As, through the aged deeps of ocean,
They glide with wan and wavy motion.
They have no pathway where they go,
They flow like water to and fro,
They watch with never-winking eyes,
They watch with staring, cold surprise,
The level people in the air,
The people peering, peering there:
Who wander also to and fro,
And know not why or where they go,
Yet have a wonder in their eyes,
Sometimes a pale and cold surprise.

Max Eastman.

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A Morality Play for the Leisure Class

By JOHN LLOYD BALDERSTON

SCENE ONE—*From a dark mist a voice is heard in plaintive soliloquy.*

VOICE—This can't be Hell; they've put me in a nice soft chair. I don't believe in Purgatory. (*Doubtfully*) But a fog like this in Heaven. . . . I wish it would clear up. Is anybody there?

(The mist dissipates as a shining PRESENCE, *wearing white robes, with the wings of the Victory in the Louvre and the head of the Hermes at Olympia, appears before a morris chair that stands in the middle of a large, but otherwise bare, drawing-room. The* SOUL *is sitting in the chair. His form is that of a young man, with well-cut, brown business suit, a straw hat on his knees.)*

SOUL *(exclaims in relief)*—Thank goodness you're here! (*Rises deferentially.*) I was afraid they'd sent me to the wrong address. Are you an Archangel—er—your Highness?

PRESENCE—Oh, no, sir. Merely your servant, sir. I am to carry out your commands forever. (SOUL *sits down.*) I have anticipated one wish, sir.

SOUL—What's that?

PRESENCE—Eternal youth! I've taken thirty years from your back.

SOUL—I'm twenty-eight again?

PRESENCE—Forever, sir.

SOUL—That's fine. And you—you are to take orders from me?

PRESENCE—Not only take them, sir. Execute them.

SOUL—I see. You're part of my reward. Do you mind if I call you Clarkson? My old butler, you know. I'd feel more at home. (*The* PRESENCE *bows.*) Queer place. Not what I expected. What about the haloes and the harps?

PRESENCE—They often ask about them at first, sir, before they quite understand.

(Steps forward, makes a circle above the SOUL'S *head. A ring of gold now shimmers there, and a harp appears beside the morris chair. The* SOUL *looks at the harp, then uncomfortably upward at the halo.)*

SOUL—But I don't know how to play this thing. I suppose I've got to learn?

PRESENCE—Not at all, sir. You've got to do nothing here, sir, excepting whatever you please.

(The harp vanishes)

SOUL—That's great! Is this my mansion? Seems a bit bare, I must say, Clarkson.

PRESENCE—Whatever furnishings, pictures, hangings, you desire shall be installed at once.

SOUL—I can have whatever I like? (*The* PRESENCE *assents.*) Regardless of expense?

PRESENCE—In this, as in all things, you speak and I obey.

SOUL *(excitedly)*—I can have everything I want? Absolutely everything?

PRESENCE—Subject only, sir, to restrictions imposed by the nature of this place.

SOUL—What are they?

PRESENCE—You must wish for nothing unpleasant or painful for yourself or others. Pain, suffering, struggle cannot exist on our plane.

SOUL—Just as advertised!

PRESENCE—About your furnishings, sir——?

SOUL—Well, I like the French style. I'll take the best you can give me—Louis Quinze furniture, some pictures and statues—same period, of course—and the right tapestries and what not.

PRESENCE *(bowing)*—We'll do the dining-room afterward, and the rest of the house while you lunch, sir.

SOUL *(jumps up)*—Lunch! That's talking. I'm hungry as the devil.

PRESENCE *(after slight shudder)*—Of course, sir, after your long journey. What will you have, sir?

SOUL—Leave it to you. Something filling. Can I smoke up here?

PRESENCE—Certainly, sir.

SOUL *(brightens; then, gloomily)*—That's something. But of course the place is dry.

PRESENCE—Will you try some Veuve Clicquot, 1906? And before that a Clos de Vougéot? And a Chartreuse with your coffee, sir?

SOUL *(joyfully)*—Well, I'm damned!

PRESENCE *(in tones of respectful reproof)*—Those expletives sir—in this place, sir——

SOUL—I beg your pardon. I should say, I'm blessed.

PRESENCE—Luncheon is served, sir.

(They move toward the door, the SOUL *looking up warily at the halo, which follows him.)*

SOUL—Clarkson, take this thing away, will you?

(Halo vanishes)

[CURTAIN]

SCENE TWO—*The* SOUL *and the* PRESENCE *pause on entering the doorway of the same room, now transfigured as foreshadowed in the previous conversation.*

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SOUL—Best lunch I ever ate. Great stuff, that ambrosia, or was it manna? Hello! No time wasted here. (*Looks about.*)

PRESENCE—Ceiling by Fragonard. Pictures on that wall, Watteaus. A Boucher, there behind you. Tapestries Gobelin. That commode is Boulle work, designs by Berain. The desk in the corner was made for Louis Quinze. The terra-cotta group is by Cloudion. Everything is the best of its kind, sir.

SOUL *(sinks replete on couch)*—This is what I call life!

PRESENCE—Eternity, sir.

SOUL—Are these things originals?

PRESENCE—Oh, yes, sir. Watteau's "Embarquement" there and the "Bureau du Roi" are in the Louvre.

SOUL—Then how can these be genuine?

PRESENCE—We keep the archetypes of works of art. The artist on earth only copies archetypes that we, and our friends in the Other Place, possess.

SOUL—There is art in Hell, then, too?

PRESENCE—Both places of abode possess archetypes, but the bulk of them are here. We have all the sacred art.

SOUL—I don't quite make you out, but if you say these things are originals it's all right. How much is the stuff in this room worth?

PRESENCE—There is nothing to buy here, sir, since you have only to ask to receive. So we can't speak of things here in terms of money.

SOUL *(disappointed)*—Of course that would be true. Then all these masterpieces aren't worth a dollar? Anybody can have things just as good?

PRESENCE—Yes, sir. But if you'd like money, I can bring you any number of millions, in gold or notes as you prefer.

SOUL—What good is it, if it won't buy anything?

PRESENCE—Oh, none, sir, but still some gentlemen, when they first come, like to finger it, so we give it to them as we give jewels to a lady.

SOUL—But every other woman can have stones just as fine?

PRESENCE—Yes, sir, and she soon gets tired of queens' necklaces.

SOUL *(turning it over)*—Yes, I can see she would. . . . Do you have movies and theatres?

PRESENCE—The archetypes of all plays, films, and music are here; performances take place whenever you wish; you select the programs yourself.

SOUL (*pleased*)—It's better than was promised. I've always been too tired in the evenings to enjoy a show. I'll make up for it here.

PRESENCE—You'll have plenty of time to do that, sir. And now, your costume? French of the period, sir?

SOUL—What's the matter with these?

PRESENCE—To match the background, sir.

SOUL *(firmly)*—Nonsense, Clarkson. People don't dress to match their furniture.

PRESENCE—As you wish, sir.

SOUL—Look here; I suppose I can see my friends?

PRESENCE—Any that are here, sir. Some are in the Other Place.

SOUL *(complacently)*—Yes, poor devils. Why couldn't they lead decent, reasonably decent, lives?

PRESENCE—I ought to warn you, sir, before you see anyone, that we don't discuss the Other Place here. We never mention it at all.

SOUL—Very considerate of you. Shows fine feeling, I'm sure. I'll remember. *(With hesitation)* My wife is here, of course?

PRESENCE—Shall I take you to her, sir?

SOUL *(downcast)*—I suppose I have to go?

PRESENCE—That's as you please.

SOUL—But I want to do the right thing.

PRESENCE—You are still confused by earthly scruples, sir. There is no right or wrong; you have no duties, no restrictions; in this existence you are beyond good and evil. Besides, sir, I don't think your wife will be anxious to see *you,* unless she knows that you don't want to see *her.*

SOUL *(confidentially)*—We didn't get along very well, Clarkson.

PRESENCE—Quite so, sir.

SOUL *(hesitating)*—"Beyond good and evil," you said? I always thought you must be very moral here.

PRESENCE—Morality is for man on earth. Elsewhere the concept does not exist.

SOUL—Indeed. (*Pause.*) "They neither marry, nor are given in marriage." So I suppose there's no such thing as bigamy?

PRESENCE—You need have no fears, sir. I understand, sir.

SOUL (*shocked*)—Come, Clarkson. I'm a good Christian. Nothing like that.

PRESENCE—Just as you wish, sir. What do you wish to do now, sir?

SOUL—See the sights, Clarkson. I've not been outside my mansion yet, you know. I want to look over your town, or country, or whatever it is.

PRESENCE—It is the archetype of cities, sir.

SOUL—The New Jerusalem?

PRESENCE—You shall see the great palaces of the thrones, powers, principalities, the temples of jasper and emerald, the streets of gold and the gates of pearl.

SOUL *(awed)*—I thought they were figures of speech.

PRESENCE—Oh no, not here, sir.

SOUL (*eagerly*)—Come along and show me! (*As they move toward the door)* And, Clarkson, since you've got all those archetypes, and no labour troubles, you might clear out all this French junk. Let's have some Italian old masters, and fittings to match. Only double-star goods, mind you.

PRESENCE—Which school do you prefer, sir?

SOUL—I don't know one school from the other. Get me the best, from all schools.

PRESENCE—As you would say on earth, sir, the most expensive?

SOUL—That's it. Market price sets the value. *(Puzzled)* But all the stuff up here has no price. That's what beats me.

PRESENCE—Beyond price, sir. *(Holds door open.)*

SOUL *(drawing long breath)*—What you are going to show me will bowl me over—eh, Clarkson?

PRESENCE *(as they go out)*—All our guests are very much impressed, sir—for the first few days.

[CURTAIN]

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SCENE THREE—*Some time has elapsed. The furniture now is Italian, the room hung with sixteenth-century masterpieces familiar to everybody, while beneath the Leonardos, Raphaels, Correggios, and Titians stand a marble group by Michelangelo and two Donatello bronzes. The ceiling is the one done for the Sistine Chapel, but its colours are fresh as painted, and there are no cracks. The* SOUL *is reclining on a heavily gilded Venetian couch, his feet cocked up on two crouching Cupids at its feet. He wearily throws a copy of a popular magazine on the floor.*

SOUL—Clarkson, I wish you were here. *(The* PRESENCE *reappears as before.)*

PRESENCE—You wished for me, sir?

SOUL *(sighing)*—Clarkson, I dare say what you do for me is no more than I deserve.

PRESENCE—Quite true, sir.

SOUL—But, all the same, I appreciate it.

PRESENCE—Thank you, sir. *(Pause.)*

SOUL—Eternity must be a long time.

PRESENCE—I have found it so, sir. *(Another pause.)*

SOUL—These ladies I meet are getting on my nerves, Clarkson. Too stunning, too clever, too charming, too obliging. What are their names, again?

PRESENCE—Helen, Cleopatra, Theodora, Lady Hamilton.

SOUL—Well, this evening I want to meet some ordinary women. This everlasting perfection palls, Clarkson. It palls.

PRESENCE—Very good, sir.

SOUL—I'm tired of the shows and the movies. The plots are all alike. Why don't some of you supernatural people give us something new?

PRESENCE—We're not allowed to do that, sir. The only archetypes available for exhibition are those of earthly productions.

SOUL—And I've had enough sight-seeing. *(Yawns.)* It's all too infernally beautiful. What I'd really like is some work.

PRESENCE—What kind shall I provide?

SOUL—How can I work here? What is work?

PRESENCE—In this case, something amusing, sir.

SOUL *(rising, and emphasizing his points by platform gesticulation)*—Then it isn't work. Work is trying to do or reach or get something you want. I used to work for money. But whether it's money, a woman, a bird, or a mountain-top you're after, you must want what you work for. Now, when I want anything here I get it at once. Therefore I can't work for it. Nothing to work for, no work. So I must loaf, through eternity.

PRESENCE—Oh, very well reasoned, sir. That's how the philosophers talk, for the first ten years or so after they come.

SOUL *(sitting down)*—What do they do after that?

PRESENCE—What the rest do, sir. Exist.

SOUL—Do people in—in the Other Place have too hot a time to be bored?

PRESENCE—I don't know, sir. I've not been there since the souls began to arrive.

SOUL *(surprised)*—You *have* been there, then?

PRESENCE—Not for forty thousand years, sir. And then I left in a hurry.

SOUL—I've been thinking a lot about the Other Place, Clarkson, since I met my wife.

PRESENCE—Indeed, sir? The meeting was pleasant?

SOUL *(mournfully)*—You very well know it had to be. After it was over, she admitted she was glad to see *me,* for the same reason that made me look *her* up. Said she hoped when she saw me I'd make her angry and perfectly miserable.

PRESENCE—Impossible, sir. We have no such emotions.

SOUL—So I've found out. That's where this getting-whatever-I-want breaks down. When I wish anything unpleasant to happen to me, just for variety or contrast, it doesn't.

PRESENCE—The nature of the place, sir. There can be nothing unpleasant here. Sometimes it seems to me you hardly realize where you are.

SOUL—What makes you think so?

PRESENCE—Just your attitude, sir. You seem aggrieved, yet surely things here are much more tolerable than you were led on earth to expect.

SOUL—It's better than the orthodox expectation.

PRESENCE—And you were confused when you first came, you know.

SOUL—Oh, you mean that fog. It had me going for a minute. But when I saw you I knew at once. *(Sighing)* No use my getting rid of this museum, I suppose? There's nothing better, is there?

PRESENCE—You might try the Greek style, sir. *(Glances at popular magazine.)* Tired of literature already, sir? Too bad you didn't take to the classics on earth.

SOUL—Why?

PRESENCE—We had a Greek professor who cried for joy when he got a roll of Sappho's poems that had been lost in your world for centuries. Then we gave him forty or fifty plays, histories, and what-not, missing since the Dark Ages, and the stuff kept him perfectly happy for twenty years.

SOUL—What did he do after that?

PRESENCE—Went on existing, sir. About the Greeks, sir—shall I furnish your house with hangings, paintings, vases of the best period, with famous paintings and statues destroyed by the barbarians? We have their archetypes. We'll take the Florence David out of your entrance-hall and put the Zeus of Phidias there.

SOUL *(stifling a yawn)*—All right, go ahead. *(Sits up with animation.)* There's one thing left that really would pick me up.

PRESENCE—Only one, sir, already?

SOUL—I'd like to see the world again. I couldn't go back, just for a visit?

PRESENCE—The one thing you can't do here, sir, is leave. But these will serve just as well. *(Produces from under robe a pair of binoculars.)* With these you can see the world. (SOUL *makes gesture of impatience.)* They are very remarkable glasses, sir, especially designed to gratify the strongest human passion.

SOUL—And what is that?

PRESENCE—Curiosity. You can pick out the star Earth, then look at a continent, then focus down to a city, then to a house, and then see right through the walls and into every room. Many arrivals here are amused for years with these, sir.

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SOUL *(pleased)*—Give them here. I knew a lot of people down there whose private lives I'd like to probe, as my paper used to say. (*They go out.*)

SCENE FOUR—*More time has passed. The room is now a Greek hall; on the walls two frescoes correspond to descriptions by ancient writers of the works of Polygnotus in the Poikile, and a painting opposite appears to be the Aphrodite Anadyomene of Apelles. Several statues in marble and bronze—it is clear from debased copies in European galleries—must be the originals of the Cnidian Aphrodite by Praxiteles, Myron's heifer from the Agora, and perished examples of Lysippus and Scopas. The* SOUL *is walking impatiently back and forth on the marble pavement.*

SOUL—Clarkson, I want you. *(The* PRESENCE *enters, looking more at home against the classic background.)* Clarkson, I'm bored. Bored to extinction.

PRESENCE—Not extinction, sir. Not here.

SOUL—I'm sick to death of this eternal life.

PRESENCE—That paradox has escaped you before, sir.

SOUL *(accusingly)*—I've always worked at something. By giving me whatever I want you prevent me from working for it——

PRESENCE (*interrupting*)—You made that clear before, sir. It can't be helped.

SOUL—What am I to do? I'm tired of everything!

PRESENCE—Of watching the world, sir, so soon?

SOUL (*explosively*)—Those cursed binoculars! Clarkson, I never thought myself a saint, down there. But what I've seen since you gave me those glasses! Things seem all right when you look at a crowd in the street, at the outside of things. But when you see inside! (*Gesture of disgust.*) Well, why don't you suggest something? Is this my reward, to be bored to the end of time?

PRESENCE—Strictly speaking, sir, there is no end to time. Our phrase is "from everlasting to everlasting."

SOUL—Everlasting fiddlesticks! I want you to tell me what to do.

PRESENCE—Are you tired of reading, sir?

SOUL—How can I read the nonsense people down there think about life? I know the truth about it now.

PRESENCE—You seemed so pleased to meet your friends, sir.

SOUL—What is there left to talk about? I heard on earth most of what they had to say. I've heard it all now a dozen times. What is there left? What are you standing there for like one of these frozen heathen statues? Suggest something!

PRESENCE—Please don't be angry with me, sir. I carry out my orders, sir; my orders are to do the very best for you I can. I'm in the same boat myself I must say, sir.

SOUL *(surprised)*—Then you're bored here, too?

PRESENCE—Infinitely, sir.

SOUL—Shake. (*They do so.*) You don't show it.

PRESENCE—I believe I did, sir, for my first few thousand years.

SOUL—Good God!

PRESENCE *(shocked)*—You mustn't say that here!

SOUL—There must be something left for me to do!

PRESENCE—Might I suggest that you have your house done over, sir?

SOUL *(wearily)*—Again? What else is there?

PRESENCE—The future.

SOUL—We'll deal with that when we come to it.

PRESENCE—Why not now, sir?

SOUL—I'll bite. What's the answer?

PRESENCE—We have the archetypes not only of art existing and extinct, but of the art that will be. In about three hundred years another great period is coming at Bokhara, the world metropolis of that time. "The Asian Naissance." Let me do you up in that.

SOUL *(angrily)*—I'm sick of your periods and your art. I care no more for your future than your past. What good is any of it? No standard of value, no comparison. My stuff no better than any moth-eaten fellow has in the next street. What's it all *worth?* (*Contemptuously*) A wish!

PRESENCE *(looking at his master's brown suit, now very shabby, and at his battered and spotted straw hat)*—You yourself, sir, might experiment to find more appropriate clothes. We offer an infinity of costumes to harmonize with an infinity of backgrounds. They often amuse our lady visitors for several years; you might be diverted for a time, sir.

SOUL *(more angrily)*—How often have I told you that I won't wear wings or nightgowns? That suit and this hat are all I have to remind me of life, where I sweated and was kicked about and was happy even if I didn't know it, not having your fiendish spy-glasses and going about the world as innocent as I thought down there the girls in finishing-schools were. And what's more, when these wear out, you've got to replace them!

PRESENCE *(resignedly)*—Very good, sir.

SOUL—Why, I was wearing this suit when that fellow's motor ran over me. And you ask me to give it up! My last real experience! My last thrill! *(With rapture)* You can't imagine what agony I felt from my crushed thigh, before I fainted. My last pain!

PRESENCE *(turns away, discouraged, to go)*—I don't know what to propose, sir. But when there is anything you want——

SOUL *(excitedly)*—There is! Pain, that's it. I want to suffer!

PRESENCE—I'm afraid you can't do that here, sir.

SOUL—I'm sick of heaven!

PRESENCE *(puzzled)*—Sick of heaven, sir?

SOUL *(shouts)*—I want to want things I can't have!

PRESENCE *(patiently)*—A contradiction in terms, sir.

SOUL (*more loudly*)—I can't stand this everlasting bliss!

PRESENCE *(mildly)*—We all have to stand it, sir.

SOUL *(howls)*—Whatever the devils do to me can't be so bad as this? *(Screams)* I want to go to Hell!

PRESENCE *(steps back and looks at him in astonishment)*—And wherever do you think you *are,* sir?

(The SOUL *stares in horror as the truth breaks upon him. The Demon, first to recover from their common surprise, respectfully and sympathetically shrugs his wings.)*

(CURTAIN)

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Hors-d'œuvres from the Newest Books

Aubrey Beardsley

The One Thing that Gave Pleasure to John D.

Across the street from him (in 1882) in Cleveland lived a man whom he had known for years. At intervals Rockefeller would run over for an evening's chat—he himself couldn't tell you why. The man visited was a bookworm, and cared as little for money as Rockefeller cared for anything else. The visiting Mr. Rockefeller invariably came upon his neighbour surrounded by shelves of books.

Only once did Rockefeller so much as notice the books; they no more attracted his eye than would a dead wall. Upon arrival, Rockefeller's first move was to ask permission to turn down the gas, for he liked to sit in a self-constructed twilight, and found a flood of radiance disquieting. Then in the half-darkness he would talk—talk of money, always of money. The single time he referred to the books was characteristic. The visited bookworm sat with his finger keeping the place in a volume of Moore's *Life of Byron*. Rockefeller noticed it.

"You get pleasure out of your books, Judge?" he said musingly.

"Yes," responded the bookworm.

"Do you know the only thing that gives me pleasure?" asked Rockefeller, looking up with a fashion of guilelessness, at once sly and bland. "It's to see my dividends coming in," he whispered; "just to see my dividends coming in!" And as he said it he made a drawing, scraping motion across the table with his scooped hand, as though raking in imaginary riches.

John D.—a Portrait in Oils. John K. Winkler.

"True Sorrow Makes a Silence in the Heart"

Because my grief seems quiet and apart,
Think not for such a reason it is less.
True sorrow makes a silence in the heart,
Joy has its friends, but grief its loneliness.
The wound that tears too readily confess,
Can mended be, by fortune or by art,
But there are woes no medicine can dress,
As there are wounds that from the spirit start.
So do not wonder that I do not weep,
Or say my anguish is too little shown.
There is a quiet here, there is a sleep,
There is a peace that I have made my own.
Man by himself goes down into the deep,
Certain, and unbefriended, and alone.

A Cedar Box and Other Poems.
Robert Nathan.

The Tragedy of a Laugh

If Adler had made any resistance at that time, if he had shielded himself against our laughter; if, in those crucial days, he had taken a firm grip on his reins and secretly studied and shown up the teacher in front of the class, no doubt he could have saved himself. But he allowed them to make a guy of him without so much as lifting a hand against it. Never in all my life have I seen a more defenseless soul than Adler. It was not merely that he made no resistance to the gathering storm of ridicule. The most terrible part was yet to come.

For, one day, after stammering out some confused mystical answer until Kio told him to sit down, Adler himself burst out laughing. It was terrifying; the effect of it on us can never be described. His face became a flaming red, his eyes flashed, and his lips kept moving as though at last they had found the word they were groping for, but could not utter it. He made a low bow to the teacher and stumbled blindly to his seat. It was when he heard the soft titter that received him that he himself suddenly broke into a guffaw.

There was more than self-ridicule in it—there was self-annihilation. It was my laugh echoed, the laugh with which I had ruined him. My vengeful laughter had stuck quivering in his soul, like the sharp barb of a poisoned arrow. The memory of my infectious laughter had been destroying him from that hour on. It was not only his classmates who were destroying him; Adler was destroying himself. . . . It was a strange disintegration, and presently the downfall began in earnest. *Class Reunion.* Franz Werfel.

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"The Tumult and the Shouting Die"

The crowd was now very quiet, though cheeks remained wet. Flagging of appreciation this was not, but fatigue. Yet it brought a troubled conscience, and the applause came dutifully, in little flutters. There was a hardier hullabaloo in the distance. Grant was receiving there a boisterous reception. Sherman, later, it might be supposed, was joining him in the reviewing stand. The armies marched in close column, with their lines well dressed, their bayonets at shoulder-arms. People seated at a disadvantage could see, by elongating their necks, that Grant, off yonder, was being saluted by the lowering of colours, and hear a ruffle of the field music.

Mildred was expatiating politely on the beautiful, restless look of the horses in the body of cavalry, and Mrs. Deering was thinking that she would remember her own feelings at the supreme moment of this pageant till her "dying day."

At the end of the procession came several carts filled with humourists who had decorated their nags with carrots, wreaths of onion and turnip, armourings of pots and pans and other twinkling plate. "Sherman's Army" was painted crookedly on a cardboard sign. The plethora of excitement had left the observers indifferent to novelty, yet this twisted echo of their first strong impression was received appreciatively. They were glad that nothing more violent than laughter would now be required of them. . . . The hour had become empty, fit to be devoted to consideration of the weather, the time to go home.

In the grandstand, people, impatient of attention demanded, had already begun to rise; ladies to collect their parasols and their belongings, children to fret. And the avenue, before the mock regiment could get properly out of the way, was trickling once more flowered head-gear of women, top-hats, sunshades. Like the roar of a tide that has swept on to other strands, came mingled vibrations that, here, were past and stale. But it did not disturb the present's business. The music of bands tingled in people's heads. You did not know whether you were actually listening to tunes played farther off, or merely attended trapped echoes. "Marching Through Georgia" thumped vapidly in a hundred minds. Some boys on the pavement began to whistle it.

The Wave. Evelyn Scott.

When A Man Marries!

"It never occurred to you to call me up; no, I guess it didn't! You wanted me to go up there to meet the best dressed people in this town and have them all thinking that I look like Bennettsville, didn't you? Well, I guess you've got your way; that's what I'll look like! I haven't got a single evening dress fit to wear to anything better than sloppy, third-class parties like the one your friends gave us tonight."

"You haven't? Why, what's the matter with that blue one you wore at my inauguration banquet?"

"*Your* inauguration banquet! Oh, my!" She hooted at him. "Talk some more about that; I like to hear you!"

"I wore it!" she shouted. "I wore it at the *banquet*! I'd rather go to that dinner tomorrow night in a wrapper, and I expect that'd prob'ly suit you perfectly. You've done your best to get me there looking like a scarecrow, and I don't want to hear any more from you. Get off to bed." She began to bring dresses from the closet and to dispose them upon the bed for inspection. "Get off that bed and go sit somewheres else. Not on the *sofa!*" she cried at him shrilly, as he moved in that direction. "And not at my dressing table, either. Good heavens! . . . Can't you even keep out of my way?"

It was William who finally, with the tables reversed, begged for the chance to slumber that night. Stella, accompanying her researches with reiterated murmurs of reproach, and allowing him small opportunities for either plaintive explanation or dismal repartee, busily continued to flurry among all the items of her wardrobe, until at last he drowsed in a stiff chair with his head against the wall.

Young Mrs. Greeley. Booth Tarkington.

So Joan Stayed Home

Mrs. Ogden's mouth tightened. "I see," she said; "you and Milly wish to leave home, to leave me now that I have no one else to care for me. You want to hide me away in a tenement house, while you two lead the life that seems amusing to you. This home is to be broken up and I am to go to London. . . . Your father must be turning in his grave, I should think, feeling as he did about your ridiculous notions. And what a father he was, devoted to you both; he killed himself working and striving to make money for you, and this is the gratitude he gets." She began to sob convulsively. "Oh, James!" she wailed, "James, James, why did you ever leave me!"

Joan got up. "Stop it!" she said harshly. "Stop it at once, Mother. You know you're unjust and that you're not telling the truth, and as for my father, he had—oh, never mind, I won't say it, but stop crying and listen to me. Milly and I are young, we've got all our lives before us and we're unhappy here, don't you understand? We are not happy, and we want to go out into the world and do something; we must, I tell you, we can't stay here and rot. It's our right to go, and no one has any business to stop us; you least of all, who brought us into the world. Did we ask to be born? No, you and father had us for your own pleasure. Very well, then, now you must let us go for ours; it's your duty to help us, because you are our mother and we need your help. If you won't help us we shall go just the same, because we must, because this thing is stronger than we are, but——"

Mrs. Ogden clutched at Joan's hand, she dragged her to her, kissing her again and again. "You fool!" she said passionately. "Can't you understand that it's not Milly I care about, or the money, but *you;* will you see that I love you more than anything else in the world?" *The Unlit Lamp.* Radclyffe Hall.

The Golden Book *Editorial Department, as a service to readers, will be glad to furnish information as to publisher, price, etc., of any volume mentioned here.*

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The Third of Three Parts

Woodcut by Charles R. Gardner

Aftermath

By JAMES LANE ALLEN

The Story So Far:

A TWELVEMONTHS' friendship between Adam Moss, the narrator, and Georgiana Cobb, the elder daughter of a neighbouring family of Kentucky gentlefolk, has ripened into love and resulted in their engagement and marriage. The period is that of the 1850's; and in the course of a naïve and almost idyllic narrative the reader is introduced to other members of the Cobb family—Mrs. Cobb, the widowed mother of Georgiana and her sister Sylvia, an elfin and irrepressible girl of eighteen, and the girls' brother Joseph, who is a cadet at West Point.

Adam finds that Georgiana is almost fearful of the love he has for the flowers and birds and beasts of the fields, afraid that his affection for Nature will overshadow his love for her, but he reassures her, and gracefully renounces his pastoral idols. Many are the things the lovers discuss in the course of the quietly passing days just preceding their marriage:—the growing division of sentiment in Kentucky on the question of slavery, a young lawyer by the name of Abraham Lincoln who has begun to come into prominence, and the first faint rumblings of the conflict soon to come between the North and the South.

IV

LAST SUMMER I felled a dead oak in the woods and had the heart of him stored away for my winter fuel: a series of burnt-offerings to the worshipful spirit of my hearthstone. There should have been several of these offerings already, for October is almost ended now, and it is the month during which the first cool nights come on in Kentucky and the first fires are lighted.

A few twilights ago I stood at my yard gate watching the red domes of the forest fade into shadow and listening to the cawing of crows under the low gray of the sky as they hurried home. A chill crept over the earth. It was a fitting hour; I turned indoors and summoned Georgiana.

"We will light our first fire together," I said, straining her to my heart.

Kneeling gaily down, we piled the wood in the deep, wide chimney. Each of us then brought a live coal, and together we started the blaze. I had drawn Georgiana's chair to one side of the fireplace, mine opposite; and with the candles still unlit we now sat silently watching the flame spread. What need was there of speech? We understood.

By-and-by some broken wreaths of smoke floated outward into the room. My sense caught the fragrance. I sniffed it with a rush of memories. Always that smell of smoke, with other wild, clean, pungent odours of the woods, had been strangely pleasant to me. I remember thinking of them, when a boy, as incense perpetually and reverently set free by nature towards the temple of the skies. They aroused in me even then the spirit of meditation on the mystery of the world; and later they became inwrought with the pursuit and enjoyment of things that had been the delight of my life for many years. So that coming now, at the very moment when I was dedicating myself to my hearthstone and to domestic life, this smell of wood smoke reached me like a message from my past. For an instant ungovernable longings surged over me to return to it. For an instant I did return; and once more I lay drowsing before my old camp-fires in the autumn woods, with the frosted trees draping their crimson curtains around me on the walls of space and the stars thick in the ceiling of my bedchamber.

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Woodcut by James Reid

My dog, which had stretched himself at my feet before the young blaze, inhaled the smoke also with a full breath of reminiscence, and lay watching me out of the corner of his eye—I fancied with reproachful constancy. I caught his look with a sense of guilt, and glanced across at Georgiana.

HER GAZE WAS BURIED deep in the flames. And how sweet her face was, how inexpressibly at peace. She had folded the wings of her whole life, and sat by the hearth as still as a brooding dove. No past laid its disturbing touch upon her shoulder. Instead, I could see that if there were any flight of her mind away from the present it was into the future—a slow, tranquil flight across the years, with all the happiness that they must bring. As I set my own thoughts to journey after hers, suddenly the scene in the room changed, and I beheld Georgiana as an old, old lady, with locks of silver on her temples, spectacles, a tiny sock stuck through with needles on her knee, and her face finely wrinkled, but still blooming with unconquerable gaiety and youth.

"How sweet that smoke is, Georgiana," I said, rousing us both, and feeling sure that she will understand me in whatsoever figure I may speak. "And how much we are wasting when we change this old oak back into his elements—smoke and light, heat and ashes. What a magnificent work he was on natural history, requiring hundreds of years for his preparation and completion, written in a language so learned that not the wisest can read him wisely, and enduringly bound in the finest of tree calf! It is a dishonour to speak of him as a work. He was a doctor of philosophy! He should have been a college professor! Think how he could have used his own feet for a series of lectures on the laws of equilibrium, capillary attraction, or soils and moisture! Was there ever a head that knew as much as his about the action of light? Did any human being ever more grandly bear the burdens of life or better face the tempests of the world? What did he not know about birds? He had carried them in his arms and nurtured them in his bosom for a thousand years. Even his old coat, with all its rents and patches—what roll of papyrus was ever so crowded with the secrets of knowledge? One august antiquarian! The old king! Can you imagine a funeral urn too noble for his ashes? But to what base uses, Georgiana! He will not keep the wind away any longer; we shall change him into a kettle of lye with which to whiten our floors."

What Georgiana's reply could have been I do not know, for at that moment Mrs. Walters flitted in.

"I saw through the windows that you had a fire," she said, volubly, "and ran over to get warm. And, oh! yes, I wanted to tell you——"

"Stop, *please*, Mrs. Walters!" I cried, starting towards her with an outstretched hand and a warning laugh. "You have not yet been formally introduced to this room, and a formal introduction is necessary. You must be made acquainted with the primary law of its being"; and as Mrs. Walters paused, dropping her hands into her lap and regarding me with an air of mystification, I went on:

"When I had repairs made in my house last summer, I had this fireplace rebuilt, and I ordered an inscription to be burnt into the bricks. We expect to ask that all our guests will kindly notice this inscription, in order to avoid accidents or misunderstandings. So I beg of you not to speak until you have read the words over the fireplace."

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Mrs. Walters wonderingly read the following legend, running in an arch across the chimney:

Good friend, around these hearthstones speak no evil word of any creature

She wheeled towards me with instantaneous triumph.

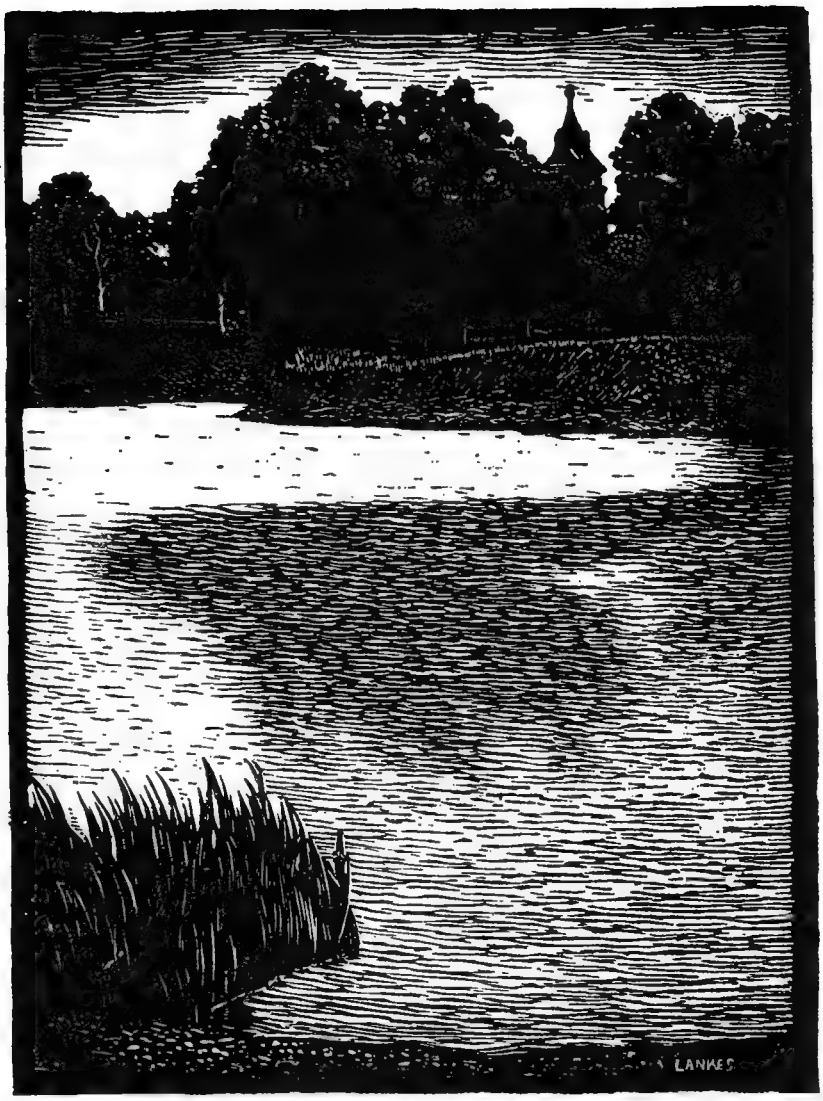
"I'm glad you put it there!" she cried. "I'm glad you put it there! It will teach them a lesson about their talking. If there is one thing I *cannot* stand it is a gossip."

I have observed that a fowl before a looking-glass will fight its own image.

"Take care, Mrs. Walters!" I said, gently. "You came very near to violating the law just then."

"He meant it for me, Mrs. Walters," said Georgiana, fondling our neighbour's hand, and looking at me with an awful rebuke.

"I meant it for myself," I said. "And now it is doing its best to make me feel like a Pharisee. So I hasten to add that there are other rooms in the house in which it will be allowed human nature to assert itself in this long-established, hereditary, and ineradicable right. Our guests have only to intimate that they can no longer restrain their propensities and we will conduct them to another chamber. Mrs. Moss and I will occasionally make use of these chambers ourselves, to relieve the tension of too much virtue. But it is seriously our idea to have one room in the house where we shall feel safe, both as respects ourselves and as respects others from the discomfort of evil-speaking. As long as these walls stand or we dwell in them, this is to be the room of charity and kindness to all creatures."



Woodcut by J. J. Lankes.

Although we exerted ourselves, conversation flagged during the visit of Mrs. Walters. Several times she began to speak, but, with a frightened look at the fireplace, dropped into a cough, or cleared her throat in a way that called to mind the pleasing habit of Sir Roger de Coverly in the Gardens of Gray's Inn.

Later in the evening other guests came. Upon each the law of that fireside was lightly yet gravely impressed. They were in the main the few friends I know in whom such an outward check would call for the least inner restraint; nevertheless, on what a footing of confidence it placed our conversation! To what a commanding level we were safely lifted! For nothing so releases the best powers of the mind as the understanding that the entire company are under bond to keep the peace of the finest manners and of perfect breeding.

And Georgiana—how she shone! I knew that she could perfectly fill a window; I now see that she can as easily fill a room. Our bodies were grouped about the fireplace; our minds centered around her, and she flashed like the evening star along our intellectual pathway.

The next day Mrs. Walters talked a long time to Georgiana on the edge of the porch.

THUS MY WIFE AND I have begun life together. I think that most of our evenings will be spent in the room dedicated to a kind word for life universal. No matter how closely the warring forces of existence, within or without, have pressed upon us elsewhere, when we enter there we enter peace. We shall be walled in from all darkness of whatsoever meaning; our better selves will be the sole guests of those luminous hours. And surely no greater good-fortune can befall any household than to escape an ignoble evening. To attain a noble one is like lying calmly down to sleep on a mountain-top towards which our feet have struggled upward amid enemies all day long.

Although we have now been two months married, I have not yet captured the old uncapturable loveliness of nature which has always led me and still leads me on in the person of Georgiana. I know but too well now that I never shall. The charm in her which

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I pursue, yet never overtake, is part and parcel of that ungraspable beauty of the world which forever foils the sense while it sways the spirit—of that elusive, infinite splendour of God which flows from afar into all terrestrial things, filling them as colour fills the rose. Even while I live with Georgiana in the closest of human relationships, she retains for me the uncomprehended brightness and freshness of a dream that does not end and has no waking.

This but edges yet more sharply the eagerness of my desire to enfold her entire self into mine. We have been a revelation to each other, but the revelation is not complete; there are curtains behind curtains, which one by one we seek to lift as we penetrate more deeply into the discoveries of our union. Sometimes she will seek me out and, sitting beside me, put her arm around my neck and look long into my eyes, full of a sort of beautiful, divine wonder at what I am, at what love is, at what it means for a man and a woman to live together as we live. Yet, folded to me thus, she also craves a still larger fulfilment. Often she appears to be vainly hovering on the outside of a too-solid sphere, seeking an entrance to where I really am. Even during the intimate silences of the night we try to reach one another through the throbbing walls of flesh—we but cling together across the lone, impassable gulfs of individual being.

During these October nights the moon has reached its fulness and the earth been flooded with beauty.

Our bed is placed near a window; and as the planet sinks across the sky its rays stream through the open shutter and fall upon Georgiana in her sleep. Sometimes I lie awake for the sole chance of seeing them float upon her hair, pass lingeringly across her face, and steal holily downward along her figure. How august she is in her purity! The whiteness of the fairest cloud that brushes the silvering orb is as pitch to the whiteness of her nature.

The other night as I lay watching her thus, and while the lower part of the bed remained in deep shadow, I could see that the thin covering had slipped aside, leaving Georgiana's feet exposed.

With a start of pain I recollected an old story about her childhood: that one day for the sake of her rights she had received a wound in one of her feet—how serious I had never known, but perhaps deforming, irremediable. My head was raised on the pillow; the moonlight was moving down that way; it would cross her feet; it would reveal the truth.

I turned my face away and closed my eyes.

V

It is nearly dark when I reach home from town these January evenings. However the cold may sting one's face and dart inward to the marrow, Georgiana waits at the yard gate to meet me, so hooded and shawled and ringed about with petticoats—like a tree within its layers of bark—that she looks like the most thick-set of ordinary-sized women; for there is a heavenly but very human secret hiding in this household now, and she is thoughtfully keeping it.

We press our half-frozen cheeks together, as red as wine-sap apples, and grope for each other's hand through our big lamb's-wool mittens, and warm our hearts with the laughter in each other's eyes. One evening she feigned to be mounted on guard, pacing to and fro inside the gate, against which rested an enormous icicle. When I started to enter she seized the icicle, presented arms, and demanded the countersign.

"Love, captain," I said. "If it be not that, slay me at your feet!"

She threw away her great white spear and put her arms around my neck.

"It is 'Peace,'" she said. "But I desert to the enemy."

Without going to my fireside that evening I hurried on to the stable; for I do not relinquish to my servants the office of feeding my stock.

Believe in the divine rights of kings I never shall, except in the divine right to be kingly men, which all men share; but truly a divine right lies for any man in the ownership of a comfortable barn in winter. It is the feudal castle of the farm to the lower animals, who dwell in the Dark Ages of their kind—dwell on and on in affection, submission, and trust, while their lord demands of them their labour, their sustenance, or their life.

Of a winter's day, when these poor dumb serfs have been scattered over the portionless earth, how often they look towards this fortress and lift up their voices with cries for night to come; the horses, ruffled and shivering, with their tails to the wind, as they snap their frosted fodder, or paw through the rime to the frozen grass underneath, causing their icy fetlocks to rattle about their hoofs; the cattle, crowded to leeward of some deep-buried haystack, the exposed side of the outermost of them white with whirling flakes; the sheep, turning their pitiful, trusting eyes about them over the fields of storm in earth and sky!

Woodcut by J. J. Lankes.

What joy at nightfall to gather them home to food and warmth and rest! If there is ever a time when I feel myself a medieval lord to trusty vassals, it is then. Of a truth I pass entirely over the Middle Ages, joining my life to the most ancient dwellers of the plains, and becoming a simple father of flocks and herds. When they have been duly stabled according to their kinds, I climb to the crib in the barn and create a

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An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THE Bell System must march a pace ahead of the new civilization on this continent, a civilization of better opportunity for the average man. The telephone contributes to the prosperity of the people and adds to the comfort and convenience of living.

It is used by the many. The time and money it saves are as important to the small business as to the large. The humblest home depends on it for aid in emergency, to run errands, maintain friendships. It is the aim of the Bell System to keep telephone service so good and so cheap that it will be used universally to make life richer and better. It seeks to lead the way in social and business growth. It is raising buildings this year in more than two hundred cities, adding vast mileage to the expanding network of cable, and installing new telephones by the hundreds of thousands.

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great landslide of the fat ears that is like laughter; and then from every stall what a hearty, healthy chorus of cries and petitions responds to that laughter of the corn! What squeals and grunts persuasive beyond the realms of rhetoric! What a blowing of mellow horns from the cows! And the quick nostril trumpet-call of the horse, how eager, how dependent, yet how commanding! As I mount to the top of the pile, if I ever feel myself a royal personage it is then; I ascend my throne; I am king of the corn; and there is not a brute peasant in my domain that does not worship me as ruler of heaven and earth.

Or I love to catch up the bundles of oats as they are thrown down from the loft and send them whirling through the cutting-box so fast that they pour into the big baskets like streams of melted gold; or, grasping my pitchfork, I stuff the ricks over the mangers with the rich aromatic hay until I am as warm as when I loaded the wagons with it at midsummer noons.

With what sweet sounds and odours now the whole barn is filled! How robust, clean, well-meaning are my thoughts! In what comfort of mind I can turn to my own roof and store!

This hour in my stable is the only one out of the twenty-four left to me in which my feet may cross the boundary of human life into the world of the other creatures; for I have gone into business in town to gratify Georgiana. I think little enough of this business otherwise. Every day I pass through the groove of it with no more intellectual satisfaction in it than I feel an intellectual satisfaction in passing my legs through my pantaloons of a morning. But a man can study nothing in nature that does not outreach his powers.

•

If time is left, I veer off from the barn to the wood-pile, for I love to wield an axe, besides having a taste to cut my own wood for the nightly burning. This evening I could not but stop to notice how the turkeys in the tree tops looked like enormous black nutgalls on the limbs, except that the wind whisked their tails about as cheerily as though they were already hearth-brooms.

It is well for my poor turkeys that their tails contain no moisture; for on a night like this they would freeze stiff, and the least incautious movement of a fowl in the morning would serve to crack its tail off—up to the "pope's nose."

As I set my foot on the door-step, I went back to see whether the two snowbirds were in their nightly places under the roof of the porch—the guardian spirits of our portal. There they were, wedged each into a snug corner as tightly as possible, so not to break their feathers, and leaving but one side exposed. Happening to have some wheat in my pocket, I pitched the grains up to the projecting ledge; they can thus break their fast in bed when they wake in the morning. Little philosophers of the frost, who even in their overcoats combine the dark side and the white side of life into a wise and weathering gray—the no less fit external for a man.

The thought of them tonight put me strongly in mind of a former habit of mine to walk under the cedar-trees at such dark winter twilights and listen to the low calls of the birds as they gathered in and settled down. I have no time for such pleasant ways now, they have been given up along with my other studies.

This winter of 1851 and 1852 has been cold beyond the memory of man in Kentucky—the memory of the white man, which goes back some three-quarters of a century. Twice the Ohio River has been frozen over, a sight he had never seen. The thermometer has fallen to thirty degrees below zero. Unheard of snows have blocked the two or three railroads we have in the State. News comes that people are walking over the ice on the East River, New York, and that the Mississippi at Memphis bears the weight of a man a hundred yards from the bank.

Behind this winter lay last year's spring of rigours hitherto unknown, destroying orchards, vineyards, countless tender trees and plants. It set everybody to talking of the year 1834, when such a frost fell that to this day it is known as Black Friday in Kentucky; and it gave me occasion to tell Georgiana a story my grandfather had told me, of how one night in the wilderness the weather grew so terrible that the wild beasts came out of the forests to shelter themselves around the cabins of the pioneers, and how he was awakened by them fighting and crowding for places against the warm walls and chimney-corners. If he had but opened his door and crept back into bed, he might soon have had a buffalo on one side of his fireplace and a bear on the other, with a wild-cat asleep on the hearth between, and with the thin-skinned deer left shivering outside as truly as if they had all been human beings.

Such a spring, with its destruction of seed-bearing and nut-bearing vegetation, followed by a winter that seals under ice what may have been produced, has spread starvation among the wild creatures. A recent Sunday afternoon walk in the woods—Georgiana being away from home with her mother—showed me that part of the earth's surface rolled out as a vast white chart, on which were traced the desperate travels of the snow-walkers in search of food. Squirrel, chipmunk, rabbit, weasel, mouse, mink, fox—their tracks crossed and recrossed, wound in and out and round and round, making an intricate lace-work beautiful and pitiful to behold. Crow-prints ringed every corn-shock in the field. At the base of one I picked up a frozen dove—starved at the brink of plenty. Rabbit tracks grew thickest as I entered my turnip and cabbage patches, converging towards my house, and coming to a focus at a group of snow-covered pyramids, in which last autumn, as usual, I buried my vegetables. I told Georgiana:

"They are attracted by the leaves that Dilsy throws away when she gets out what we need. Think of it—a whole neighbourhood of rabbits hurrying here after dark for the chance of a bare nibble at a possible leaf." Once that night I turned in bed, restless. Georgiana did the same.

"Are you awake?" she said, softly.

"Are you?"

"Are you thinking about the rabbits?"

"Yes; are you?"

"What do you suppose they think about us?"

"I'd rather not know."

Georgiana tells me that the birds in unusual numbers are wintering among the trees, driven to us with the boldness of despair. God and nature have forgotten them; they have nothing to choose between but death and man. She has taken my place as their almoner, and nightly renders me an account of what she has done. This winter gives her a great chance, and she adores it. It seems that never before were so many redbirds in the cedars; and although one subject is never mentioned between us, unconsciously she dwells upon these in her talk, and plainly favours them in her affection for the sake of the past. There are many stories I could relate to show how simple and beautiful is this whole aspect of her nature.

A little thing happened tonight.

Towards ten o'clock she brought my hat, overcoat, overshoes, mittens, comforter.

"Put them on," she said, mysteriously.

She also got ready, separating herself from me by so many clothes that I could almost have felt myself entitled to a divorce.

It was like day out-of-doors with the moon shining on the snow. We crept towards the garden, screened behind outbuildings. When we reached the fence, we looked through towards the white pyramids. All that part of the ground was alive with rabbits. Georgiana had spread for them a banquet of Lucullus, a Belshazzar's feast. It had been done to please me, I knew, and out of a certain playfulness of her own; but there are other charities of hers, which she thinks known only to herself, that show as well the divine drift of her thoughtfulness.

She is asleep now—for the sake of the Secret. After she had gone to bed, what with the spectacle of the rabbits and what with our talk beforehand of the many cardinals in the cedars, my thoughts began to run freshly on old subjects, and, unlocking my bureau, I got out my notes and drawings for the work on Kentucky birds. Georgiana does not know that they exist; she never shall. With what authority those studies call me still.

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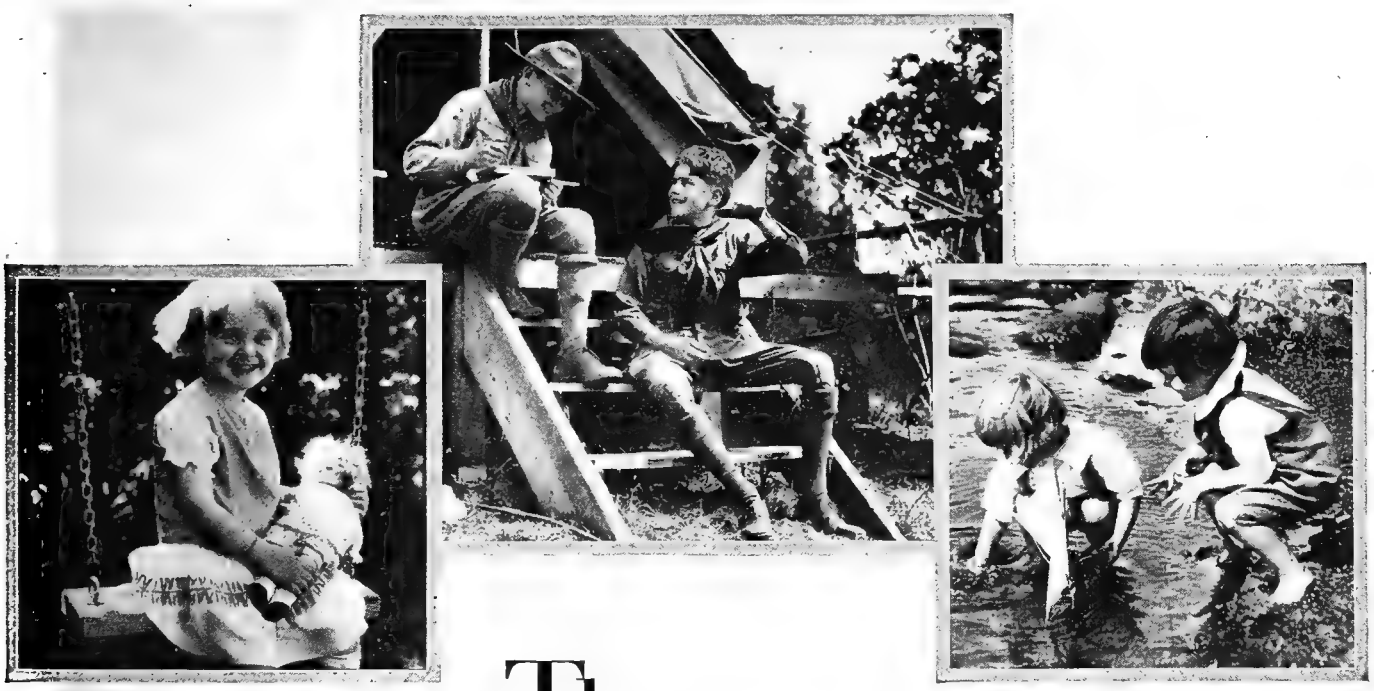

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as with a trumpet from the skies! and I know that trumpet will sound on till my ears are past hearing. Sometimes I look upon myself as a man who has had two hearts; one lies buried in the woods, and the other sits at the fireside thinking of it. But sleep on, Georgiana—mother that is to be. The dreams of your life shall never be disturbed by the old dreams of mine.

VI

THE POPULATION of this town on yesterday was seven thousand nine hundred and twenty; today it is seven thousand nine hundred and twenty-*one*. The inhabitants of the globe are enriched by the same stupendous unit; the solar system must adjust itself to new laws of equilibrium; the choir of angels is sweetened by the advent of another musician. During the night Georgiana bore a son—not during the night, but at dawn, and amid such singing of birds that every tree in the yard became a dew-hung belfry of chimes, ringing a welcome to the heir of this old house and of these old trees—to the dispenser of seed during winters to come—to the proprietor of a whole race of seed-scatterers as long as nature shall be harsh and seasons shall return.

I had already bought the largest family Bible in the town as a repository for his name, Adam Cobb Moss, which in clear euphony is most fit to be enrolled among the sweetly sounding vocables of the Hebrew children. The page for the registration of later births in my family is so large and the lines ruled across it are so many that I am deeply mortified over this solitary entry at the top. But surely Georgiana and I would have to live far past the ages of Abraham and Sarah to fill it with the requisite wealth of offspring, beginning as we do, and being without divine assistance. When the name of our eldest-born is inscribed in this Bible, not far away will be found a scene in the home of his first parents, Georgiana and I being only the last of these, and giving, as it were, merely the finishing Kentucky touch to his Jewish origin.

But I gambol in spirit like a hawk in the air. Let me hood myself with parental cares: I have been a sire for half a day.

I am speechless before the stupendous wisdom of my son in view of his stupendous ignorance. Already he lectures to the old people about the house on the perfect conduct of life, and the only preparation that he requires for his lectures is a few drops of milk. By means of these, and without any knowledge of anatomy, he will show us, for instance, what it is to be master of the science of vital functions. When he regards it necessary to do anything, he does it instantly and perfectly, and the world may take the consequences and the result. He forthwith addresses himself to fresh comfort and new enterprises for self-development. Beyond what is vital he refuses to go; things that do not concern him he lets alone. He has no cares beyond his needs; all space to him is what he can fill, all time his instant of action. He does not know where he came from, what he is, why here, whither bound; nor does he ask.

My heart aches helplessly for him when he shall have become a man and have grown less wise: when he shall find it necessary to act for himself and shall yet be troubled by what his companions may think; when he shall no longer live within the fortress of the vital, but take up his wandering abode with the husks and swine; when he shall no longer let the world pass by him with heed only as there is need, but weary himself to better the unchangeable; when space shall not be some quiet nook of the world large enough for the cradle of his life, but the illimitable void filled with floating spheres, out upon the myriads of which, with his poor, puzzled human eyes, he will pitifully gaze; when time shall not be his instant of action, but two eternities, past and future, along the baffling walls of which he will lead his groping faith; and when the questioning of his stoutest years shall be: Whence came I? And what am I? Why here for a little while? Where to be hereafter? A swimmer is drowned by a wave originating in the moon; a traveler is struck down by a bolt originating in a cloud; a workman is overcome by the heat originating in the sun; and so, perhaps, the end will come to him through his solitary struggle with the great powers of the universe that perpetually reach him, but remain forever beyond his reach. If I could put forth one protecting prayer that would cover all his years, it would be that through life he continue as wise as the day he was born.

THE THIRD OF JUNE once more. Rain fell all yesterday, all last night. This morning earth and sky are dark and chill. The plants are bowed down, and no wind releases them from their burden of large white drops. About the yard the red-rose bushes fall away from the fences, the lilacs stand with their purple clusters hanging down as heavily as clusters of purple grapes. I hear the young orioles calling drearily from wet nests under dripping boughs. A plaintive piping of lost little chickens comes from the long grass.

How unlike the day is to the third of June two years ago. I was in the strawberry bed that crystalline morning; Georgiana came to the window, and I beheld her for the first time. How unlike the same day one year back. Again I was in the strawberry bed, again Georgiana came to the window and spoke to me as before. This morning as I tipped into her room where she lay in bed, she turned her face to me on the pillow, and for the third time she said, fondly:

"Old man, are you the gardener?"

The sky being so blanketed with cloud, although the shutters were open, only a faint gray light filled the room. It was the first day that she had been well enough to have it done; but now the bed in which Georgiana lay was spread with the most beautiful draperies of white; the pillows were rich with needle-work and lace, and for the first time she had put on the badge of her new dignity, a little white cap of ribbons and lace, the long, wide streamers of which, edged with lace, lay out upon the counterpane like bands of the most delicate frost. The fingers of one hand rested lightly on the child beside her, as though she were counting the pulse of its oncoming life. Out in the yard the lilies of the valley, slipping out of their cool sheaths of green leaves, were not more white, more fresh. And surely Georgiana's gaiety is the unconquerable gaiety of the world, the youthfulness of youth immortal.

I went over to her with the strange new awe I feel at my union with the young mother, where hitherto there has been a union with the woman I love. She stretched out her hands to me, almost hidden under the lace of her sleeves, and drew my face down against hers, as she said in my ear,

"*Now* you are the old Adam!"

When she released me, she bent over the child and added, reproachfully:

"You haven't paid the least attention to the baby yet."

"I haven't noticed that the baby has bestowed the least attention upon me. He is the youngest."

"He is the guest of the house! It is your duty to speak to him first."

"He doesn't act like a guest in my house. He behaves as though he owned it. I'm nobody since he arrived—not even his body-servant."

Georgiana, who was still bending over the child, glanced up with a look of confidential, whimsical distress.

"How *could* anything so old be born so young!"

"He will look younger as he gets older," I replied. "And he will not be the first bachelor to do that. At present this youngster is an invaluable human document in too large an envelope: that's all."

Georgiana, with a swift, protecting movement, leaned nearer to the child, and spoke to him:

"It's your house; tell him to leave the room for his impertinence."

"He may have the house, since it's his," I replied. "But there is one thing I'll not stand; if he ever comes between me and you, he'll have to go; I'll present him to Mrs. Walters."

I was not aware of the expression with which I stood looking down upon my son, but Georgiana noticed it.

"And what if he supplants me some day?" she asked, suddenly serious, and with an old fear reviving.

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"Oh, Georgiana!" I cried, kneeling by the bedside and putting my arms around her, "you know that as long as we are in this world I am your lover."

"No longer?" she whispered, drawing me closer.

"Through eternity!"

By-and-by I went out to the strawberry-bed. The season was too backward. None were turning. With bitter disappointment I searched the cold, wet leaves, bending them apart for the sight of as much as one scarlet lobe, that I might take it in to her if only for remembrance of the day. At last I gathered a few perfect leaves and blossoms, and presented them to her in silence on a plate with a waiter and napkin.

She rewarded me with a laugh, and lifted from the plate a spray of blossoms.

"They will be ripe by the time I am well," she said, the sunlight of memory coming out upon her face. Then having touched the wet blossoms with her finger-tips, she dropped them quickly back into the plate.

"How cold they are!" she said, as a shiver ran through her. At the same time she looked quickly at me, her eyes grown dark with dread.

I set the plate hastily down, and she put her hands in mine to warm them.

VII

A MONTH HAS GONE BY since Georgiana passed away.

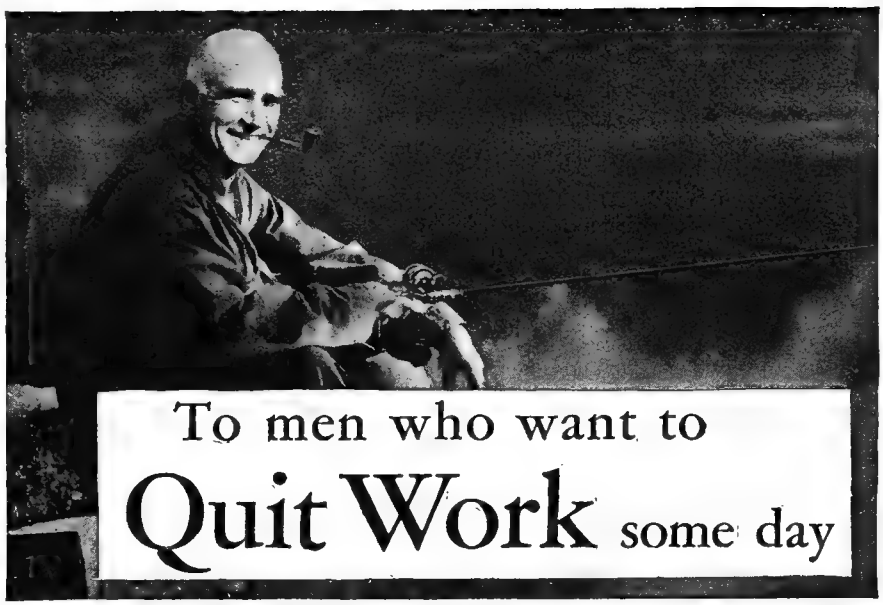
Today, for the first time, I went back to the woods. It was pleasant to be surrounded again by the ever-living earth that feels no loss and has no memory; that which was sere yesterday, is green today, will be sere again tomorrow, then green once more; that pauses not for wounds and wrecks, nor lingers over death and change; but onward, ever onward, along the groove of law, passes from its red origin in universal flame to its white end in universal snow.

And yet, as I approached the edge of the forest, it was as though an invisible company of influences came gently forth to meet me and sought to draw me back into their old friendship. I found myself stroking the trunks of the trees as I would throw my arm around the shoulders of a tried comrade; I drew down the branches and plunged my face into the new leaves as into a tonic stream.

Yesterday a wind storm swept this neighbourhood. Later, deep in the woods, I came upon an elm that had been struck by a bolt at the top. Nearly half the trunk had been torn away; and one huge limb lay across my path.

As I stood looking at it, the single note of a bird fell on my ear—always the same note, low, quiet, regular, devoid of feeling, as though the bird had been stunned and were trying to say: *What can I do? What can I do? What can I do?*

I knew what that note meant. It was



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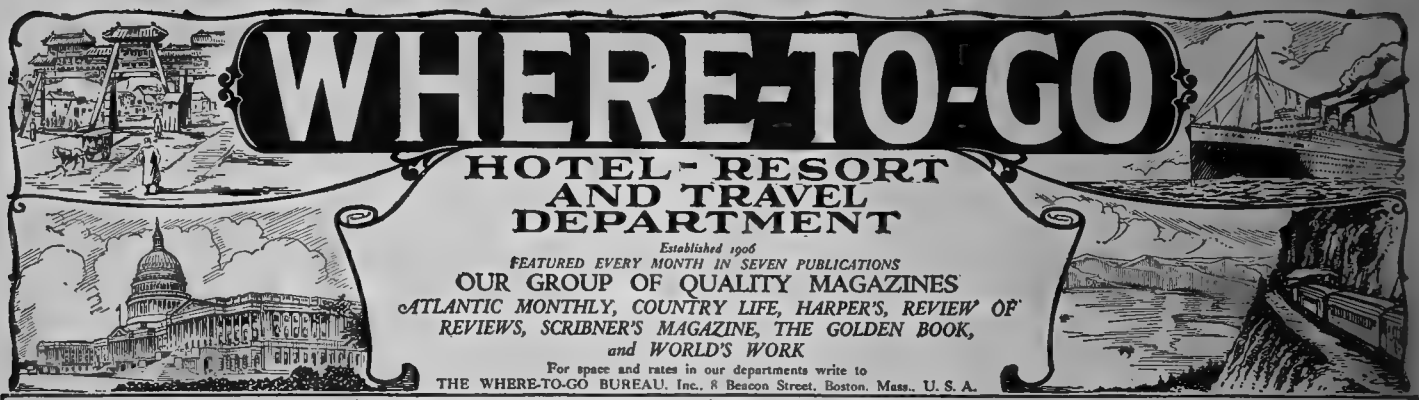

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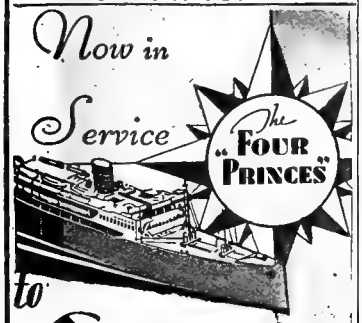

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the note with which a bird now and then lingers around the scene of the central tragedy of its life.

After a long search I found the nest, crushed against the ground under the huge limb, and, a few feet from it, in the act of trying to escape, the female. The male, sitting meantime on the end of a bough near by, watched me incuriously, and with no change in that quiet, regular, careless note—he knew only too well that she was past my harming. The plan for his life had reached an end in early summer.

I sat down near him for a while, thinking of the universal tragedy of the nest.

It was the second time today that this divine wastage in nature had forced itself on my thought, and this morning the spectacle was on a scale of tragic greatness beyond anything that has ever touched human life in this part of the country: Mr. Clay was buried amid the long sad blare of music, the tolling of bells, the roll of drums, the boom of cannon, and the grief of thousands upon thousands upon thousands of people—a vast and solemn pageant, yet as nothing to the multitude that will attend afar. For him this day the flags of nations will fly at half-mast; and the truly great men of the world, wherever the tidings may reach them of his passing, will stand awe-stricken that one of their superhuman company has been too soon withdrawn.

Too soon withdrawn! Therein is the tragedy of the nest, the wastage of the divine, the law of loss, whose reign on earth is unending, but whose right to reign no creature, brute or human, ever acknowledges.

The death of Mr. Clay is one of the many things that are happening to change all that made up my life with Georgiana. She was a true hero-worshipper, and she worshipped him. I no less. Now that he is dead, I feel as much lonelier as a soldier feels whose chosen tentmate and whose general have fallen on the field together.

As I turned away from the overcrowded town this afternoon towards the woods and was confronted by the wreck of the storm, my thoughts being yet full of Mr. Clay, of his enemies and disappointment, there rose before my mind a scene such as Audubon may once have witnessed:

The light of day is dying over the forests of the upper Mississippi. The silence of high space falls upon the vast stream. On a thunder-blasted tree-top near the western bank sits a lone, stern figure waiting for its lordliest prey—the eagle waiting for the swan. Long the stillness continues among the rocks, the tree-tops, and above the river. But far away in the north a white shape is floating nearer. At last it comes into sight, flying heavily, for it is already weary, being already wounded. The next moment the cry of its coming is heard echoing onward and downward upon the broody, silent woods. Instantly the wary watcher on the summit is alert and tense; and as the great snowy image of the swan floats by, in midair and midway of the broad expanse of water, he meets it. No battle is fought up there—the two are not well matched; and thus, separated from all that is little, and struggling far above all that is low, with the daylight dying on his spotlessness, the swan receives the blow in its heart.

So came Death to the great Commoner.

Oh, Georgiana! I do not think of Death as ever having come to you. I think of you as some strangely beautiful white being that one day rose out of these earthly marshes where hunts the dark Fowler, and uttering your note of divine farewell, spread your wings towards the open sea of eternity, there to await my coming.

VIII

It is a year and four months since Georgiana left me, and now everything goes on much as it did before she came. The family have moved back to their home in Henderson, returning like a little company of travelers who have lost their guide. Sylvia has already married; her brother writes me that he is soon to be; the mother visits me and my child, yearningly, but seldom, on account of her delicate health; and thus our lives grow always more apart. None take their places, the house having passed to people with whom, beyond all neighbourly civilities, I have naught to do. Nowadays, as I stroll around my garden with my little boy in my arms, strange faces look down upon us out of Georgiana's window.

And I have long since gone back to nature.

When the harvest has been gathered from our strong, true land, a growth comes on which late in the year causes the earth to regain somewhat of its old greenness. New blades spring up in the stubble of the wheat; the beeless clover runs and blossoms; far and wide over the meadows flows the tufted billows of the grass; and in the woods the oak-tree drops the purple and brown of his leaf and mast upon the verdure of June. Everywhere a second spring puts forth between summer gone and winter nearing. It is the overflow of plenty beyond the filling of the barns. It is a wave of life following quickly upon the one that broke bountifully at our feet. It is nature's refusal to be once reaped and so to end.

The math: then the aftermath.

Upon the Kentucky landscape during these October days there lies this later youth of the year, calm, deep, vigorous. And as I spend much time in it for the fine, fresh work it brings to hand and thought, I feel that in my way I am part of it, that I can match the aftermath of nature with the aftermath of my life. The Harvester passed over my fields, leaving

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them bare; they are green again up to the winter's edge.

The thought has now come into my mind that I shall lay aside these pages for my son to ponder if he should ever grow old enough to value what he reads. They will give him some account of how his father and mother met in the old time, of their courting days, of their happy life together. And since it becomes more probable that there will be a war, and that I might not be living to speak to him of his mother in ways not written here, I shall set down one thing about her which I pray he may take well to heart. He ought to know and to remember this: that his life was the price of hers; she was extinguished that he might shine, and he owes it to her that the flame of his torch be as white as the altar's from which it was kindled.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing, then, in the character of his mother—which, please God, he will have, or, getting all things else, he can never be a gentleman—was honour. It shone from her countenance, it ran like melody in her voice, it made her eyes the most beautiful in expression that I have ever seen, it enveloped her person and demeanour with a spiritual grace. Honour in what are called the little things of life, honour not as women commonly understand it, but as the best of men understand it—that his mother had. It was the crystalline, unshakable rock upon which the somewhat fragile and never-to-be-completed structure of her life was reared.

If he be anything of a philosopher, he may reason that this trait must have made his mother too serious and too hard. Let him think again. It was the very core of soundness in her that kept her gay and sweet. I have often likened her mind to the sky in its power of changeableness from radiant joyousness to sober calm; but oftenest it was like the vault of April, whose drops quicken what they fall upon; and she was of a soft-heartedness that ruled her absolutely—but only to the unyielding edge of honour. Yet she did not escape this charge of being both hard and serious upon the part of men and women who were used to the laxness of small misdemeanours, and felt ill at ease before the terrifying truth that she was a lady. Beyond this single trait of hers—which, if it please God that he inherit it, may he keep though he lose everything else—I set nothing further down for his remembrance, since naught could come of my writing. By words I could no more give him an idea of what his mother was than I could point him to a few measures of wheat and bid him behold a living harvest.

Upon these fields of cool October greenness there rises out of the earth a low, sturdy weed. Upon the top of this weed small white blossoms open as still as stars of frost. Upon these blossoms lies a fragrance so pure and wholesome that the searching sense is never cloyed, never satisfied. Years after the blossoms are dried and yellow and the leaves withered and gone, this wholesome fragrance lasts. The common people, who often put their hopes into their names, call it life-everlasting. Sometimes they make themselves pillows of it for its virtue of bringing a quiet sleep.

This plant is blooming out now, and nightly as I wend homeward I pluck a handful of it, gathering along with its life the tranquil sunshine, the autumnal notes of the cardinal passing to better lands, and all the healthful influences of the fields. I shall make me a tribute of it to the memory of her undying sweetness.

If God wills, when I fall asleep for good I shall lay my head beside hers on the bosom of the Life Everlasting.

[The End]

Hors d'œuvres from the Newest Books

[*Continued from page* 92]

That European Point of View

The driver stopped by the road to tighten the fan-belt, and Kurt skipped out to watch him.

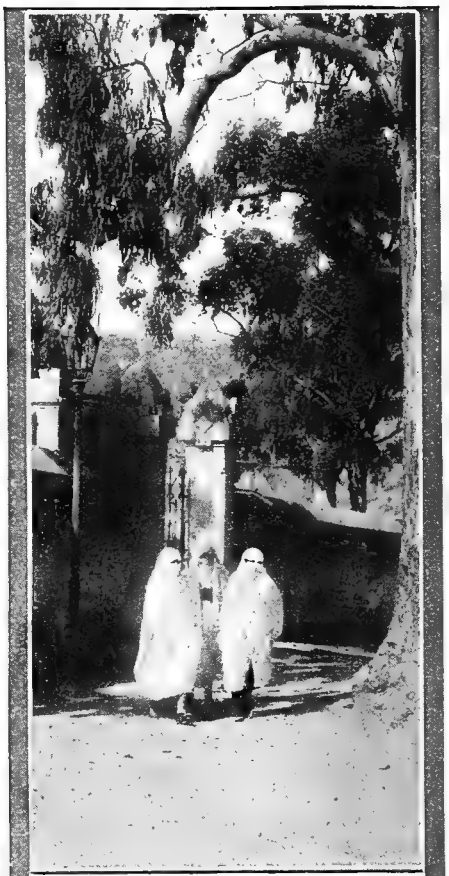
"Kind of like an American, this fellow—this Count," said Sam. "Got a sense of humour, and don't take himself too seriously."

"Oh, no, it's a very different thing," Fran insisted. "He's completely European. Americans are humorous, to cover up their worry about things. They think that what they do is immediately important and the world is waiting for it. The real European has a sense of a thousand years of ancestors like himself behind him; he knows that his love affairs or his politics or his tragedies aren't very different from a hundred that have gone before. And they aren't so violently ambitious for success. . . . They'd rather retire to a little cottage hidden among trees than to build a big stucco house on a hill for strangers to admire. Count Obersdorf doesn't take himself seriously—but he takes Obersdorfs in general seriously. And he *is* rather a lamb, isn't he! I'll be glad, though, when he feels easier with us—when he understands that we're not his 'conscientious tourists.'"

"Yeah, nice fella," said Sam. He was irritated by her self-election to superiority; he was bothered by her desire to have this new suitor consider her superior. When Kurt had scrambled back into the taxi she looked at him as fondly as though he were a bright boy whom she wanted to amuse.

Sam sighed.

Dodsworth. Sinclair Lewis.



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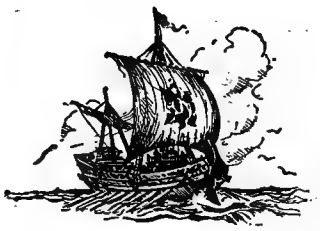

Travel News

By Roger Shaw

Where Are Our Travelers Going?

"Which European country or countries will get the bulk of the American tourist trade during 1929?" was the substance of a question put to several large tourist agencies in the beginning of the summer.

But the agencies were perhaps a little too close to their work; the trees obscured their view of the forest, so to speak. It was not easy for them to answer the query. In the beginning of the season now drawing to its close, the French were aware that American tourists were not going to go to France in satisfactory numbers; a poor 1928-29 winter season gave threat of being followed by an indifferent summer one. The French themselves diagnosed the situation as one which indicated merely a current preference for England and Germany, but the official French travel bureau is quoted as paying a tribute to successful advertising campaigns conducted by those countries and by their steamship and railroad lines.

Attractive booklets deluge our travel bureaus and our desk. Who with money in hand could resist the appeal of the series of booklets which we have before us on the Black Forest, Lake Constance, the Rhine, and other parts of Germany? Irresistible also is the appeal of another series about Sweden which has come to our desk. The text of these Swedish pamphlets is not of the guidebook variety, but is in parts as fascinating as fiction. If the French believe that American tourists are going to Germany in larger numbers than formerly, what will be the story next season with the *Bremen* and the *Europa* in commission?

The Crossroads of the Pacific

"You'll want to Visit Hawaii." Under this title Wallace R. Farrington, former Governor of the Islands, writes in the *Mid-Pacific Magazine* of a corner of the earth that is becoming increasingly popular with those who travel. It is said that last year no less than 20,000 persons made the trip. The tourist is the backbone of Hawaii's newest "industry"; and what with steadily increasing steamship facilities in the Pacific, and ready accessibility from the eastern seaboard of the United States by reason of the Panama Canal, it can be assumed that Hawaii will increasingly become the goal of leisured Americans.

"The Hawaiian Islands, included in the Territory of Hawaii," writes Governor Farrington, "are the most isolated inhabited islands on earth. They are in mid-ocean, more than 2200 miles from their nearest land neighbour, California. . . . They were built up along a crack in the ocean floor by a string of volcanoes, some of which have reared themselves as much as seven miles straight up from the bottom of the ocean."

The largest island, Hawaii, gives its name to the entire group. In all, there are some hundreds of them, scattered through nearly 1500 miles of the Pacific ocean from east to west, and 1000 miles from north to south. There are eight large islands—Hawaii, Maui, Kahoolawe, Lanai, Molokai, Oahu, Kauai, and Niihau. Their total land area is 6454 square miles, slightly less than that of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Delaware combined.

"Where are the volcanoes?" is a usual question with tourists; and Governor Farrington answers that they are not on Oahu, the island on which Honolulu is situated.

"The active volcanoes . . . are all on the island of Hawaii. It is 200 miles from Honolulu to Hilo, the principal seaport and city of the island of Hawaii. This is an overnight run on the splendid ships of the Inter-Island Steam Navigation Company."

From Hilo to the crater of Kilauea is thirty miles by motor highway. The great active volcano of the island is Mauna Loa, 13,675 feet high and the most spectacular on earth.

"During the 1919 eruption of Mauna Loa, for six weeks rivers of molten lava, incandescent with heat, and as fluid as water, rolled down the south slopes of the mountain into the sea," continues Governor Farrington. "When it was all over a new strip of land some 150 feet wide had been built up along a long front of seacoast, where the ocean was formerly deep. The magnitude of such a spectacle is beyond written description." He adds that though travelers from all over the globe have passed through the volcanic regions of Hawaii for many years, there have been practically no casualties.

On the island of Kauai is Waimea Canyon, a miniature duplication of the Grand Canyon of Arizona. It is much smaller, but none the less beautiful, writes the Governor. Its colouring is almost the same, though some travelers say that Waimea's colours are even more beautiful.

Volcanoes and scenery are not all there is to the Territory, which, though under American influence for nearly a century, voluntarily decided to become an integral part of the United States in 1900. There is a vast range of sub-tropical climate, though in Honolulu in 1927 the temperature varied only twenty-six degrees, between 60 and 86, in the entire year. In places an island will be drenched with a rainfall of perhaps 300 inches, while, fourteen miles distant, on the other side of mountains nearly two miles high, the fall is only twenty-five inches a year. And the great bald dome of Haleakala, 10,000 feet high, is frequently covered with snow.

These variations provide the living of the island's inhabitants. For although tourists, lured by the surf, the volcanoes, the scenery, and the climate, provide a major industry—one that brought in about $10,000,000 last year—sugar cane, pineapple, coffee, and other agricultural products are the basic products of the islands. It is to be noted that sugar cane requires heavy rains, and pineapples very little moisture, and coffee something between, with temperature to suit.

"Hawaii not only pays all the expenses of running its own government," comments Governor Farrington, "but is a heavy contributor to the Federal Treasury in Washington. In the year 1921 the Territory paid into the Federal treasury in income taxes, internal revenue taxes, and customs duties a little more than $22,000,000. The entire cost of administring local branches of the Federal government is far less than the revenues paid by the Territory."

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INVESTMENT TRENDS

Markets and Mergers

STOCK EXCHANGE activity during the summer has been, on analysis, an interesting mixture of bulls and bears—and, more recently, we have witnessed a market for the "blue-chip" stocks running simultaneously with a bear market in an almost equal number of less conspicuous stocks.

Using as a basis the Standard Statistics Company's weighted index of 90 stocks, Paul Willard Garrett, financial writer, pointed to the rise of 36 points between May 27 and July 23. Then, analyzing the 619 individual stocks, he revealed that only 150 of them moved into new high ground during this period, while 178 issues moved to a lower level than they had reached on May 27. Also, 277 stocks made some advance, but without reaching a new peak, while 14 stocks showed no change during that period.

In other words, the summer market for the most part has been a selective affair, with advances chiefly in quality issues, and at no time has the public's enthusiasm for stocks reached the feverish state that eventually brought a liquidation in the beginning of December, 1928, and in the early spring of this year.

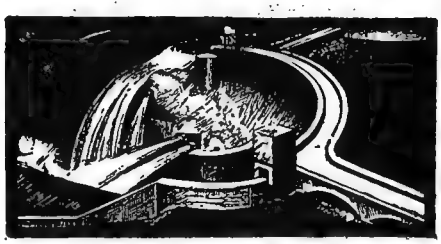
Brokers' loans late in July had reached a new high record, aided by the selective market activity, and one of the more significant comments of recent weeks regarding this doubtful situation was the statement of Colonel Leonard Ayres of the Cleveland Trust Company, on July 15, that "it is probably fair to add the observation, as one of the reasons for the present hopeful state of business attitude, that business men and bankers and speculators have rather generally concluded that the Federal Reserve authorities have accepted defeat in their long struggle to regain control over the credit situation."

Mergers in the Utilities

OUR NATIONAL annual income has increased from $25,000,000,000 at the beginning of the century until it is now approaching $100,000,000,000 a year. In pointing to this growth, G. L. Ohrstrom & Company emphasized that 25 per cent. of the present-day figure comes from surplus funds invested in the equities of private enterprises, in manufacturing, and in the utilities, adding that "manufacturing has prospered through the application of mass production methods in the turning out of goods, through mass distribution and through mass management." Just as industrial securities have leaped upwards, another opportunity has been opened to investors through public utilities, where mass methods are just beginning to be inaugurated.

With popular interest directed strongly toward the utilities, and with mergers announced and forecast, it is interesting to note the recent comments of another financial house, Prince & Whitely. In its financial review a few weeks ago, it had this to say for these securities:

"That changes are coming in control, administration, and management of utilities is apparent, but the vastness of the



By W. T. Murch, from *Men and Machines* (Macmillan).

plan behind the evident intention to simplify a complex situation is difficult to comprehend. Presumably it is proposed to introduce mass production into the manufacture of electricity. There have already been innumerable mergers among public utilities, but now the scheme seems to be to bring the big companies, like Consolidated Gas, Public Service, United Gas Improvement, Commonwealth Power, Columbia Gas, Mohawk-Hudson, and others, under the control of holding companies such as we already see formed in United Corporation, Commonwealth and Southern, and Niagara Hudson Power.

"As many previous mergers have brought together the large companies now being taken over, so may we anticipate that ultimately the holding companies will themselves become merger material; therefore, there seems to be no end except final dominance of the public utilities industry by a very few companies, to be directly under government supervision, with fair earnings allowed, and great benefits to the people. It is highly probable that they have the unexpressed sanction of the government."

Financial Tricksters

THE NATIONAL Better Business Bureau recently issued a bulletin which emphasized that ignorance in financial matters and the gambling instinct of the American people constitute the chief reasons for buying fraudulent stocks or for dealing with fraudulent promoters. And it credits to the financial editor of the New York *Evening Post* the statement that "all the Blue Sky laws in the world will not stop fraudulent security swindlers so long as persons inexperienced in investments are credulous, and so long as they are willing to transact business with solicitors unknown to them, and not identified with firms of established reputation."

This fraud-fighting organization recently queried the Blue Sky commissioners of thirty-three states, and their statements "clearly showed that the victims of fraud come from both the educated and uneducated classes. It is not a general education which is lacking, as much as an education on practical financial matters. This is the crying need of the day. The lack of knowledge on financial matters by the great majority of the American people is astounding, and gives the fraudulent promoter a clear advantage over uninformed people who take

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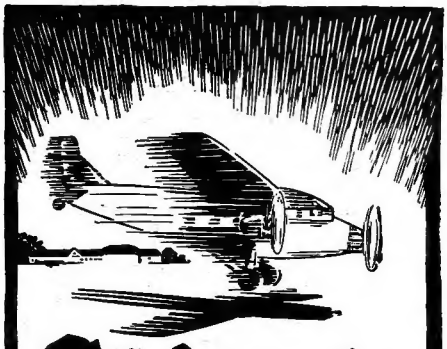

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19. A VALUABLE AID TO BANKS AND INVESTORS, a booklet describing how the Department of Economics and Survey serves investors by furnishing investment counsel, free, to individuals and institutions. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 67 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

4. COMMONWEALTH YEAR BOOK: An illustrated detailed statement of the operations of the Commonwealth Edison Company, of much interest to investors. Offered by Commonwealth Edison Company, 72 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

5. SERVING A NATION, an illustrated booklet telling about the Cities Service Organization and its fiscal agents. Offered by Henry L. Doherty & Company, 60 Wall Street, New York City.

6. HOW TO SELECT SAFE BONDS, a pamphlet outlining some sound investment principles, offered by George M. Forman & Co., 112 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

7. INVESTORS' GUIDE, a detailed statement of sound investments, is offered by Greenebaum Sons Investment Company, La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago, Ill.

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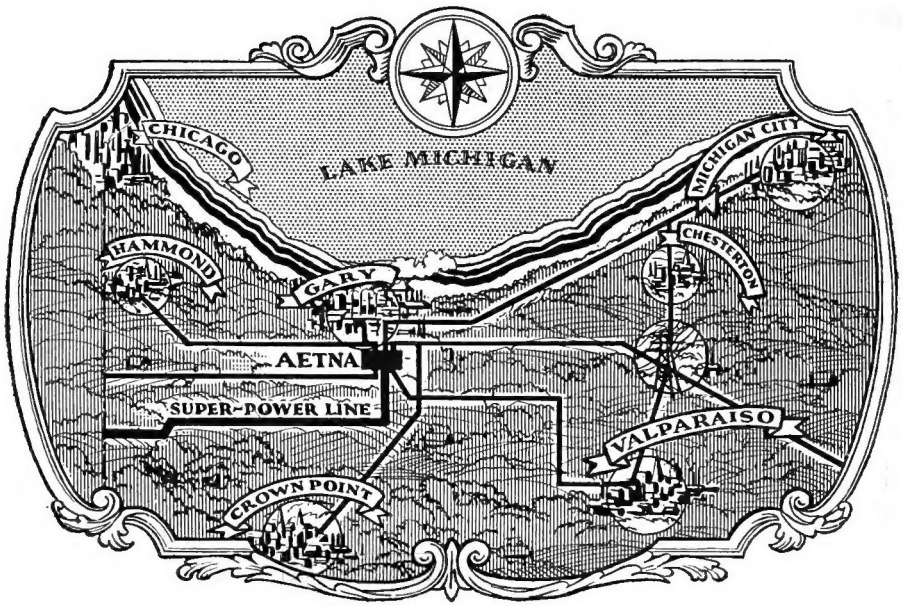

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A middlewestern banker recently related to the writer several experiences of the summer with which he had dealt through contact with his customers. One of these, a man in a small Dakota town, had parted with $6000 to a glib-tongued operator who sold his wares during the evening hours by long-distance telephone from New York. The original purchase was of a leading and worthwhile stock, and, of course, the purchaser secured almost overnight a substantial paper profit, which was all in the program. The bucketeer then flattered his new customer with another telephone call, and influenced him to turn his profit into another stock, not listed, the very name of which revealed it as a promotion play upon the name of one of our largest and soundest industrial companies. Of course, the second speculation was also prearranged. Calls for margin and more margin followed. Finally the city banker was called upon for counsel. The case was at once referred to the New York correspondent bank, and within a few hours it was reported under investigation, with his complaint added to others already in the hands of authorities.

In another situation banker advice and counsel were sought following an "investment" of $65,000. The victim this time was a local man, and the banker took him to his attorney, who, upon learning the details, went immediately to the "broker's" office. This was on Monday—three days too late. On the previous Friday the "broker" had locked his door, paid his hotel bill, and with bag and baggage in his automobile had started on his way for parts unknown.

There are various agencies at the command of investors, which, if consulted *before* instead of *after* speculative ventures, can save many losses at the hands of fraudulent operators. There is the dependable and well-established security firm, and the local banker. Then too, the services of the National Better Business Bureau, with headquarters in New York and with 43 affiliated local bureaus in as many cities throughout the country, are available, as are also the headquarters facilities of the Investment Bankers' Association of America. The Better Business Bureau, in addition to other plans for financial education, has prepared a booklet on this subject, copies of which may be had by investors upon application.

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Music and Radio

By ALFRED V. FRANKENSTEIN

IN THE SUMMER ISSUE of the English quarterly journal, *Music and Letters,* appears an editorial in which the editor emits a happy coo over the success of a subscription campaign, lights a cigar, and settles down to projecting a program for his magazine. He gives a long list of subjects that might be treated. Toward the end of this list he suggests "A defense of jazz, if possible." The phraseology is interesting. I imagine that few American editors would employ it, for jazz among us no longer needs defense. But is it not possible that we are adorers and not thinkers when jazz is concerned?

Before one begins discussion of a subject one should define one's terms; but jazz is a thing that has yet to be defined. The late Henry Osgood wrote a whole book on the subject, yet could propose no definition. He tried to define it in rhythmic terms, which led him to the conclusion that Negro spirituals were jazz pieces. This conclusion is absurd on the face of it, for whatever definition of jazz we come to we shall not touch upon a high eloquent faith in God. Some of Sandburg's definitions of poetry can, with little or no alteration, be applied to jazz:

Jazz is a slipknot tied around a time beat, and another time beat, and a third time beat that slips away.

Jazz is an exhibit of one pendulum connecting with other and unseen pendulums inside and outside the one seen.

Jazz is a dance music measuring buck-and-wing follies along with the gravest and stateliest dead marches.

Jazz is a mock of a cry at finding a million dollars, and a mock of a laugh at losing it.

Jazz is the arithmetic of the easiest way and the primrose path matched up with flivvers, bones, and a railroad ticket to nowhere.

One could go on this way quoting or paraphrasing all the thirty-eight definitions, and in the end come to perceive that one is not talking at all about jazz or poetry, but about art and life and the Einstein theory. So let us cease trying to define our terms, and console ourselves with the thought that physicians know how smallpox acts, but do not know what smallpox is. Maybe there is much in the parallel.

The early history of jazz has for long been open territory for every free-lance writer with a memory more than ten years long. I have seen it traced to New Orleans, Buenos Aires, Chicago, New York, the Ivory Coast, and the archipelagos of the sea. There are as many theories of the origin of jazz as there are persons voicing theories. On one point only are all agreed—that the greatest single influence in the formation of our present popular music has been the influence of American Negro folk music. But even the most superficial study of American folk music—which means not only the music of cotton field, cattle range, and backwoods, but also the music of cabaret and dance hall—reveals so many borrowings and influences and crossings over the colour line that it is impossible to determine just what is white and what is negroid.

JAZZ was the music of places of popular entertainment until the afternoon of February 5, 1924. On that occasion Paul Whiteman gave his first concert, and jazz fell into the category of Art with a capital A. There had been jazz concerts before, but they had no tag of sophistication to them. The immediate result of Whiteman's first concert was the busiest musical stir since Stravinsky's "Sacre" exploded in Paris eleven years before. Estheticians and musicologists were moved to praise. Minor journalists (I was one of them) reveled gloriously. Composers like Sowerby, Carpenter, Lane, and Joslyn, came to bat with jazz sonatas, tone poems, ballets. The public jammed the hall for concert after concert. Whiteman ruled the musical heavens, and Gershwin was his prophet.

> A PROFESSOR ASKS *a musical young lady who plays the classics and such, "What do you think of jazz?" She replies, "I adore jazz." He comes back, "Adoring is not thinking."*
>
> *The incident is not without its graver aspects.*
>
> —CARL SANDBURG.

The party lasted about two years and then fizzled out and died, leaving behind it as its gravestone the "Rhapsody in Blue," which marks the place where the concert jazz idea lies buried. Gershwin went back to his old job of writing Broadway shows, Whiteman returned to the night clubs, and the jazz sonatas and ballets went home by express collect. It is with a peculiarly cold feeling that one witnesses the demise of so recent an enthusiasm.

The theory of the enthusiasm was beautifully reasoned. An obvious parallel was seen in the history of European instrumental music. There the line runs from peasant dance to court dance to Bach suite to Beethoven symphony. And from Beethoven all things emerge. Here in America we were to see a similar growth. From "ring shout" to cabaret, from cabaret to Whiteman concert, from Whiteman concert to a great, new American art form—that was the progression that was seen. But the theory didn't work, because the enthusiasm was not for form and material but for a medium. What we rejoiced in was not a new melodic or rhythmic structure, but a new way of playing old instruments. The jazz piano, the jazz clarinet, trumpet, trombone, saxophone and drums were all Whiteman had to offer. The dance-suite-symphony line of development dealt with different stuff.

The program of Whiteman's first concert offered songs of the moment, arrangements of songs of the kind known as "semi-classical" among the trade, and two pieces written especially for Whiteman—Herbert's "Suite of Serenades" and Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." The Herbert suite consisted of four *salon* pieces of the kind Herbert could write between trains, and sounded as if they had been written in some such odd moment. The fuss over the Gershwin composition is not over yet. But there is nothing particularly new in this work, either. Melodically it is a collection of scraps. Harmonically it is far behind the times. Spiritually it is a child of the second Hungarian rhapsody of Liszt. Orchestrally it is highly original—but the orchestration is not the work of George Gershwin.

Gershwin has written two other works attempting the grand style. The piano concerto is extremely feeble compared with the jazz piano concerto of the Frenchman, Arthur Honegger. The tone poem, "An American in Paris," has been remarked upon chiefly for its suggestion of taxi horns. The jazz compositions of Sowerby are in the limbo of forgotten things. I recall but one moment of interest in any of them, and that is in connection with an orchestral device not specifically of the jazz orchestra. And so it goes with the works of men who were to found a new art form.

The jazz orchestra is perfected and established and accepted as a new and beautiful medium, but it has no literature worth talking about. It probably will not develop a literature, because its appeal is almost exclusively popular; and popular music is rigidly tied by conventions, and supplied, in the main, by unimaginative brains.

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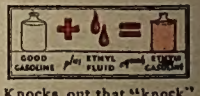

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